

AUGUST

09

15 CENTS

NATIONAL

MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

Joe Mitchell Chapin

"GLORIOUS

OLD GEORGIA





In the Summer Time

It is well to remember that in going from home, changed conditions are temporarily experienced, which often act unpleasantly upon the skin.

The best safeguard against such skin troubles is the frequent use of PEARS' SOAP, which protects the skin by its soft, pleasant, emollient action, and at the same time, insures the fullest beauty of complexion of which the skin is capable.

The greatest skin specialists and the most celebrated beauties of the last 100 years have testified that, in hygienic and beautifying properties

No Soap Has Ever Equalled PEARS

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."



AUGUST, regal, imperious, "robed in the purple" like the Roman Caesar whose favorite name he still commemorates, reigns king of harvest and recreative activities. His court is gay with children freed from school, boys and girls in the full joyance of lusty life and youthful pleasures, and with millions of men and women, for a brief period of the Augustan reign foot-loose and fetter-free from the bondage of unvarying tasks, the load of conventional cares and the burden of enforced gravity.

His is a court in which all men, and women, too, admire the king's jester, and in all honesty and reasonableness are happily privileged to jest themselves, so the fun be of that childlike, gay-hearted, mirth-provoking foolery that knoweth no venom in its wit or any evil in its gayest extravagances. Happy and serene indeed is he who can join the August revels with a whole heart, and for a time be indeed a happy, laughing child again.

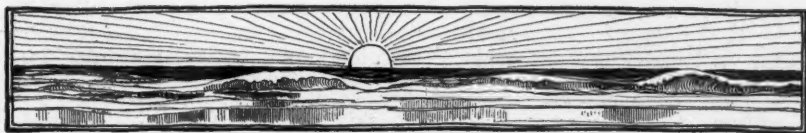
Nor lacketh King August sages and magicians of wondrous wizardry, who dwell not in darksome caverns and halls draped in black and filled with strange and fearful mysteries. White is their magic, and born of the soft radiance of the August moon, the glimmer of unclouded stars, the languorous spell of harvest suns, the sighing, entrancing spells of cool zephyrs, the monotonous iteration of summer rain and lapping of drowsy wavelets on "rocky ledge and level of bare sand."

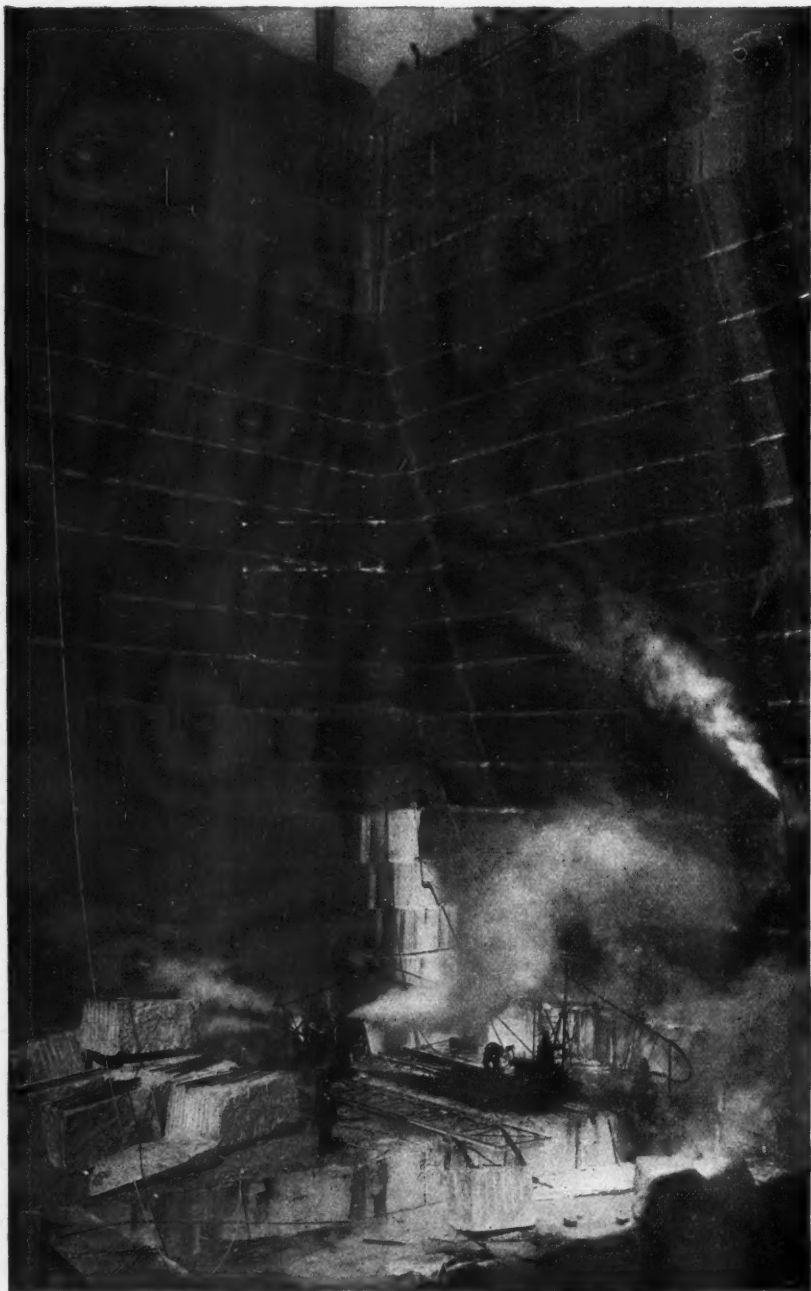
Under such spells the "Summer Girl" and her servitor, the "Summer Boy," are transformed out of tired students, weary fugitives from store and office, and temporary deserters from the rule of fashion. The quiet, lonely schoolgirl shines forth a princess; the staid, silent student is a riant queen of misrule; the homely, bashful lad becomes a leader of sports and the chivalric comrade of a bevy of laughing girls; men and women surprise the friends of a lifetime by the heartsome gaiety and friendliness that, alas, have not shone out through the dullness of their everyday lives.

* * *

But August has his sterner side, for just as statesman and warrior have often in the past planned and achieved great sieges, terrible marches and decisive battles under his torrid orisflamme, even so today the keen observer will see that the long silent musings and vigils on veranda, cliff and lonely shore are by no means all-forgetful of present interests and great plans for the future. Here one becomes better acquainted with himself and thinks and thinks, free from the distractions of everyday responsibilities. Many a great enterprise and sudden stroke of successful policy are born of August musings and life-renewing rambles by forest, inland lake and summer sea.

JOE M. C.

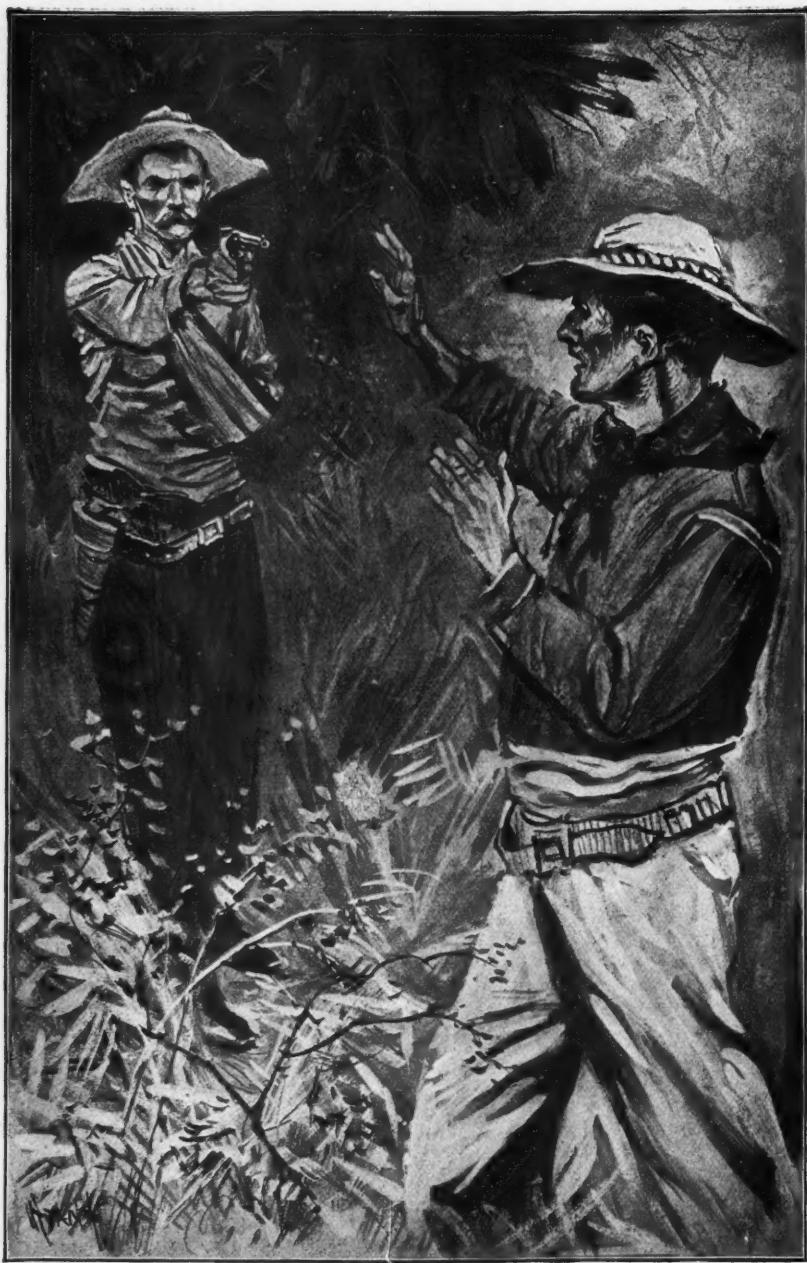




THE ETOWAH QUARRY OF THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY, TATE—OVER 175 FEET
DEEP AND ONE OF THE WONDERS OF GEORGIA



ENTEBBE—BRITISH CAPITAL OF UGANDA, ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA, WHICH THEODORE ROOSEVELT FINDS A SHARP CONTRAST TO WASHINGTON, D. C.



"You seem to be the chap I'm looking for. Put your hands above your head—quick!"

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AT THE SUMMER CAPITAL

THE personality of President Taft at the summer capital, Beverly, suggests the genial nature of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who spent his summers at Beverly Farms. Aristocratic friends of the North Shore would write Dr. Holmes dainty epistles from "Manchester-by-the-Sea," and like romantic addresses, to which he would reply on stationery humorously bedecked with the engraved headings, "Beverly—by-the-Depot" and "Beverly Farms by—gosh."

Though President Taft is Ohio-born and is possessed of all the fervor of the Middle West, his ancestors hailed from the state in which the summer capital is located, and this season he will inhale deep breaths of the same bracing salt air that gave strength and endurance to the colonial Tafts.

When, as a young lawyer, President Taft conducted the settlement of the estate of the elder Longworth, father of Congressman Longworth, who married Miss Alice Roosevelt, he saw a good deal of the North Shore and dreamed of one day spending July and August in that incomparable summerland empire. This dream is now being realized at Burgess Point, where the summer home of the President is located.

Built by a Boston man, the house was afterward owned by the late John B. Stetson,

the famous Boston theatrical manager. The estate is now held by the family of the late Robert Dawson Evans, whose recent death cast a gloom over the whole community and who resided for years at Woodberry Point, now called Burgess Point, a picturesque

piece of land named for John Burgess, the yacht designer. Extensive improvements, including a new pier for the use of the President, were made this year by Mr. Evans. Dawson Hall, the Evans home, occupies the point of the promontory, completely veiled by bell-topped elms. The Taft house also is hidden from the road, although accessible from Ober Street in two minutes. The visitor passes along pretty, flower-bordered paths, where the guests are welcomed with a brilliant pageant of peonies, flanked by the dainty blue larkspur and gayer Canterbury

bells, ever awaiting the nightly carnival of the fairies.

* * *

Swept at three angles by cool sea breezes, the house is an ideal summer villa surrounded by luxurious lawns, resembling carpets of living green velvet. In front, the grass-covered sea wall will doubtless recall to the mind of the distinguished golfer the bunker of his favorite golf course.

Beyond this wall is the bathing beach, and



THE DEMOCRATIC STAIRWAY
Used by the President during August
days in the Summer White House



NEPTUNE GATE, LEADING FROM THE SEA TO THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOME
Here is where the North Shore breakers may not enter

Neptune Gate, the picturesque entrance from the sea to the Taft grounds, surmounts the steps.

Piazzas adorn the two sides of the house; the roof recalls a page from Hawthorne's story of the "House of the Seven Gables." Through the curtain of willows nearby a glimpse is obtained of Hospital Point Light and the isle-dotted horizon. This group of islands has become historic. Big and Little

Misery Islands have been rechristened "Big and Little Mystery" this year to eliminate from the President's summer days all suggestions of "misery," a popular word in old Puritanical days. Baker's Island and Egg Rock, with their twinkling lights, blink a welcome to the mariner at sea, and the entire shore gleams with revolving lights, guarding all dangerous points along the coast. Maples and oaks—of the sturdy type that know how



MAIN AVENUE AT THE SUMMER CAPITAL

The Summer White House to the left and Dawson Hall, the home of the late Robert D. Evans, to the right

to face a furious easterly gale—stand sentinel along the rocks. The Twin Lights guide to her home haven the gay little yacht "Sylph," as well as the northbound shipping that ever crosses Massachusetts Bay, bound "down East," and the historic Boston Bay lights cast their glamour over the presidential roof-tree.

The shingled, olive-green mansion in which the Chief Executive is spending the summer is two and a half stories high; a vine-covered gateway guards the entrance of the private driveway, leading to an ivy-covered portecochere, where guests are welcomed and bidden good-bye. A curious relic of old times

lady visitors take sly peeps to see if their hats are "on straight." Opening off the balcony, and reached by the staircase from the living room, are six bed chambers, while the third story contains additional rooms which may be used for guests.

In Mrs. Taft's home one naturally expects to find a music room, and sure enough, here it is to the right of the living room. On the left is the beautiful library, equipped with telephone and telegraph service, by which routine and cipher messages will be sent this summer. Beyond the living room on the left the long dining room commands views



THE SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT

is a colonial grant which gives the public a right of way along the beach, from Woodberry Street to the Evans stables, but here the passer-by must change his course—all beyond that point being private ground.

* * *

Entering the Taft house on the Beverly side, the large living room on the left is lighted by long French windows opening on the veranda facing the ocean, and by four stained-glass windows over the landing on the main staircase. The sycamore paneling and wide staircase leading to the upper story and surrounding balcony both strongly suggest a typical old English countryseat, as does a cosy fireplace, over which is a mirror where

of the ever-restless surf and the historic Marblehead shore, with its stirring memories of privateer days. This room, handsomely paneled in English oak to the height of four feet, is decorated with tapestry paper surmounted by a heavy white cornice. The solid mahogany dining table, Chippendale buffet and colonial chairs promise solid comfort as well as suitable effects, and the great fireplace foretells that many cosy chats around the blazing logs are in store for the Taft family when the autumn days tinge the foliage of the North Shore and President Taft leads with increasing ardor his cohort of golfers. The Myopia golf links are some distance from the house, but that is a small matter when there is an automobile always

ready to dash over the dusty thoroughfares, carrying the President and his friends to the scene of contest. A dozen horses can be kept in the ample stables, as well as the automobiles, which are very popular with the Taft family.

This summer home indicates the true democracy of the President of the United States. The house is such a dwelling as will be occupied by many sea-coast sojourners at this season's summer capital, and the same cool winds that sweep the verandas will fan the hot brow of the humblest citizen taking the air on the beach at Oceanside Park.

It is not anticipated that the President will entertain much; he will probably devote his time to considering many important problems which are likely to confront him on his return to the White House. Mrs. Taft's health is already improving, and it is believed that her stay at the seaside will make her quite herself again.

Beverly has grown rapidly during the last few years and wears with easy grace the honors derived from being a political and social magnet for the summer. Historic traditions are revived. There is a Revolutionary cemetery nestling close to the old church.



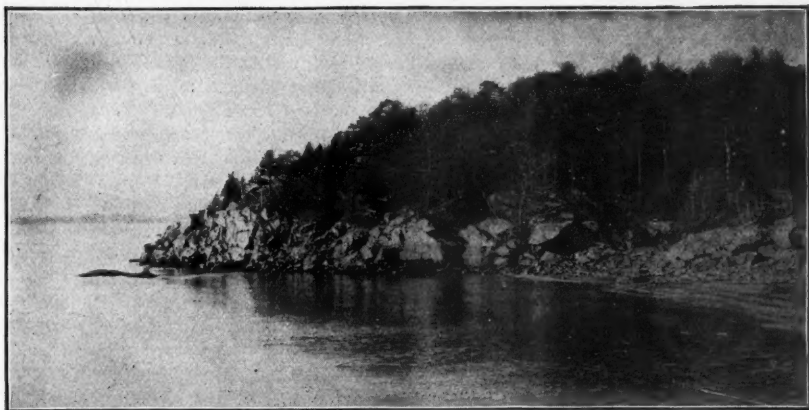
"THE CASTLE"

Summer home of Mrs. Susan Longworth, mother of Congressman Nicholas Longworth, near the President's home

On one side of the house is Mackerel or Woodberry Cove—be sure to spell the last syllable "berry"—named after one of the first settlers in Beverly, John William Woodberry, who, with Roger Conant, came to join the Indians in 1630, and made homes on this favorite camping ground. Beverly is only a short distance from historic Salem Harbor, whence the great East India fleets sailed for many years. Only a narrow strip of land divides the President's house from the sea, and the family have been looking forward to abundant boating, bathing and other summer pleasures. Much care was taken by the late Mr. Evans that the people as well as the President might have opportunity to enjoy the most charming summer capital the nation ever had.

The cannon that were used on the breastworks thrown up on the site of the President's summer home now adorn the historic ground about the high school. The ancient bell in the old South Church of Beverly was cast by Paul Revere, and was used to give the alarm for the minutemen of the Revolution and the boys of '61. The beautiful North Shore park system affords unequalled drives, while the rocky coast, the islands and woods furnish exquisite marine views and landscapes that delight the eye of all lovers of nature.

The North Shore in August, 1909, is truly a "transplanted Washington." Even social calls and the formalities of officialdom may continue with no inconvenience—so far



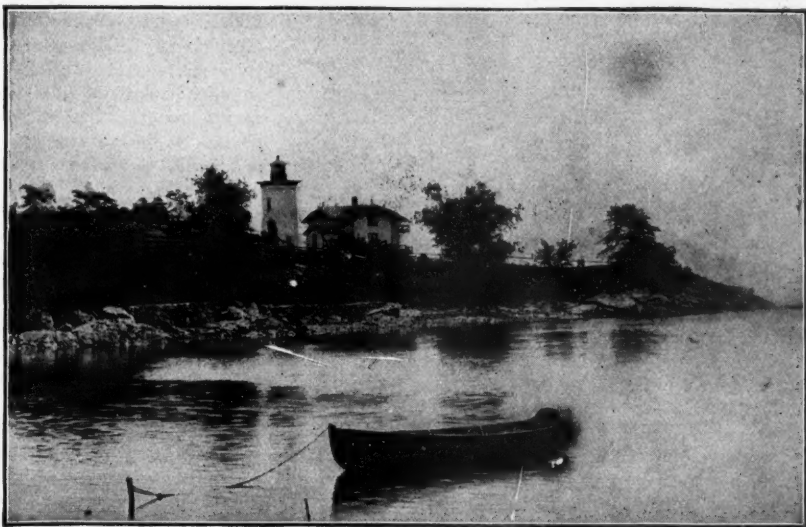
LONGWORTH'S POINT, A PRETTY PIECE OF SHORE PROPERTY AT BEVERLY

as distance is concerned. The stately coachman is supplanted by the goggled chauffeur, and many an automobile toots along Puritan Road, from Swampscott, reaches Ober Street, Beverly, and dashes beneath the covered gateway of the President's home, a contrast indeed to the old days when the Indians and Puritans blazed this road, intersected by miles of bridle paths and byways to isolated retreats. This ancient road, which has been used as a turnpike since 1638, is

today one of the most fashionable seashore drives in the world; girdling the summer capital of the nation, the North Shore Puritan boulevard is more popular than ever as the thoroughfare of the summer capital

* * *

PUBLIC addresses by cabinet officers, illuminating the workings of the government departments at Washington, are in favor under the Taft administration. An



HISTORIC HOSPITAL POINT, FROM THE VERANDA OF THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOME
The "Minute Men" of '76 used it as a drill ground

address which has thrown much light on naval expenditures was lately made in Boston by Secretary Meyer. He called attention to the fact that the officers and men of the navy had demonstrated an efficient organization when they encircled the globe on a time schedule which excited the envy of every manager of a railway or steamship line. The fleet which has worked so suc-

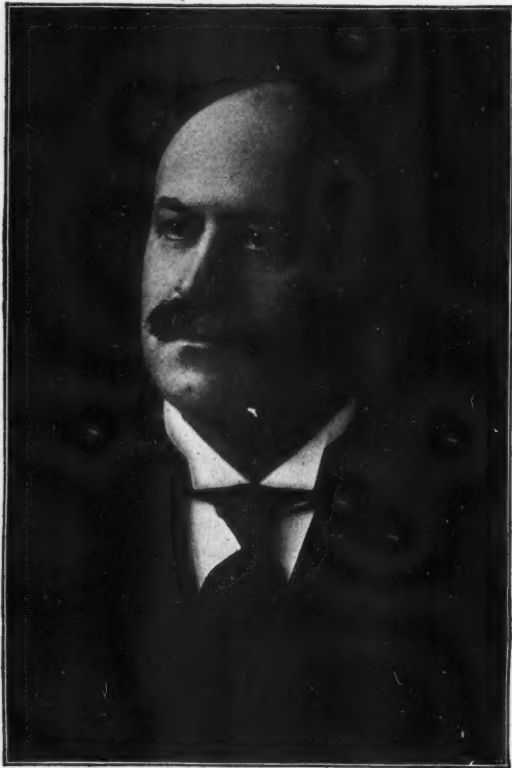
cessfully as a fleet ought not to be divided into

to good account as a preventative of war. Some interesting facts were given regarding the total cost of the Spanish-American War, which was declared to be \$507,000,000. A further amount of \$20,000,000 has since then been expended on pensions to Spanish War veterans, an outlay that will continue almost indefinitely. Secretary Meyer's point was that if our government had owned eight more battleships of the "Iowa" or "Oregon" class at an expense then of less than \$50,000,000, the immense cost of the war might not have been incurred. The secretary insisted that the navy is the most effective and cheapest insurance in which a nation can invest for the prevention of war.

* * *

AT one of the opening games of the season, the President of the United States proved himself an enthusiastic "fan," in company with Vice-President Sherman, Congressman Vreeland and other diamond enthusiasts, who had two hours or so of perfect enjoyment while the Boston and Washington teams played. The President kept his own score, and watched every player with as much interest as he might have shown in youthful days on the old Cincinnati grounds. Baseball represents the spirit of democracy, and teaches the players a respect for law and order. Big crowds always assemble to watch a good game, and the "bleachers" afford examples of American wit and humor that ought to delight the heart of a comic writer.

A very successful graduate from the diamond who has entered Congress is Hon. J. K. Tener of Pennsylvania, who for many years was a champion in the pitcher's box, and knows how to "fan 'em out." He understands the mysteries of the curves and shoots, and doubtless has some knowledge of the "spit-ball." On Saturday afternoons there is a gleam of joy in the eyes of Congressmen Tener, Vreeland and other enthusiasts,



EX-GOVERNOR JOSEPH M. TERRELL
Georgia's Educational Governor

cessfully as a fleet ought not to be divided into the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons, but the nation's navy ought to be sufficiently large and effective to give an even force on both coast lines.

Secretary Meyer insisted that the fighting spirit, inborn in all men, is a factor in the development of science and in other forms of modern evolution, and that it is quite possible to turn the same fighting spirit

as they eagerly close their desks to the tune of "Take me out to the ball game."

Mr. Tener hails from Western Pennsylvania, where a branch of his family settled previous to the Revolutionary War; he himself was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, and was one of ten children. Shortly after the death of his father the little lad came to Western Pennsylvania, eager to avail himself of the educational advantages of that time. He graduated from the high school, and found employment with Oliver Brothers & Phillips, later holding positions of trust with the Chartiers Valley Gas Company and the Chambers & McKee Glass Company.

When at school he became greatly interested in baseball, and played his first professional game with the Chicago National League Club in 1888. He proved proficient as a pitcher and made a tour of the world with the Spalding team in 1889.

For seven years Mr. Tener was cashier of the First National Bank of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, of which he is now president; he is connected with other leading financial and business enterprises. His friends urged him in 1907 to become a candidate for Congress, although previous to his election he had never held a political position, either by election or appointment. His love of fair play, uniform courtesy and pleasant personality have made him popular in his district. Physically, he is one of the largest men in Congress, and is entering into legislative work with all the enthusiasm formerly displayed on the diamond in an exciting contest for the pennant.

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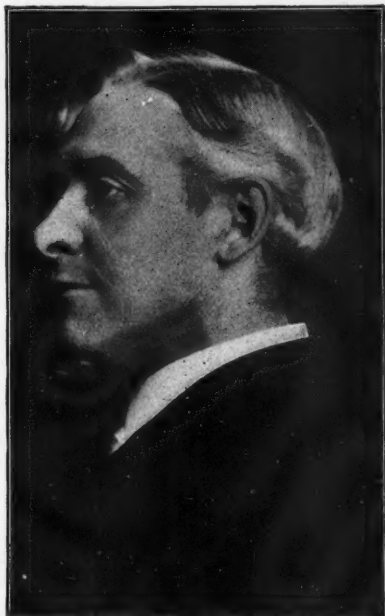
FEW men have done more for their state than ex-Governor Joseph M. Terrell of Georgia, who served nearly three terms as governor, retiring voluntarily, and who before that served a sixteen-year term as attorney general of the state. On account of his work in the field of education, especially in the formation of the congressional district agricultural schools, Ex-Governor Terrell is known as Georgia's "educational governor." He has many friends in Georgia who predict for him yet higher honors in the future.

* * *

"PAPERS, papers, evening papers" is a cry that makes Congressman Anderson of Ohio pause and look kindly at the news-

boy on the streets of Washington. Carl C. Anderson himself was once a newsboy, and at the age of ten, energetic and hustling, he made up his mind "to be somebody," a resolution now being realized.

He was elected to the Sixty-first Congress by the Democrats from the Thirteenth Ohio District, and has brought to his work there the same nervous physical activity that marked his career when, as a boy, he looked after his newspaper patrons. Tradition in Fremont, Ohio, has it that Anderson could



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REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM P. BORLAND
Of Missouri, who helped to draft a new and popular
charter for Kansas City

polish more shoes, and that he had by far the largest number of patrons of any boy in his business. Rather over medium height and somewhat slender, with dark hair and black eyes, Mr. Anderson might sit to a painter as a type of the progressive, ambitious American, the whole secret of whose success may be summed up in a little word of four letters, "w-o-r-k." As he says:

"If I have accomplished anything, it is because I have always worked hard. That was the first lesson I learned as a boy, and I

have been practicing it ever since." He states his solution of his life problem:

"When I wanted a safety bicycle, I worked a little harder and got it. If business lagged, I worked on a line of baking powder and sold considerable quantities. At an early age I helped to support a family, and at sixteen I owned a house and lot in Fremont, Ohio, the home of President Hayes. The best recipe I know for success is—don't worry, but work."

Later he married the girl friend of his boyhood days. In 1904 Mr. Anderson came



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HON. CARL C. ANDERSON OF OHIO
The newsboy hero in the House of Representatives

to Fostoria, Ohio, and engaged in the manufacture of underwear. Two years later he built a new factory and started a branch at Findlay, and now almost 500 people are enrolled in his business, and strikes are unknown among his employees. Closely identified with the growth of Fostoria, Mr. Anderson ran for Congress on the whirlwind plan and secured votes in the same winning way that aided him years ago in the sale of his daily papers.

He was elected mayor of Fostoria in 1905, and re-elected in 1907 and was the youngest

mayor Fostoria ever had. The city has about 800 Republican majority, and Anderson carried it by over 500, and is Fostoria's second Democratic mayor in thirty years, and the only Democrat elected for successive terms.

* * *

A NOTED divine in Washington was constantly urging his flock to be more sociable, and to give a hearty welcome to "the stranger within the gates," not forgetting to maintain a proper interest in the members of their own households. After one of his most effective sermons on his pet theme, he went to the door as usual and began to shake hands industriously with the people passing out after the service.

He was much interested in a well-dressed and intelligent looking young girl, apparently a stranger, and greeted her heartily.

"I hope we may see you often here," he said. "We always have a warm welcome for new faces."

"Thank you, sir," she replied modestly.

"Do you live hereabout?" he went on.

The girl looked at him with a puzzled smile. "Yes, sir, I do."

"Will you kindly leave me your address, and my wife and I will call on you some evening?" he said.

"You would not have to go far to find me—I am your cook."

* * *

ONE of the congressmen who had just returned from Europe remarked that this story reminded him of a scene on the banks of the Serpentine in London, when a lady and gentleman paused beside a stylishly clad nurse in bonnet and floating veil, and the lady exclaimed, looking at the children of two and four who accompanied the girl:

"What charming children. Are they not lovely, Edward?"

Edward replied that they were all that the heart of man could desire.

"Will you kiss me?" said the lady.

"They don't usually kiss people, madam," said the nurse, "but of course they will you."

The kissing ceremony completed, the woman of fashion asked:

"And whose dear children are they?" as she looked admiringly at the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the little ones.

"Madam," said the girl in amazement, "they are your own. They know you because

they have often watched you from the nursery window, as you passed to and from your carriage."

* * *

THE New-England conscience is personified in Congressman C. G. Washburn of Worcester. When the allotment of seats was made by the blindfolded page, his number apparently was missed, but Mr. Washburn thought he heard it and selected his seat in the middle of the House in a fairly desirable location. After some time to his surprise his name came out loud and unmistakable, giving him a seat farther back.

Instead of continuing in the more desirable seat he already held, which was his "by the right of pre-emption," as his friends remarked, the Massachusetts congressman surrendered it because he thought he could not retain it and live up to the precise intent of the rules of the House. Regardless of seat, Mr. Washburn has followed the tariff debates, both in House and Senate, very closely, and is considered one of the strong men of the New England delegation on the tariff situation.

Especial interest attaches to Mr. Washburn in the minds of Massachusetts people because he was first elected to Congress to fill out the unexpired term of Congressman Hoar, in the Fifty-ninth Congress, and has since been re-elected by a large majority to the Sixtieth and Sixty-first Congresses. Like so many legislators in Washington at the present time, he is both a business man and a lawyer, having been admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1887, seven years after he had graduated from Harvard University. He was for many years an executive officer in the Washburn and Moen Manufacturing enterprises, and in 1899 was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, having filled a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives the previous year.

* * *

WHEN I want special, up-to-date information and news concerning foreign affairs, I hasten to look up John Callan O'Laughlin, who was one of the popular correspondents of the *Chicago Tribune*, at Washington, and have always found him genially accommodating and invariably correct.

Scarcely thirty-five years of age, bright-eyed and gallant, Mr. O'Laughlin won his

spurs early in life. He is not only especially interested in and conversant with naval and foreign affairs, but is a close observer and student along many and varied lines of research. It almost seems that his trim and supple form must have had a naval training, for he has the breezy, active carriage of a mariner of the long voyages, who has followed the sea from boyhood to prime.

Mr. O'Laughlin was secretary to the Tokyo Exposition Commission, and is better known to diplomats than any man outside actual official life. Born in Washington, he early



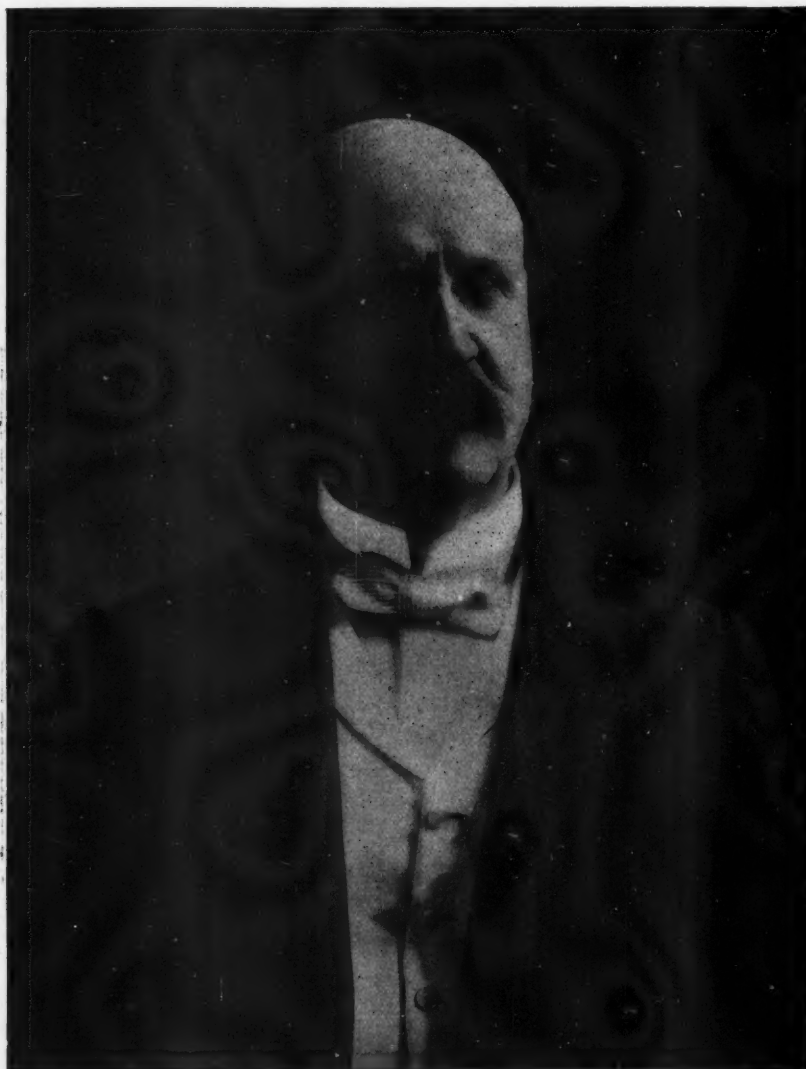
Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE C. G. WASHBURN.

Worcester, Massachusetts, who comes from the late Senator Hoar's district

became a close observer of diplomatic affairs and has received decorations from the Emperor of Russia, the King of Italy, the Emperor of Japan and President Castro of Venezuela. He has resided in London, Paris, St. Petersburg and Berlin, and his observations and reports on China and Japan, made in connection with his work for the exposition, have been comprehensive and interesting.

Educated in the public schools Mr. O'Laughlin has the degree of A. M. from Villanova College, Villanova, Pennsylvania.



UNITED STATES SENATOR A. O. BACON OF GEORGIA

He was afterward associated with the *New York Herald*, and was in Venezuela during the blockade of that nation by Germany, Great Britain and Italy, working for the Associated Press. He was one of the special correspondents during the Russo-Japanese war, when his articles attracted widespread attention. He was also in Santo Domingo,

and shortly afterward reported the proceedings at Portsmouth, when the peace conference was held there between the Russian and Japanese representatives. His experiences have secured for him at first hand a budget of information concerning foreign affairs such as few men have been able to obtain. Mr. O'Laughlin has been a popular con-

tributor to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and his article on "Why the Fleet Will Round the Horn," in December, 1907, was widely quoted. His appointment as the assistant secretary of state was generally commended as recognition of special talent and ability in a young man, that gives an opportunity for a long life of useful public service.

* * *

CRYING babies and crowing roosters in Washington may yet feel the weight of the mighty arm of the law. A prophet has arisen who says that there shall be no more unnecessary noise during the hours set apart by common usage for slumber. For the public welfare, an organization is being formed for the prevention of noises, and the Constitution has been invoked to protect citizens against needless disturbance, either at home or abroad, at unseasonable hours. The crowing of the neighbor's rooster at two-seventeen in the morning will no longer be tolerated, nor the rattle of milk cans at four-twelve, when the new regime holds sway; the slamming gate and door, the squeaking, noisy trolley car, the boisterous ice cart will never be heard in those halcyon days. To care for the nerves of the nation is surely a new phase of altruism!

* * *

WITH a glass pitcher serving as an illustration for his speech, Senator Scott the other day made a dramatic plea for tariff on glassware, showing by this object-lesson the reduction that had been made in the prices of manufactured glass since there has been a duty on such articles.

Few senators keep so close to their constituents as does Senator Scott, who retains all the freedom of his early experiences in the West. The grandson of a Scotch emigrant, settled in County Donegal, in the north of Ireland, a happy fusion of two nationalities may account for the easy way in which Senator Scott meets and favorably impresses men. He is a great favorite in the Senate, but has always much disliked "spot-light publicity," and even refused his permission when asked to allow the publication of a picture of the house in which he was born. The Senator has no desire to pose as a "log cabin hero."

A very dear friend of the late President McKinley and a most intimate friend of Senator

Mark Hanna, who always familiarly addressed him as "Scotty," Senator Scott maintained the closest friendship with both of these noted characters up to the time of their death, and it is doubtful if there were many in this country who were nearer to either of them than was he.

* * *

ON its journey to Seattle, the Liberty Bell has taken another transcontinental jaunt. Next to the Declaration of Independence, it is the most precious of historic relics, and those interested in its welfare



HENRY BLUN, JR.
Postmaster at Savannah, Georgia

insist that it must be more carefully guarded, a new crack having been found, separate and distinct from the old one familiar in all pictures of the famous bell. This well-known crack occurred when the bell was being tolled on the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, in July, 1835.

Many enthusiasts insist that July Fourth, 1776, would never have existed as a famous day had it not been for the ringing of the old bell in Independence Tower. Fourteen months after the historic bell rang to proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants, it made its first journey to Allentown, Pennsylvania, fifty miles from Philadelphia. It was not a

triumphal march by any means, the bell being hidden in straw to escape the polite attention of the British soldiers, who were settled for the summer in Philadelphia.

The citizens were sure that the British would wreak vengeance on the Liberty Bell, that had rung from Independence Tower to proclaim liberty, and defeat to their arms. During its many journeys through the South, West and North, it has always had a warm welcome, and has been a conspicuous attraction at all national expositions.

* * *

AT last the origin of the phrase, "you can't lose me," has been determined. It is now told of Senator Zach Chandler that once while on his way to Washington, when the conductor of the train came around for his ticket, the senator searched his pocket-book and lettercase all in vain.

"Have it ready when I get back," said the conductor, as he passed on to other seats.

The senator fumbled in waistcoat, coat and trousers pockets, but to no purpose.

"Did you have it when you got on board?" inquired the impatient conductor, returning.

"Of course I had; this is not my first trip to Washington."

The conductor went off, collected the other tickets and came back again:

"Still looking for it?" said he.

"It is not a ticket, it is a pass," explained the senator.

"Are you sure you had it when you got on the train?" the official again questioned.

"Would I get on the train unless I *knew* I had it?" The senator was beginning to lose his temper over the missing scrap of paper.

"But you could not have lost it."

"Could not have lost it—you don't know me—I lost a bass drum once. There is nothing on earth I cannot lose except myself—you can't lose *me*."

The conductor passed the pass.

* * *

EVERY important section of the United States except Alaska has been visited by President Taft. This is one reason why the people of the Northwest look forward eagerly to his arrival at the Seattle Exposition, en route for a tour of Alaska. The President will see the products of mines, soil and forest, not only at the exposition but

"on the spot." The visit of the chief executive to the fishing, canning and lumbering operations, and other important industries of the empire territory of the Northwest will evoke much new information regarding Alaska, "Queen of the Great White Silence," that gives to the world every year \$5,000,000 of gold dust, and possesses fabulous resources in metals, timber and fisheries.

With as fine melons and vegetables as can be grown anywhere, there will be ample proof at the exposition that Alaska is not the frozen desert it is commonly supposed to be. It was planned to have President Taft arrive in "watermelon time" in the "frozen North," that will recall to his mind the days in glorious old Georgia.

* * *

WHEN a body met a body years ago on Boston Common, and was asked what kind of weather was brewing, he would peer upward through the leaves of the old elms, carefully squint at the sun and sky, and make his calculations. Now things are different; on Boston Common as well as in Washington the weather prophet seeks the "kiosk"—don't let that new word scare you!

The kiosk is made of iron, weighs about 3,000 pounds, and occupies a space about four feet square. It has four recessed panels with sliding glass fronts, through which may be seen the daily weather forecast on the maps and charts. Among the meteorological instruments displayed on one of the four sides are a maximum and minimum thermometer, and a termograph, with a record sheet which covers a period of two weeks; there is also a hair hygrometer and a tipping bucket rain-gauge with dial indicator. With these instruments meteorological observations are secured, giving data as to weather past, present and future.

Three powerful electric lights enable passers-by to study the instruments by night or day. It is entertaining to see people eagerly looking at the bulletin sheets, learning details as to the force of the wind, the depth of the rainfall, and other facts which will make good weather prophets of us all. It is expected that the kiosks will be established in many other cities, creating the kiosk habit, and supplanting door and window observation, thus aiding us in our weather prognostications each morning.



PALMETTO GROVE, TYBEE ISLAND, SAVANNAH

"GLORIOUS OLD GEORGIA"

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

SOUTHWARD the wave of commerce spreads its way. The capitalist, the promoter, the scientist in every field, and the homeseeker, eager for new fields of conquest, are answering at last the call for so many years unheard. The land of cotton is becoming famous for more than its storied past. The value of its minerals, its forests, its farm products and its waterways is focusing at last the attention of the world. The new South reflects once more the pristine greatness of the old—the hour of its development is at hand.

And in this promised development no state should have a greater share than "Glorious Old Georgia," the last settled of the original thirteen states, and the largest east of the Mississippi; for Georgia, with her cotton, her

peaches, and diversified agriculture, her gold and other metals, her coal and iron, her bauxite and magnesium, her marbles, granites and clays, her lumber and her naval stores, her waterways and waterpowers has more natural resources, perhaps, than any other state in the South.

The Georgia of today is a wonderful state, indeed. While her per capita wealth is not so high as immediately preceding the Civil War—when the negro was not a factor in the civil life—it has increased over a hundred per cent. in the last forty years, a truly remarkable showing when it is remembered that in the same period her population has increased over 125 per cent. The assessed value of the taxable property of Georgia for 1908 reached the enormous total of

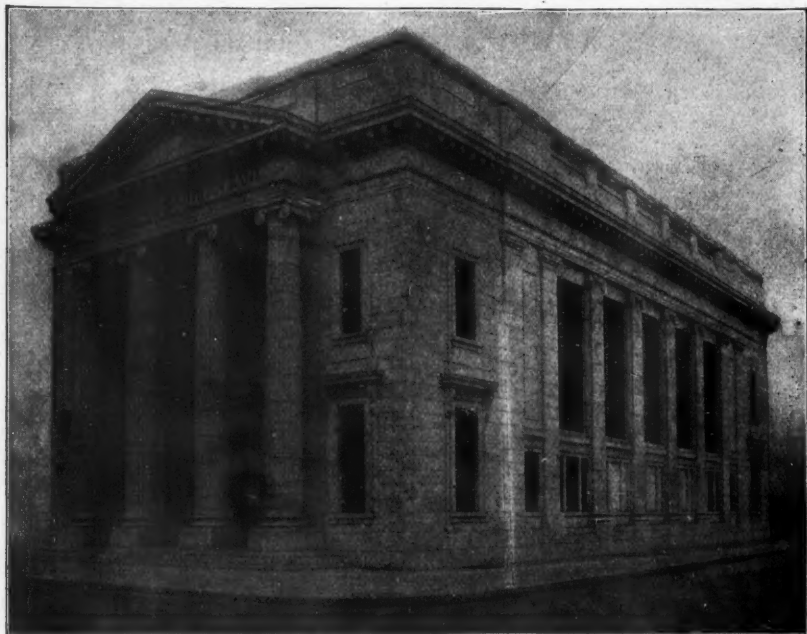
\$700,000,000, which, property seldom being returned at more than 60 per cent. of its true value, means that this property has a value of over a billion dollars.

The present actual wealth of the state of Georgia, including taxed and untaxed property, can be placed conservatively at over a billion and a half dollars.

Nothing is so indicative of the prosperity of a people as the number and condition of its banks. In this regard Georgia makes

the entire country. In the panic of 1907-8 she had only one national and two bank failures, with every outstanding obligation secured. Few of her banks, even, had to call on the New York banks for assistance, having sufficient reserves to meet any emergency.

Her banking institutions are sound and conservative. Savannah has had no bank failure in forty years, and what is true of that beautiful city may be said of almost every important town in the state.



THE CITIZENS' AND SOUTHERN BANK OF SAVANNAH

a really remarkable showing, having at the present time a hundred national banks, with a paid-up capital of nine and a half million dollars and deposits aggregating thirty million, and 468 state banks with a paid-up capital of nearly ten million dollars and deposits of forty-seven millions. The state banks alone show an increase of 239 per cent. in number over 1900. During the eight years from 1900 to 1908, the bank deposits of Georgia increased 159 per cent., as against 129 per cent. for the Southern states, 20 per cent. for New England, 29 per cent. for the Eastern states, and 38 per cent. for

The bonded debt of Georgia, which amounts to seven million dollars, is being slowly but consistently wiped out, over two hundred thousand dollars being annually applied to its reduction.

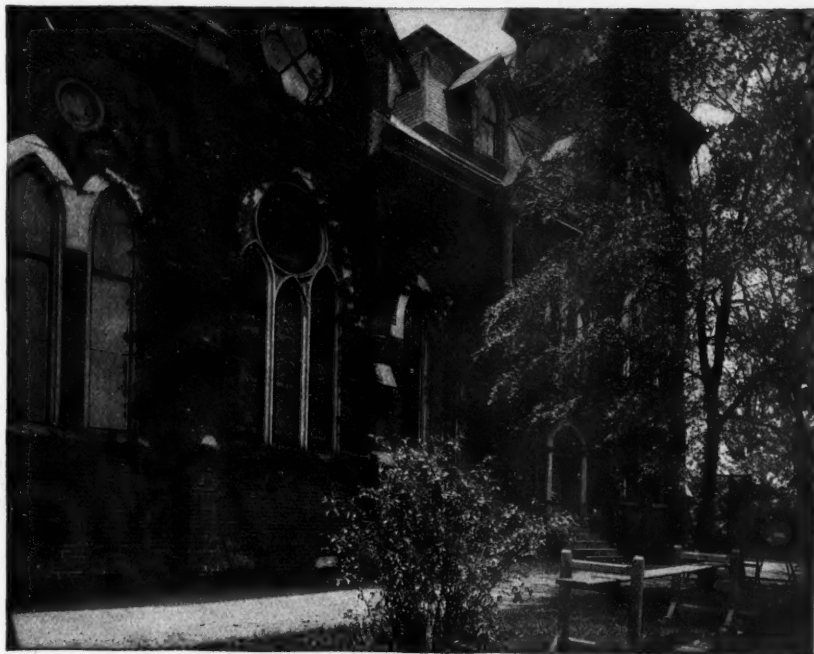
In the field of insurance Georgia is also coming to the front. During the last fiscal year—foreign and home life insurance companies wrote a total of \$44,705,133, of which \$14,530,797 was written by Southern companies, a gain of more than 75 per cent. over previous years.

Every insurance company operating in the state is under the immediate supervision of

the insurance department of the comptroller general's office, and must make regular reports thereto. The insurance department of Georgia, unlike the insurance departments in some of the other states, has done everything possible to conserve and further the interests of the home and foreign insurance. It has placed no limit upon the amount of business that can be written by a company in a single year, as has the insurance depart-

ment long as that management is an honest one—than it has to interfere in the internal management of a department store or other business enterprise; that it has no more right to place a limit on the amount of insurance written, than it has to limit the deposits of a bank or the earnings of a railroad."

Georgia's educational system is a very comprehensive one, embracing elementary, secondary and higher education. For the



PARTIAL VIEW OF SHORTER COLLEGE, ROME

ment of New York, nor introduced other obnoxious and unfair class legislation. Its attitude can be summed up in no better way than in the words of Comptroller General Wright, who says:

"I believe that the province of an insurance department is to see that the policy holders are protected and that the laws are obeyed, and when that is done, to leave the management and internal direction of all companies to the properly authorized directors and officers. State government in my opinion, has no more right to interfere in the internal management of an insurance company—so

education of its 325,000 white children it has some 4,500 common and 300 high schools; for the education of its 200,000 colored, some 2,500 common schools. The cost of maintaining these schools last year was nearly four million dollars, of which the state contributed two and a quarter, an increase of over half a million dollars in three years.

State aid has been a great drawback in the development of an intelligent and efficient system of popular education in Georgia, having engendered a disposition in the people to depend wholly upon it for the maintenance of their schools. At the present time the

schools of only four out of 147 counties are self-supporting. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, the Commonwealth contributes practically nothing to elementary education, and yet the school system of that state has no superior in the land.

When Georgia established her present school system, she made the fundamental mistake of appropriating the necessary money from the state treasury instead of calling upon the different counties to raise it by local taxation. The people, too, are now beginning to realize this, and a number of districts are levying a local tax to maintain a nine month instead of the four to six month school provided by the state. Georgia's educational future is assured. Little by little her people are beginning to realize that it is not only a higher evidence of a twentieth century civilization but a great deal more economical to educate the child than to maintain the criminal. In every state in the Union the prosecution and punishment of crime is inestimably higher than the cost of popular education.

This truism is well illustrated in the case of a Georgia country boy—a lad who had had no schooling whatsoever, no religious instruction, and who had been reared in an atmosphere of vice and illiteracy—accused and convicted for one of the most atrocious

murders in the history of the state. This boy's trial and conviction cost his county nearly twenty thousand dollars, more by four-

teen thousand dollars than the total appropriation received by that county for the maintenance of its schools. And the twenty thousand dollars had to be raised entirely by local taxation!

Georgia is essentially an agricultural state. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that her last important educational step—a step fraught with

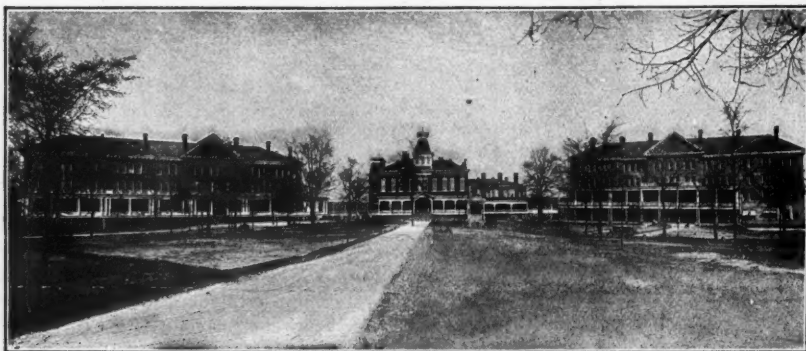
greater possibilities than any she has ever taken, should be the establishment in each congressional district of an agricultural school.

These schools, the immediate result of Ex-Governor Terrell's long fight for the better training of the youth of the farm, and made possible only by generous private subscription, evince as could nothing else the new spirit of progress that is destined to play so important a role in the new Georgia.

The conservatism of the average farmer, who sees no reason for doing things differently than did his fathers, is the greatest drawback Georgia agriculture has had to contend with in the past. This spirit must die. If Georgia is to hold her own in the march of progress, it is essential that the farmer realize that the only way that his children can survive the battle of tomorrow is in being fitted, by edu-



THE AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE, DECATUR



BESSIE TIFT COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES, FORSYTH

cation and training, to meet the conditions of a newer and more scientific method of tilling the soil. The agricultural school will do this as can nothing else, for it will teach the boy not only to understand the principles of good farming, will teach the girl not only the principles of good housekeeping, but will teach them both to exercise their own judgment and their own initiative. And the cost to the farmer is infinitesimal. Ten dollars a month will pay for a child's board and tuition, and as every youngster is afforded an opportunity to make money in the field while in attend-

were set aside for its establishment, the University of Georgia has been maintained by private subscription, liberal endowment and state aid. From its cloisters have gone forth to every state in the Union men who have made their mark in every sphere of life—private or public, commercial, political or educational—and there are today few states that cannot boast among their distinguished citizens one or more graduates of this historic school of learning.

With the State University are federated the North Georgia Agricultural College, at



SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TIFTON

ance at the school, this cost is even further reduced. Of course it takes the boy's labor from the farm, but it increases his future earning capacity to an almost unlimited degree.

In the sphere of higher education Georgia also occupies a commanding position, having at the present time twenty universities and colleges, five institutions for the higher education of women, a number of first-class medical and dental colleges, numerous private academies and an agricultural college that has few superiors in the country.

Her most historic institution of learning is the State University at Athens. Founded in 1785, when forty thousand acres of land

Dahlonega; the Georgia School of Technology, at Atlanta, the first and the leading institution of its kind in the South; the Georgia Medical College, at Augusta; the Ladies' Normal College, Athens; and the Girls' Normal School and Industrial College, at Milledgeville.

In the education of the youth of Georgia, the denominational and private school have each played a distinct and an important role. And with good cause. Georgia's second spiritual leader was no other than John Wesley, the father of Methodism. At this time, however, the great reformer little dreamed of the important role that fate had destined

him. Just emerged from the cloisters of Oxford, he was a strict conformist, an esthetic conformist, perhaps, but a dogmatic one, rigorously insisting upon the strict interpretation of canon and rubric. With Wesley came his brother Charles, the dreamer and poet, who could have gained no small part of the inspiration for his sweet verse from the grandeur of this new land, with its stately virgin pine, its spreading palms, and its glorious summer skies.

College, Oxford, and the Wesleyan Female College, the oldest chartered institution for the higher education of women in the world, Macon; and Presbyterian, the Agnes Scott Institute, the leading women's college of the South. Among the private schools the best known are, the Brenau Female College at Gainesville, the Piedmont Institute at Rockmart, and Stony Mountain Academy.

Few states, commensurate with population, have better railroad facilities than



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD, ATLANTA

The Wesleys remained in Georgia for a year or two only, but they had as their immediate successor another great light in the history of Methodism—George Whitefield, to whom, in so far at least as America is concerned, is due in great measure the successful founding of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was George Whitefield who established, in the Bethesda Orphanage at Savannah, the first denominational school in America.

The chief denominational schools of Georgia at the present time are: Baptist—Mercer University, Macon; Shorter College, Rome; and Bessie Tift College, Forsyth; the two latter for women; Methodist—Emory

Georgia, which, with 48 distinct railroads in active operation, has more individual lines than any other state in the Union. These lines have a combined trackage of 6,829 miles, more by 1,354 miles than ten years ago. The railroad has always been a chief factor in the development of Georgia, opening up profitable markets to the farmer, creating new avenues of trade for the merchant and manufacturer, converting the "pine barrens" into fertile farm lands, and developing the natural resources of the state.

Unfortunately for the state as well as for the investor, the Georgia railroad companies have not been given a square deal in the last

few years. Take the matter of taxation, for instance. The total net earnings of all the railroads in the state decreased over a million and a half dollars in 1907, and yet in the same year the physical values of those railroads for taxation purposes, which in 1902, when the Franchise Act was introduced, were placed at 56 million dollars, were increased from 90 to 123 millions. The first assessment of the Atlantic Coast Line under the same act was fixed at \$3,500 a mile. By 1905 this

Heavily taxed, burdened by many unnecessary regulations, and confronted everywhere with the spirit of antagonism to corporate enterprise which in the last few years has become so marked, the Georgia railroads cannot be expected to do very much in the way of further investment and extension. If Georgia is to be the state she can be, she will have to be more tolerant in dealing with her great corporations. She has neither the people nor the money to develop her vast



WHEN HARRIMAN VISITED ATLANTA

Reading from left to right—Mayor Robert F. Maddox, Mr. Harry L. Schlessinger, Major J. F. Hanson, President Central of Georgia Railway, Mr. E. H. Harriman and Mr. Samuel M. Inman

assessment had been increased to \$5,000, and two years later had been further increased to \$15,000—which means that the taxation of this one road alone was more than quintupled in five years. Such an increase would seem to indicate that the property and income values of the railroad had enjoyed a steady and a sustained growth. This, however, was not the case. While it is true that the earning power of the road increased appreciably in 1904 and 1905, it is true, also, that its net earnings showed a marked appreciation in the two succeeding years.

resources, build her railroads, or extend her public services, and if she refuse to invite outside capital and labor, then she stands in the light of her own development. The spirit of demagogism that combats all corporate enterprise, whether legitimate or no, is one ill calculated to bring to a state, whose very future is conditioned on the development of its economic wealth, the capital and energy so essential to its upbuilding. When Georgians are willing to deal intelligently with the great public-utility corporations, when they are willing to encourage capital and

immigration, then and then only will be possible the greater Georgia that has been the dream of three centuries.

Viewed today, it looks as though Georgia is prepared to be more tolerant. Ex-Governor Hoke Smith was elected to power two years ago on a platform that was essentially popular, the chief planks in it being the reduction of passenger and freight rates and the further increase in railroad taxation. His platform made a wide and an instant

servative administration than it would have had in the event of his election.

While Georgia has not the broad rivers that many states can boast, she has a number of fine streams that are navigable anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty miles from their source; some even that will accommodate large ocean liners.

Her most considerable inland waterway is the Savannah River, which is navigable to Augusta, a distance of 250 miles. Next in



A TYPICAL GEORGIA HOME

appeal, and he was elected to the gubernatorial chair by the greatest majority in the history of the state. His term ending, he again went to the people and on practically an identical platform. He had as his opponent Mr. Joe Brown, whom he had ousted from the office of railroad commissioner because of his conservatism in dealing with the transportation interests.

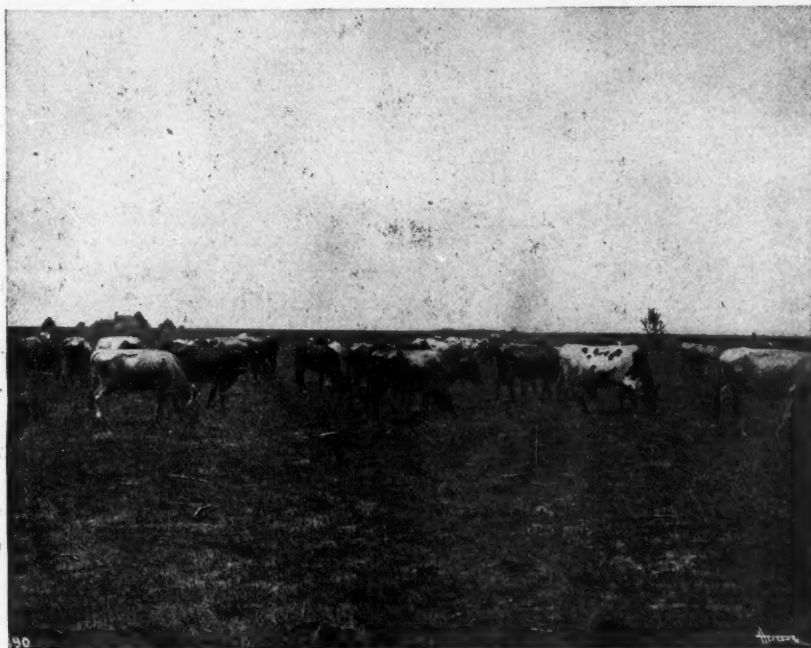
Joe Brown was known only by reputation to the people of the state; Hoke Smith had been a national and a state figure for twenty years, and yet failed of re-election, the people feeling that the state required a more con-

order of importance are the Chattahoochee, navigable from Columbus to the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Apalachicola, which also carries the waters of the Flint River, at the head of which is located the thriving city of Albany. Other important rivers are: the Altamaha and its tributaries; the Oconee and Ocmulgee, the former navigable to Milledgeville, for many years the capital of the state, and the latter to Hawkinsville, a thriving agricultural center; the St. Mary's River, which forms a large portion of the state boundary between Georgia and Florida, navigable to the quaint old town, with its

grass-paved streets and Arcadian ways, that bears its name; the Turtle River, navigable to the important city of Brunswick, the largest lumber port on the South Atlantic, and the Coosa and Oostanaula Rivers, which give Rome the distinction of being the only town in North Georgia that can boast navigation.

Essentially an agricultural state, Georgia can boast a greater diversity of agriculture than any of her sisters. Out of the nine climatic belts defined by the Department of

is cotton. Cotton and Georgia, indeed, are so inseparately connected as to make the history of one the history of the other. The first cotton grown in the state was harvested less than eighteen months after the settlement of the colony, which owed its foundation to a company of philanthropic Englishmen, who, moved to pity by the harassing tales of suffering that were said to be the daily lot of the followers of certain of the religious sects of continental Europe, especially the Salz-



A TYPICAL HERD OF GEORGIA CATTLE

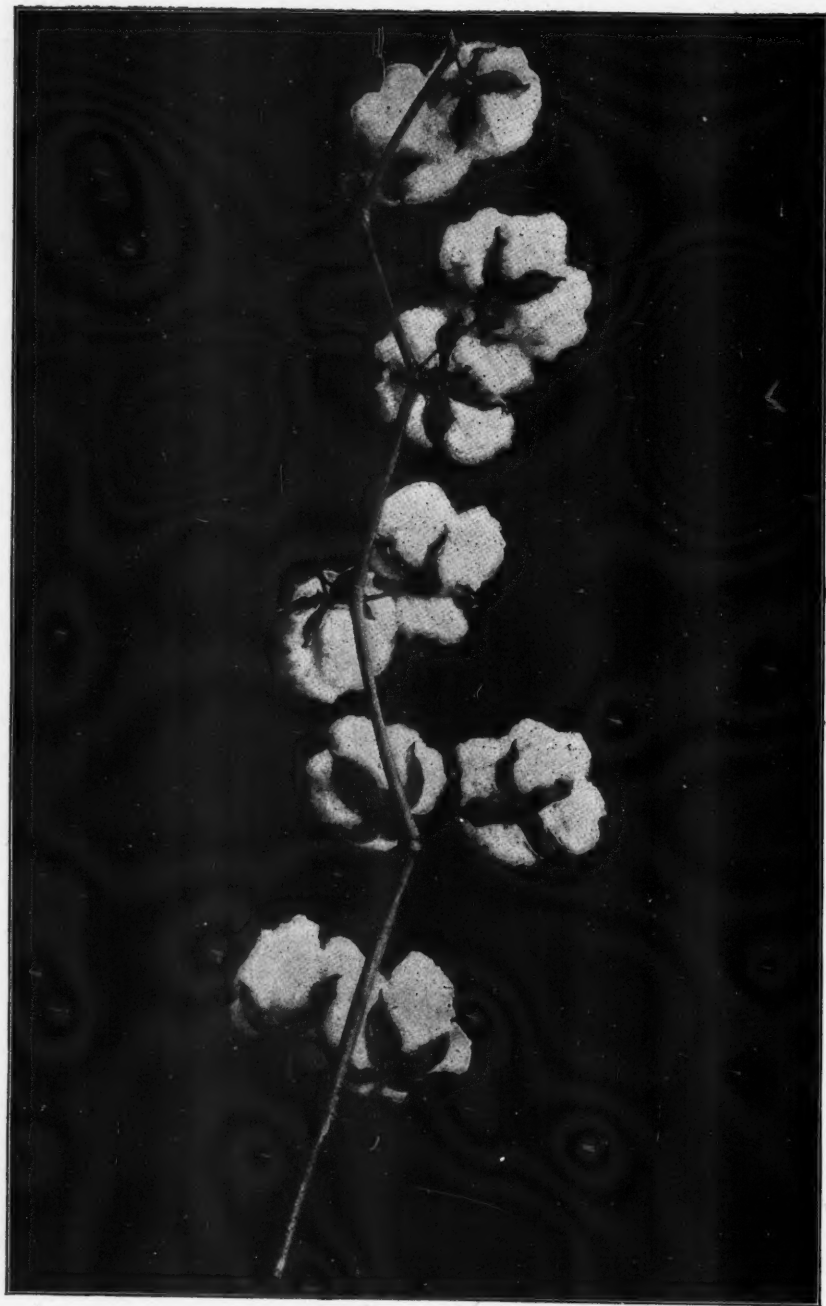
Agriculture, Georgia has eight, which means that she can raise everything known to this country but the essentially citrous fruits, and even these have been grown, but not on a commercial scale, in the far southern portion of the state.

Among her more important crops are: cotton, corn, wheat and oats, peaches, melons, strawberries, figs and other fruits; sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, and the other vegetables; sugar cane; pecans and other nuts; tobacco and rice.

Chief of all Georgia's agricultural resources

burghers of Germany, determined to found in the new land of hope and freedom a commonwealth where every man could worship according to his own belief, where every man could have an equal chance in the strenuous battle of life.

The Crown, recognizing the strategic importance of such a settlement to the growing colony of South Carolina, constantly suffering from the depredations of the Spaniards, lost no time in granting a charter for the new colony, which was named Georgia, in honor of King George II, the then reigning monarch.



"KING" COTTON

Shortly after this the scheme was evolved so as to include the worthy poor of England, and on a memorable day in January, 1733, General James Oglethorpe, soldier, statesman, philanthropist, sailed away from England with 116 English and German settlers, and landing a month later on Yamacraw Bluff, planted with prayer and chant the seed of the new colony.

To Georgia and to the South generally, cotton is what wheat and corn are to the

in Southern mills, affording steady and remunerative employment to hundreds of thousands of her people.

Cotton was first grown in Georgia in 1734, when a Philip Nutter of Chelsea, England, convinced of the peculiar adaptability of the Georgia soil and climate to cotton growth, set aside a small piece of ground for its cultivation. The experiment must have been a successful one, for five years later we find a Swiss emigrant, named Samuel

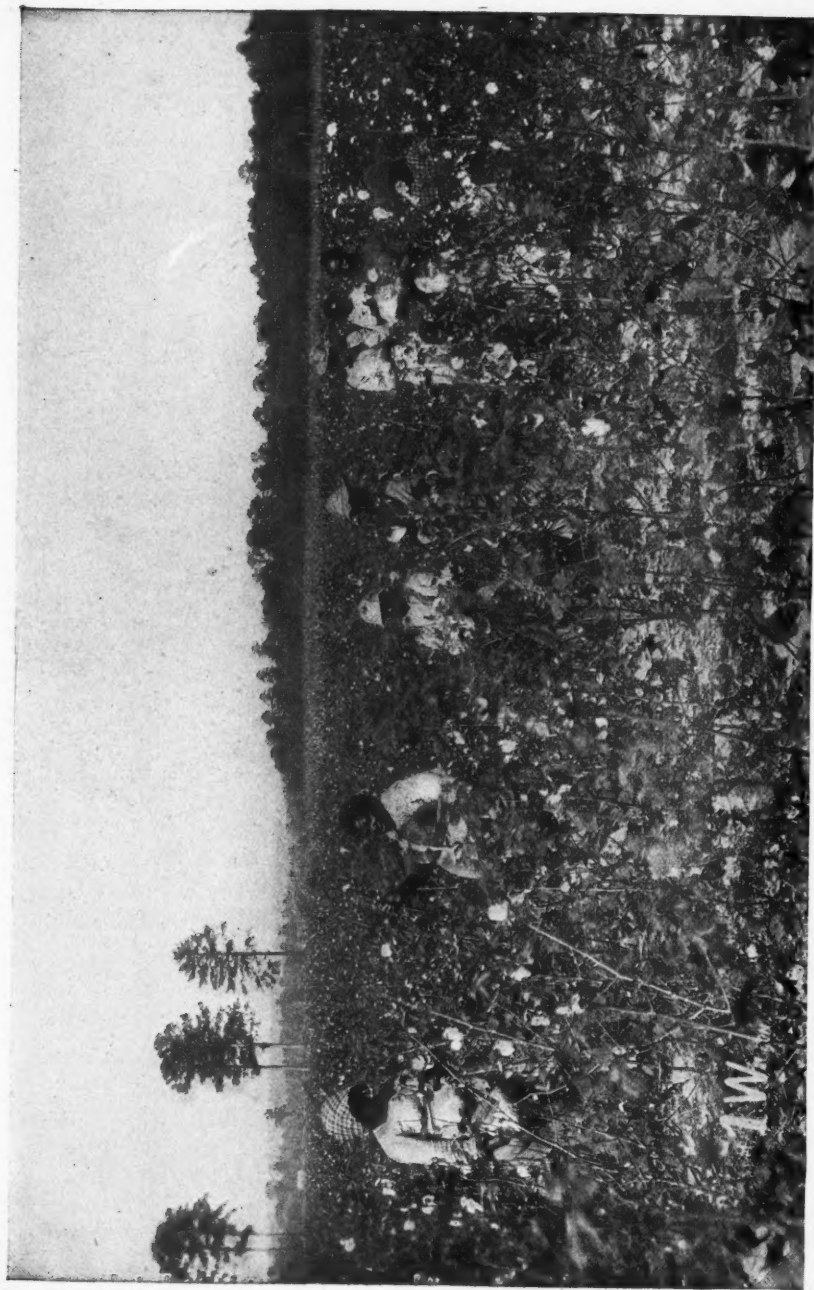


AN EVERYDAY STREET SCENE IN ROME

Northwest. It is the money crop, the crop of all crops, upon the success of which is conditioned the prosperity of farmer and mechanic alike. In a sense a good yield of cotton is of more importance to the South than are good yields of wheat and corn to the West. Not that the South has only cotton to depend upon for its prosperity, nor that she has not as large, or even larger, natural resources than the bounding prairie lands, but that while corn and wheat are for the most part shipped away from the place of their growth to be consumed oftentimes thousands of miles distant, at least a fourth of the cotton crop is converted into the finished product

Auspourgeur, declaring under oath that the lands of Georgia were eminently adapted to cotton cultivation. It was this settler, also, who, by shipping from Savannah the first transatlantic assignment of American-grown cotton, gave to Georgia the honor of being the founder of the present great export cotton business of the United States.

Cotton, however, was not grown in Georgia at this time on anything like a commercial scale. As late as 1788 a planter named Richard Leake, in a communication to a Northern manufacturer asking the support of the Philadelphia Society for the Encouragement of the Manufactures, in his efforts to grow



PICKING COTTON IN SOUTHERN GEORGIA

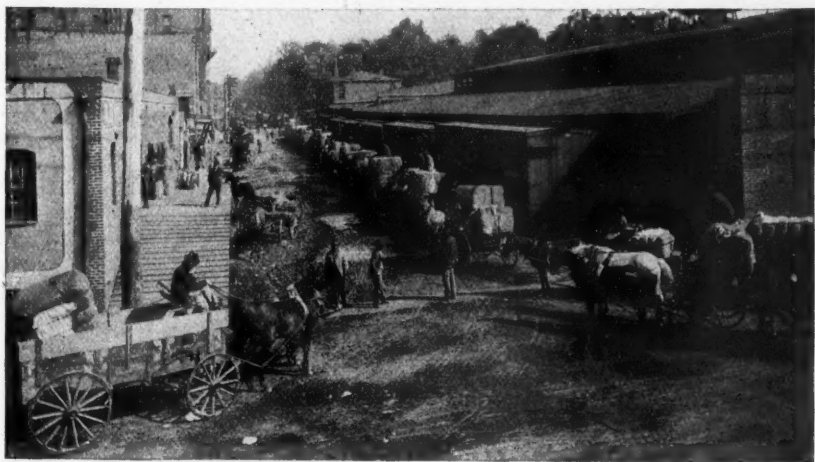
cotton in Georgia, stated that he was the only large cotton grower in the state, that the following year he hoped to plant from fifty to a hundred acres to the cotton stalk, and, if given adequate encouragement, would engage in cotton growing on even a larger scale.

Five years later the need of such encouragement **had passed**. The gin of Eli Whitney, in many respects the greatest invention of history, had been given to the world and cotton had come into its own.

For countless ages cotton had been grown in Egypt, in India, and in other old-world

Cotton was a scarce commodity and commanded fabulous prices. The English mills were crying hungrily for it. The Georgia planter was prospering beyond his wildest dreams. Fortunes were made on every hand. Such conditions could not, in the very nature of things, last forever. Gradually the cotton belt was extended westward to Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, and the supply increasing, the day of competition dawned.

Up to this time transportation had been a small, if even at all, a matter of consideration to the Georgia planter. With six months to



LOADING COTTON AT AN INLAND TOWN

countries, and no practical way of separating the seed from the lint had been devised, and yet in sixty years, by ten years less than the brief span of one man's life, the land of new thought and new ideas produced the genius who solved in a few months a problem of how to accomplish in five hours what had hitherto taken a grown man two years—the separation of the seed and lint in a single bale of cotton.

In all history no industry ever received an impetus from a new device that the cotton industry received from the gin. Cotton exports alone increased in value nearly four times in the year of its introduction. In about two years, owing chiefly to radical improvement in the gin, they increased from a million and a half to ten million pounds.

For twenty years the cotton grower of Georgia had things practically his own way.

market his crop, it mattered little to him whether it took his wagons a week or a month to carry his cotton to market—for in those days each planter was his own transportation agent, hauling his cotton by ox-wagon over roads that were little more than trails, to one or other of the market towns that were located almost invariably at the head of navigation, where the cotton was floated to the ocean gateway in boats, that, until the successful application of steam to navigation, could make no return voyage.

Competition, however, changed all this, and the expeditious marketing of his crop became a matter of paramount importance to the planter. At this time Charleston was the leading cotton port of the world, with Savannah in second place, and it became apparent to each that if their prestige were

to be maintained, better transportation methods would have to be evolved. New Orleans had its Mississippi River, Mobile had its Mobile River; from the point of water navigation the eastern cotton belt was clearly outdistanced. Plank roads, turnpikes, canals—all were tried and found wanting. Then the news of Stephenson's great triumph reached America. Charleston recognized in it her one chance of retaining her proud position among the seaports of the world. A

then was the opportunity, and the citizens of Savannah and Macon enthusiastically subscribed the necessary capital to build a railroad between the two cities. Thus was founded the Central of Georgia Railroad, which has done as much as any other single institution to develop the natural and agricultural resources of the state.

The next railroads constructed in Georgia were the Monroe Railroad, chartered to run northwest from Macon, and the Georgia



LOADING COTTON ON A TRAMP STEAMER BY LIGHTER

road must be built from Charleston to Augusta, the capital of Georgia and one of the most important markets in the cotton belt. Public and private capital was subscribed generously and the South Carolina and Georgia, later known as the South Carolina Railroad, was constructed. This railroad was the first really big American railroad enterprise.

Savannah was paralyzed. With her river trade practically killed, she knew not where to turn. Something must be done and done quickly. At this time Macon was the geographical center of the Georgia cotton belt, but, owing to poor transportation facilities, was commercially unimportant. Here

Railroad, chartered to run from Augusta to the center of the state. The pioneer lines of the South seldom had any particular objective point, the trunk lines being built into the wilderness to open up a new territory and the spur lines being run from them to connect any outlying settlements. Shortly after this a company was organized to construct a line of railroad between Augusta and Macon. The state of Georgia subscribed to none of the stock of any of these companies, but undertook to build a state railroad from Chattanooga to a point on the west bank of the Chattahoochee, to give them connection with the West. This is one of the only two state railroads ever con-

structed by a state government in the United States.

Such a railroad was of extraordinary economic importance to the state of Georgia at this time. Cotton was so valuable that the farmers raised little else, so the question of food supply for man and beast became one of very first importance. The great West, then comprised of the states of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, was fast becoming the great food belt of the country, and it was to these states that the South, if she meant to make cotton her great staple, must look for her future existence.

Railroads had been already projected southward from Cincinnati to Nashville and from Nashville to Chattanooga, so the construction of the state railroad to this point would give Georgia a direct and a short line to the food belt. It is to this railroad,* designated the Western and Atlantic, that Atlanta, the "Gate" City, the commercial metropolis of the South, owes her extraordinary growth, for practically every railroad in Georgia has had for its object the connecting of some outlying district with this point. When this road was surveyed, the present site of Atlanta was marked by a single log cabin. The chief engineer of the road must have been a man of extraordinary perspicacity and foresight, for instead of locating the terminus on the bank of the river as directed by the legislature, he established it eight miles north of it in one of those broad valleys that seem to have been signaled out by nature for the habitation of man.

But notwithstanding the big panic of '44 and one or two other periods of industrial depression, notwithstanding the extension of the cotton belt westward and the competition consequent thereon, the State of Georgia enjoyed a healthy and a sustained growth until in 1860, with a tenfold increase in her wealth, her name had become a monument to the commercial progress of the nation.

Then came the Civil War and the army of Sherman on its devastating march to the Atlantic, leaving in its wake barrenness and dearth where had been prosperity and plenty. No land ever met a severer blow than that received by Georgia at this time. The per capita wealth of her people fell nearly two hundred per cent., leaving her one of the poorest instead of the second most prosperous state in the Union.

But the inherent courage that had impelled Georgians to battle for liberty in the War of the Revolution, that had inspired them to struggle to the last in what proved to be a losing cause, remained with them, giving them the enduring strength that outlives misfortune and hardship, that rebuilds and rehabilitates in the face of almost impossible odds. Today the grizzled veteran, the monument, the grave, and the revered memory are the only ulterior reminders in Georgia of the bloodiest struggle of history.

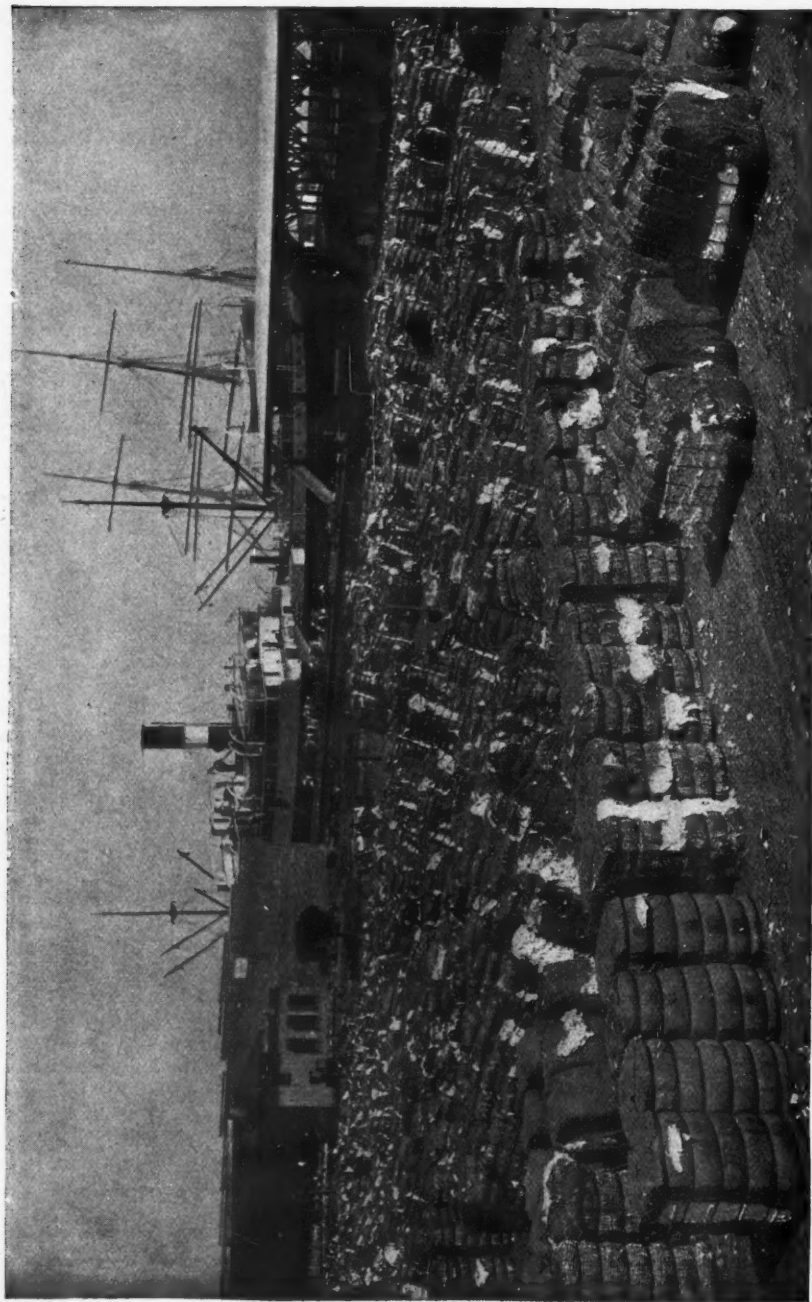
In the forty years since the war the cotton production of the United States has increased from 2,366,467 to over ten million bales. Georgia, while she has had to relinquish to Texas, with her vastly greater area, her proud position of being the greatest cotton-growing state in the Union, still holds her own, having increased her output from 473,934 bales in 1869 to 2,100,000 bales in 1908. This year she expects to produce at least two million bales with a marketable value of one hundred million dollars, and Georgia has yet hundreds of thousands of acres that have never felt the plow.

Cotton is planted from March the fifteenth to May the first, according to the character of the soil. From every acre of ground, provided that ground has been prepared in an up-to-date and scientific manner, the planter may reasonably expect a bale of cotton, proper cultivation and adequate fertilization being the two fundamentals.

In late August "cotton is king." Terraced

*In the course of its construction this pioneer railroad underwent many vicissitudes. A great portion of it had to be built through the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the cost enormously exceeded the preliminary estimates. Up to 1852 the legislature had appropriated three and a quarter million dollars to it, which, added to the profits of the road which were also put into its construction, brought the total cost of the line up to fully five million dollars. The railroad was not completed to Chattanooga until 1851, the great panic of 1844, in which dozens of Southern railroad enterprises met untimely ends, and the protracted period of depression following, having militated against its progress.

In 1864, just as this road was beginning to show a profitable return on the investment, Sherman, invading Georgia on his historic march to the sea, almost totally destroyed it. Subsequently it was roughly repaired by the federal government and was used for some time for the transportation of her troops and supplies. After the peace at Appomattox it was returned to the state, but was not fully rehabilitated until 1868, in which year it carried over two hundred and thirty-three million pounds of freight from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Two years later, after a period of gross public mismanagement, the state leased it for a period of years to a private corporation. It is at present leased to the N. C. & St. L. railroad, at an annual rental of \$420,000. The tremendous increase in the value of American railroads in the last thirty years has no better standard than this line. If sold at the end of the present lease, it would bring enough money to pay off the total bonded debt of the state, and leave a balance of five million dollars in the treasury.



COTTON DOCKS OF THE SEABOARD AIR LINE AT SAVANNAH

hill and undulating valley are clothed in virgin white. As far as the eye can see, the cotton fields stretch themselves toward the setting sun, veritable banks of snow with here and there an outcropping of verdant green. There is no monotony in the landscape, even the whiteness of the cotton seeming to sink its sameness in the harmony of the general panorama. The negro cotton-pickers, men and women, too, also take on a peculiar

possess, pick the cotton, but on the larger plantations, ranging anywhere from 250 to 5,000 acres, the cotton is picked entirely by negroes, who work in gangs of twenty-five to a hundred to the field, over half of them being women.

After being picked, the cotton is conveyed to a neighboring gin, of which there are over eight thousand at the present time. Here the seeds, which comprise two-thirds the total



A WOODLAND SCENE IN GEORGIA

picturesqueness as, singing their weird plantation melodies, they ply their labor from early morn to set of sun.

The scene is a peaceful one, so peaceful, so out of joint with the perennial whirl of twentieth-century life, that it is difficult to realize that with this simple stage-setting is presented the first scene in what is unquestionably the greatest industrial drama of today—the cotton industry.

The picking season extends from mid-August to the close of the year, the length of each man's harvest depending on the lateness of his crop and the amount of cotton to be picked. On the small farm the planter, his family and any colored help he may

weight of a bale of cotton, are deftly separated from the lint.

Up to fifty years ago cotton seed had little or no commercial value, its possibilities not having been fully realized. Even thirty years ago, there were only forty cotton-seed oil mills in the United States. It is only in the last twenty years, indeed, that the cotton-seed oil industry has become a vitally important factor in the economic development of the South. There are at the present time over eight hundred cotton-seed oil mills and refineries in the Southern States, representing an investment of over a hundred million dollars. These mills have an annual output of ninety million dollars, over thirty

million of which is shipped to foreign lands. Cotton-seed oil is fast coming to the front as a food for man and beast. In Georgia alone the number of oil mills increased from fifty-eight in 1901 to one hundred and thirty in 1908, with a comparative value of five and seventeen million dollars.

Today the seed in a cotton bale is almost as valuable to the farmer as the cotton itself. What it will be tomorrow no one can foresay. Each day sees a larger field for its oil and a more extended use of its meal. For general

but permits them to borrow money on their crop, meanwhile holding it for a higher market. The question of cotton storage is a very vital one to the Georgia farmer, who has never been educated to the cardinal necessity of storing his cotton if he is to receive full merit from his crop. At the present time fully three-quarters of the cotton crop is disposed of before the end of the harvest. It has been estimated, even, that less than one bale in fifty is in the hands of the grower when the new crop is planted.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ATLANTA

cooking purposes cotton-seed oil has no superior. A purely vegetable fat, it possesses peculiar dietetic and hygienic properties. It is the only substitute for the olive oil of Italy. As a general food for cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, the meal of the cotton seed is unequaled. It is both a builder and a fattener, and cattle fed upon it are invariably healthy.

After being ginned, the cotton is baled and returned to the farmer, who disposes of, or retains it, as he deems advisable. Some of the more modern farmers store their cotton in bonded warehouses, which not only insures their cotton from fire and depreciation,

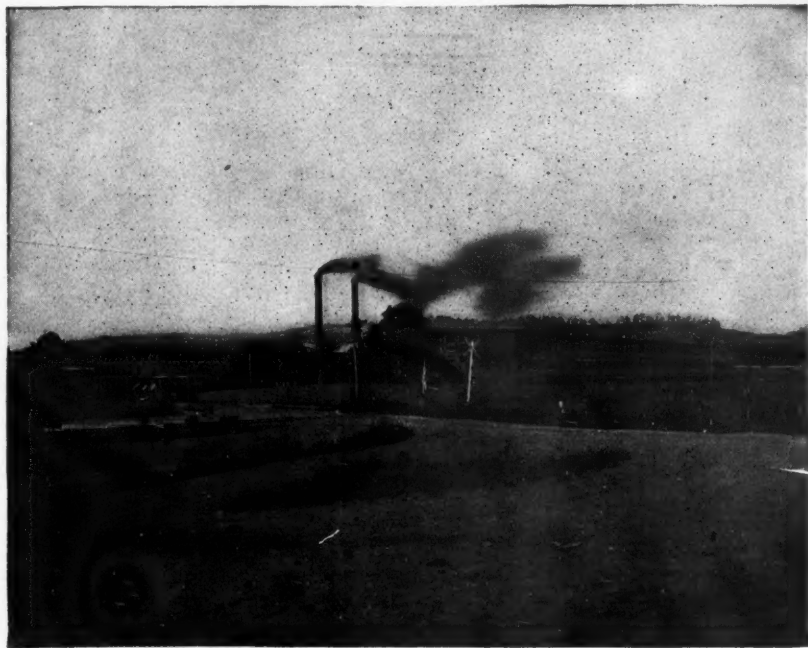
There are at the present time few large warehouses in Georgia—not sufficient in number even to care for her crop—and yet these warehouses are hardly patronized by the farmer, who is content if he does not effect an immediate sale of his cotton to let that cotton lie in the field until he is ready to dispose of it. This is shortsighted indeed, for the average depreciation in a bale of cotton stored in the field would more than pay for its storing and insurance in a cotton warehouse.

The cotton crop of Georgia is either exported, shipped to the mills of New England

or manufactured into the finished fabric within the state. Cotton has always been more or less manufactured in Georgia, the first American cotton spinners having been the wives of Oglethorpe's soldiers, who were accustomed to spin and weave their rude homespun from the cotton grown on Tybee Island. At one time the custom of home spinning became so pronounced that the English government, as a protection to its own mills, instructed the governor of Georgia

a capacity of 817,345 spindles and 19,398 looms, while today she has one hundred and fifty-four mills with a total of nearly two million spindles. These mills use annually about two hundred and fifty million pounds of cotton, or about 30 per cent. of the entire crop of the state, and afford steady employment to several thousands of her people.

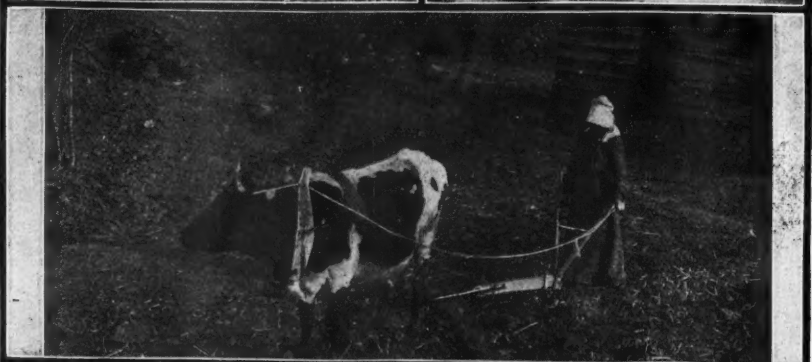
So much has been written about the Southern cotton mill and its relation to child labor in the past few years that no article on the



THE PLANT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COTTON MILLS, LINDALE, NEAR ROME
The largest of its kind in the state

to issue a proclamation against the manufacture of cotton, at the same time suggesting that the growing of cotton be suitably encouraged. Cotton manufacturing as a factor in the commercial life of the state is of very recent origin, and it has become more and more important, especially in the last ten years, until today there is hardly a large town in the whole of Georgia that cannot boast of its cotton mills. The growth of the cotton manufacture industry of Georgia has been a marvelous growth, indeed. In 1900 she had sixty-eight cotton mills, having

Georgia cotton industry would be complete without a mention of the greatest factor in the industrial life of the Southern people—the cotton mill. The conditions under which Southern and Eastern cotton mills exist are so radically dissimilar as to make comparison between them both impossible and unfair. The cotton mills of New England are situated in the very heart of the most populous section of the country, and have, therefore, no great labor problem to contend with. The Southern mills on the other hand have had to bring their labor from outlying dis-



Photographs copyright, 1909, by Hunnecutt, Tellulah Falls, Ga.

"A strange, a virile and picturesque people, these Georgia mountain folk, knowing little of the outside world, caring less."

tricts, sometimes hundreds of miles from the mills' location. This is especially true of Georgia, where a great portion of the help has been recruited in the inaccessible mountain regions of the state.

From whence these Georgia mountain people have sprung is a mystery. It is said that the progenitors of many of them were among the first settlers of the colony, who had been freed from Fleet Street—the debtor's prison made famous in history by the facile

sworn foe. For the Georgia mountaineer is a born moonshiner—a moonshiner, however, by heredity, not by choice. It has been in the past practically his only way of marketing the fruits of his labors. With no home markets and the difficulties of transportation almost insurmountable, he has for centuries had recourse to what seemed to him the one practical method of disposing of his grain—distilling it.

These people, until the mills' coming, en-

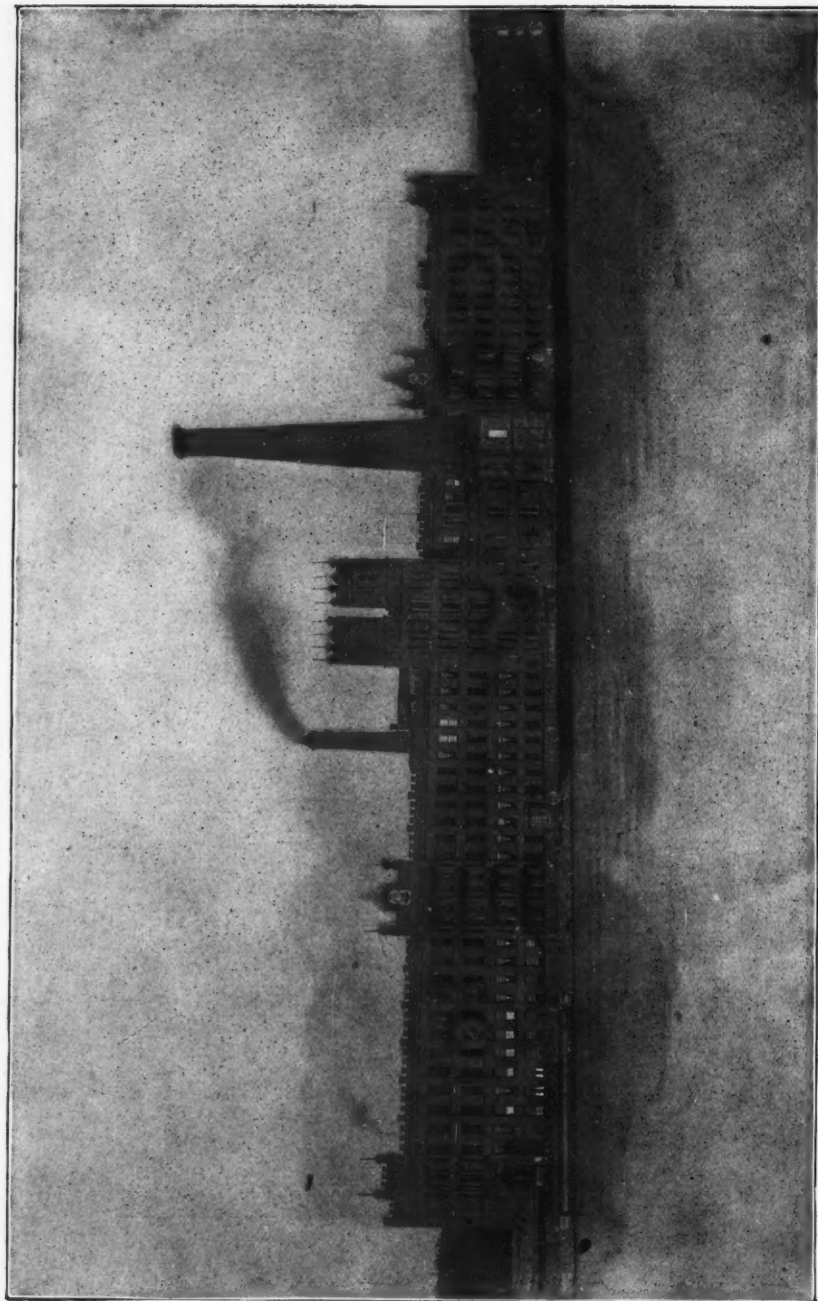


ONE OF THE UPPER CLASSES IN A TYPICAL GEORGIA COTTON MILL SCHOOL

pen of Dickens—on condition that they would migrate to America, and who, when the colony surrendered its charter to the Crown, fearing that the debtor's law might become operative in the colonies, trekked north to the mountain fastnesses, where, far from the zone of creditor and bailiff, they could live their lives in peace.

A strange, a virile, and a picturesque people, these Georgia mountain folk, knowing little of the outside world, caring less. Strong in what they believe to be their inherent right to live, they regard the revenue officer as their

joyed few of the advantages that civilization offers them. Community life was to them unknown. They were essentially a shiftless and ignorant people. Negro labor denied to these the right of living on the farm; consequently, they were forced to exist on lands that were too often hardly susceptible to cultivation. The mill took them away from all this; it provided them with homes, with schools, with churches and with clubs, and pointed them to a higher life than the one to which they had been accustomed. The employment of children was an economic



THE SIBLEY MILL, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.
Showing in the foreground the chimney of the Confederate Powder Mill, preserved as one of the monuments of war days

necessity, for these mountain people, having had no educational opportunity, saw no reason why their children should need them. The acceptance of employment was frequently conditioned upon a mill's employing not only the bread-winner, as we know him in the North, but the wife and children as well. The narrow margin in the manufacture of cotton made cheap labor a necessity, and five bread-winners in a family meant much to that family's prosperity. In the education

Carolina, at that time the greatest peach-producing state in the South.

In its early days the growth of the peach industry of Georgia was necessarily slow. There was practically no home demand, and the outside markets, on account of the limited transportation facilities, were very difficult of access. To reach New York, even then the chief market for the Georgia peach, the fruit had to be shipped by rail to either Charleston or Savannah, and from



A GEORGIA PEACHERY

of the Georgia cracker the cotton mill has played a distinct and important part.

As cotton is king of the Georgia farm, so the peach is queen—a beautiful queen, whose sun-kissed cheek and symmetrical form have brought to Georgia, in a reign of less than fifteen years, almost as great a fame as has King Cotton himself.

The growth of Georgia's great peach industry has been as romantic as it has been remarkable. Fifty years ago the only peach orchards in the state were a few small groves near Augusta, these groves being a continuation of the more important fruit belt of South

there reshipped by water. The methods of packing were also very crude. Refrigeration was an unknown quantity, and the peaches being roughly packed in bushel baskets, divided in the center with a rude board, it was hardly to be wondered at that very many of them arrived at their destination in very poor condition. Prices too were unsatisfactory, a shipper never knowing until his check arrived whether he was going to receive one or five dollars a bushel for his product.

But, with all its disadvantages, the peach industry grew steadily in importance until



PICKING PEACHES IN A GEORGIA ORCHARD

just before the Civil War it had attained to considerable proportions, judged, of course, by the standards of those days.

The war dealt a stunning blow to the peach as to all the other native industries of Georgia, and it was not until 1871 that its intelligent reorganization was attempted. One year later, however, there was produced in Augusta, by Mr. J. P. Berckmans, who has been the president of the Georgia State Horticultural Society for the last thirty-

peach that has done more to promote the industry than all the other varieties combined, was produced. The Elberta was the discovery of a Mr. Samuel Rumpf of Marshallville. In his search for an ideal peach tree, Mr. Rumpf segregated over 1,200 seedlings, discarding them one after the other until but one fruiting tree remained. This he named the Elberta in honor of his wife. The Elberta today is the most extensively grown peach in Georgia and has returned more



SORTING PEACHES IN A GEORGIA ORCHARD

two consecutive years, and who has done more, perhaps, than any other one man to develop the peach industry of the state, a peach that was destined to bring a large measure of recognition to the Georgia orchards. It was the Alexander.

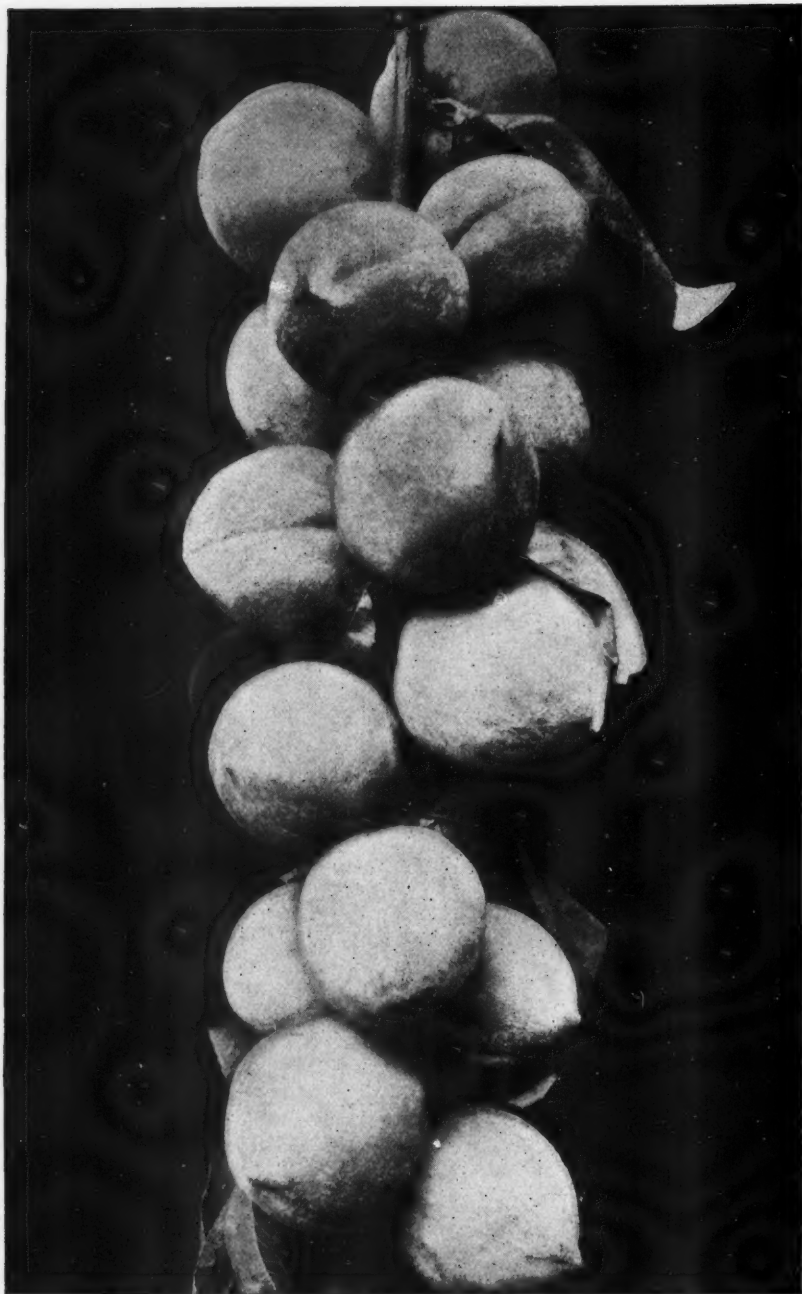
The trees from which this luscious peach was produced came from Missouri. They bore after having been planted only fifteen months, their initial crop of less than three pecks returning to the grower the princely sum of thirty-two dollars.

Ten years later the famous Elberta peach, a

money to the growers. It may not have the sweetness of some of the earlier varieties, but it grows to a very large size, is unusually showy, and a remarkably good shipper.

From 1880 to 1887, when the first refrigerator car of Georgia peaches reached the New York market, the industry enjoyed a steady and a healthy growth, the belt being extended northwestward to Athens, Cornelia, Marietta and Rome, and southwestward to Macon, Fort Valley and Marshallville.

Within the past fifteen years the peach industry of Georgia has been completely



THE FAMOUS ELBERTA PEACH, REDUCED FOUR TIMES

revolutionized, not only in the number of peaches grown, but in their cultivation, packing and marketing. Thirty years ago the largest peach orchard in the state, situated within forty miles of Atlanta, was less than forty acres in extent. The son of the very farmer who owned that peach orchard, today has over 250,000 trees in bearing.

At the present time there are approximately nineteen million peach trees in the state, the orchards ranging in size from a few hun-

opportunities offered by Georgia for peach cultivation. This wonderful orchard occupies over two thousand acres, and has approximately some three hundred thousand bearing trees. A view of the orchard from the roof of one or other of the packing houses is an inspiring sight, especially in early spring when the trees are in full bloom. In its short season of less than two months, this famous orchard employs from seven to nine hundred people, ships some 200 carloads of fruit, and



HOW GEORGIA'S PEACHES ARE SHIPPED

dred to three hundred thousand trees. These great peach orchards, with their individual railroads, their individual packing houses, and their individual hotels, are wonderful institutions indeed.

The largest one-block orchard in the state is the Hale orchard at Fort Valley. This orchard was established in 1891 by Mr. J. H. Hale, the well-known Connecticut horticulturist. Mr. Hale was the head of the special Horticultural Census of the United States in 1890, and it was while engaged in this work that he first saw the tremendous

does a huge canning business besides. And what can be said of the Hale orchard can be said of a number of other large orchards in the state.

Over seven thousand cars were required last year in the transportation of Georgia's peach crop, and the cost of transportation was well over a million dollars. The difficulty, with so many shippers in the field, of so marketing the crop as to get the very best prices possible caused the formation this year of the Georgia Peach Growers' Exchange. This exchange, which is under the manage-

ment of a man who has had years of practical service in the railroad refrigerator service, is handling practically the entire peach crop of the state. The exchange is run in a very systematic manner, the cars being so distributed as to prevent the possibility of any glut in the market. It is estimated that the peach exchange will save the Georgia growers many thousands of dollars annually.

With an annual crop of from five to seven thousand bushels and an aggregate value of

the latter, a peculiar field of its own. The watermelon of Georgia has a world-wide fame. The melon belt of Georgia extends from Augusta to Albany, the chief centers of the industry being the two places mentioned and Milledgeville, Macon, Tifton and Ashburn.

Another industry of great promise is the cultivation of the pecan, the most valuable of all the commercial nuts.

King of all the nut-bearing trees, the pecan



PICKING STRAWBERRIES IN SOUTHERN GEORGIA

from three to five million dollars, the peach industry of the state of Georgia easily leads the world.

In the cultivation of watermelons and cantaloupes Georgia has a great present and a still more prosperous future. At the present time ten thousand carloads of watermelons and three thousand carloads of cantaloupes are shipped to Eastern markets annually. Georgia's cantaloupe is grown from the famous Rocky Ford melon of Colorado, and while it is not so fine a fruit as the Western variety, it has, being over a month earlier than

is indigenous to the Southern states, to a few of the more northerly ones, to California, and to northern Mexico, attaining its greatest degree of perfection in the cotton belt, and being found most extensively in the state of Texas.

A tree that will live from three to seven hundred years, that will fruit practically all its life, that will attain to a height of a hundred and fifty feet, that is susceptible to neither drought nor other climatic irregularity, that has no vital enemy, a tree that combines the beauty of the magnolia and the symmetry

of the pine with the stateliness of the oak and the fecundity of the walnut, the pecan is certainly one of nature's greatest gifts to the South.

Thirty years ago this beautiful tree was a great deal more plentiful than it is today. Then it had little or no commercial value, and, like the pine, it was ruthlessly, remorselessly slaughtered, not, as with the pine, for its valuable lumber, but to make room for King Cotton, the great staple of the South. Texas and Louisiana lost thousands upon thousands of acres in this way, and they have come to realize the extent of that loss, and their vital mistake in destroying a tree that has an intrinsic value of three to five hundred dollars to raise a commodity that can command at most from five



THE PECAN HARVEST

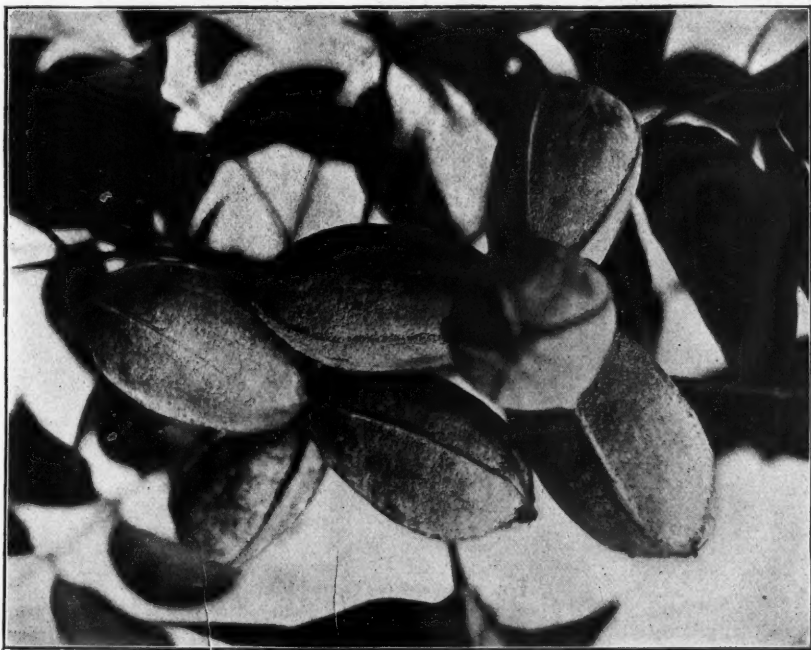
to six cents a pound, and they are doing their best to rectify it.

This movement to restore the pecan forests of the South to their former grandeur received an extraordinary impetus a couple of years ago in the unique death-bed request of the late Governor Hogg of Texas, who said:

"I want no monument of stone or marble, but plant at my head a pecan tree and at my feet an old-fashioned walnut, and when these trees shall bear, let the pecans and the walnuts be given out among the plain people of Texas, so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

It was a beautiful prayer, and in its fulfillment should do much to beautify the state.

But whether this comprehensive attempt



THE FAMOUS GEORGIA PAPER-SHELL PECANS



A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD PECAN TREE

at pecan reforestation is successful or no will have little or no effect on the pecan industry of the future, which will depend almost wholly upon the commercial orchard.

It is only within the last few years that any attempt to commercially cultivate the pecan has been made, but the results have proved beyond peradventure that their growing will be as important to the South in the next ten years as the growing of the English walnut is to California at the present time.

With orchards aggregating five thousand

acres and a constantly growing acreage, it is fair to assume that before very long Georgia will be the great pecan center of America, for the land of no other section can answer so well the peculiar requirements of pecan growth.

It was Professor John Craig, of Cornell University, one of the foremost horticulturists of the country, who first decided upon Georgia as the ideal locality for the growing of the pecan on a commercial scale. Previous to this, however, there were a number of

small growers and a large well-established commercial nursery in the field.

Georgia's pecan territory is the Flint River Valley, situated in southwest Georgia and having as its tactical center the city of Albany. The land in this section is a deep sandy loam, with a sandy clay subsoil; the rainfall is regular, and the country is swept by the breezes of the Atlantic on the one side and the Gulf on the other.

The nuts produced in Georgia are called paper-shell pecans, on account of the ease with which



PRIVATE CAR OF PATTERSON & TAYLOR
Of Chicago, showing investors in their orchards. They
have orchards aggregating over 2,000 acres
near Albany

they are broken by the thumb and forefinger. They grow to an immense size, are of a dark gray color, striped with black, and vary much in both shape and color. Each nut has a distinct flavor that is easily recognized by an expert. Forty to seventy of these nuts will make a pound, as against 150 to 300 of the ordinary kind.

The Georgia paper-shell pecan has no superior in the world. It differs so radically from the wild pecan, the nut that is sold in the markets today, that it will command a price of from one to



PECAN ORCHARD MAKES AN IDEAL PASTURAGE



RYE IS A VERY SUCCESSFUL CROP FOR A PECAN ORCHARD

six dollars a pound, according to quality, as against forty and fifty cents for the latter. A regular producer, it increases its yield annually until maturity, generally forty or fifty years.

All of Georgia's pecans at the present time are contracted for privately by the larger

hotels and confectioneries, the latter using them in the manufacture of the candied pecan, a confection that has had a growing popularity in the last few years. One such confectionery house alone uses twenty-five carloads of pecans anyway.

Five acres of pecan trees will in time bring a good and permanent income, provided those trees have been either grafted or budded and properly cared for. The superiority of the grafted or budded tree over the seedling is very marked. A seedling rarely produces before the twelfth to the fifteenth year, while a budded or grafted tree will produce in the fifth or sixth, and has been known to bear in even the third. The cost of maintaining a pecan grove is quite consid-

Tobacco growing is one of Georgia's oldest industries, before the war many of her citizens having made large fortunes in its cultivation. The profits were so large indeed that a man would rent land on which the virgin forest was still standing, clear it, plant and cultivate his tobacco and yet make a profit the first year.

The war put an effectual stop to tobacco growing for some years, and it was not until twenty odd years ago, when a New York firm bought up some of the discarded planta-



A FIELD OF SUN TOBACCO NEAR BAINBRIDGE, THE HEART OF THE TOBACCO DISTRICT

erable for the first five or six years, but requires little attention thereafter.

In the extreme southwestern corner of Georgia and a small section of northern Florida is produced the only Sumatra tobacco grown without the borders of the famous Dutch island from which this tobacco derives its name, and it is a tobacco that is said by experts to be equal to the imported, so probably in a few years' time it will be no longer necessary, as with the wines of California, to ship it across the ocean and back to give it the value of the Dutch Sumatra.

tions, and commenced the cultivation of tobacco in an intelligent way, that the industry again commenced to be profitable. The great drawback to tobacco growing at that time was the difficulty of obtaining intelligent labor. One plantation hoped to solve the problem by introducing a colony of Germans, but these, deprived of their beef and beer, did not remain South very long, and to sow that year's crop it was necessary almost to rob the cradle and the grave.

At the present time Georgia has about five thousand acres under cultivation to the



SUMATRA TOBACCO ON GEORGIA'S FAMOUS PLANTATION AT AMSTERDAM

tobacco plant. Some two thousand acres of this constitute the largest shade tobacco plantation in the world. This plantation is situated at a little place called Amsterdam, so named from the Dutch town of that name, which is the world's chief market for Sumatra tobacco. Amsterdam, Georgia, is one of the most picturesque little places imaginable. It is a principality, in which the word of the plantation superintendent is the law. Its buildings and public institutions would do

But if capital is required, the profits are certain and large. Seven to eighteen hundred pounds to the acre is an average crop, and this tobacco commanding, according to quality, from fifty cents to five dollars a pound, the planter can well expect big returns. One planter a few years ago realized a thousand dollars an acre on a sixty-acre plantation.

Tobacco is a very quick crop in Georgia, being planted between the end of March and the beginning of May and harvested in June



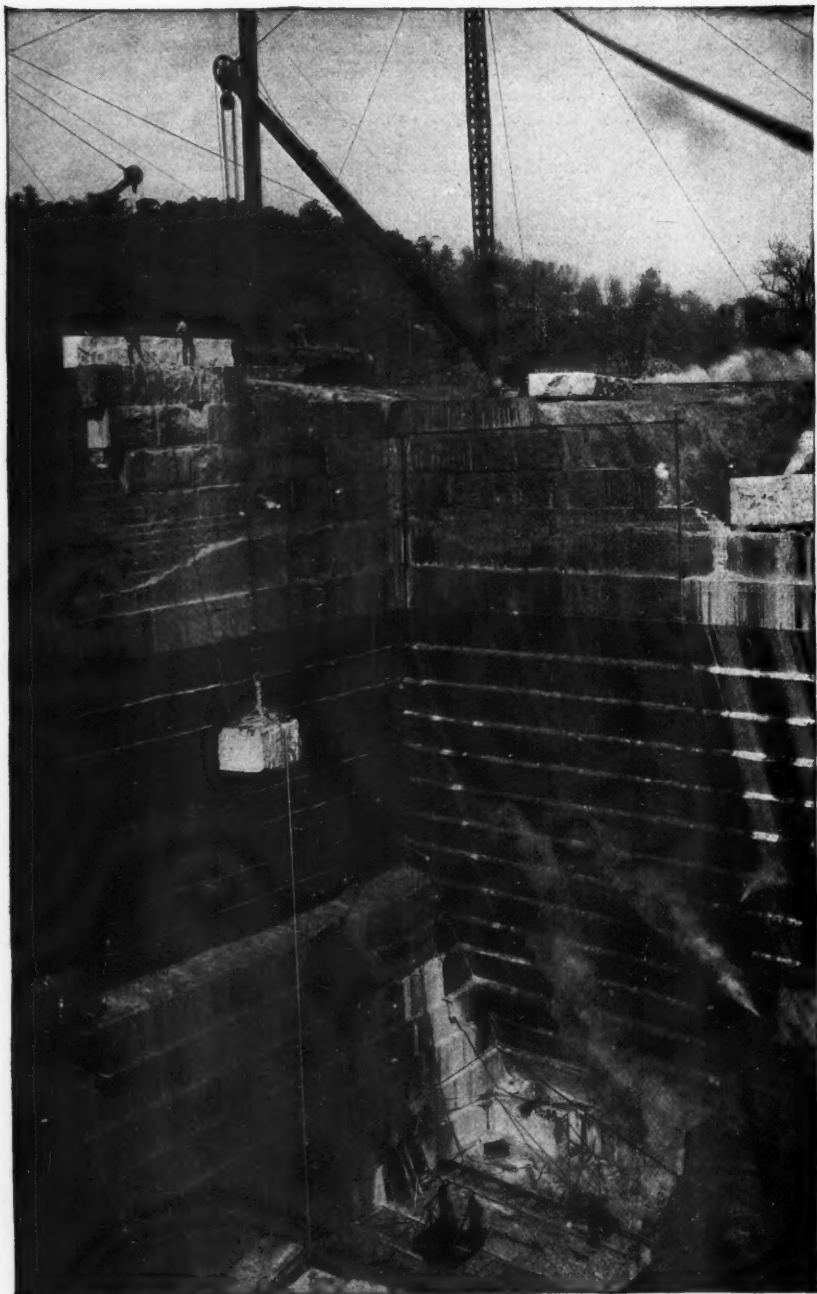
CULTIVATING SUMATRA TOBACCO

credit to a very much larger place, and in every way it is a model community. Its population numbers some 3,000 souls.

The growing of Sumatra tobacco is an industry in which everyone cannot engage, for it takes about a thousand dollars an acre to shade the land, build the curing barns, and fertilize the first crop, the cost of fertilizing and cultivating in subsequent years averaging \$250 an acre. Georgia's tobacco plantations represent an investment of about \$5,000,000 at the present time, an investment that is growing annually.

and July. This enables a planter to get at least one more crop, if he so desire, and thus have an added source of income from his land.

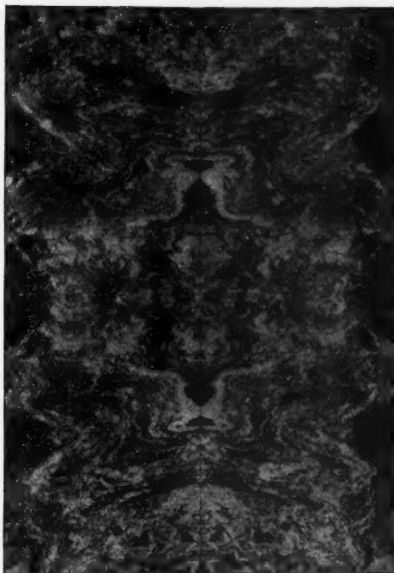
The future of tobacco growing in Georgia is very bright. She has at least a hundred thousand acres available for tobacco cultivation. The success of tobacco growing has been proved beyond any question. No other section of the country is so well adapted to the cultivation of a good filler tobacco, its lands being just what are required, and its rainfall, the chief consideration in tobacco growing, heavy and regular.



THE CHEROKEE QUARRY OF THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY, TATE

In mineral wealth Georgia is rich beyond all computation, her northern mountains, still hardly accessible and but partly explored, being known to contain in varying quantities marble, granite, gold, mica, copper, iron, coal, bauxite, manganese, ocher, asbestos, corundum and talc. South of these beautiful mountains, in what is geologically designated the crystalline area, are found rich deposits of granite, limestone, and slate, while yet farther south are enough fine kaolins and clays to maintain the combined potteries of the world.

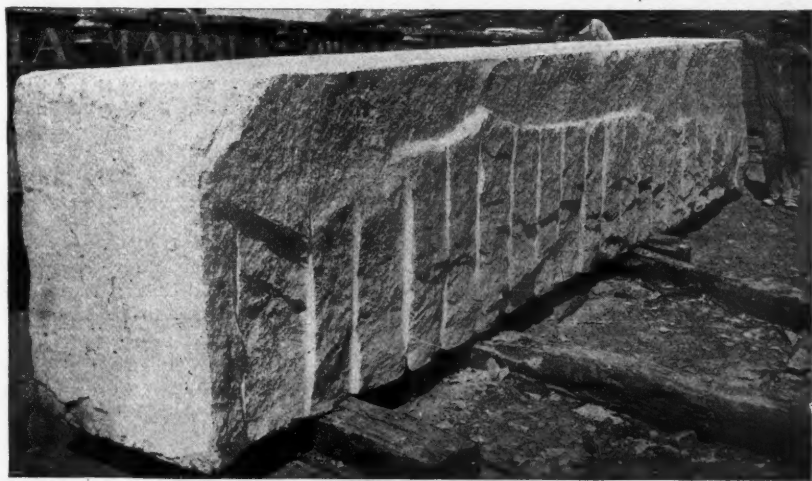
If she had no other natural resources whatsoever, Georgia, on account of her vast, inexhaustible deposits of marble, beyond question the greatest in the whole world, would still have to be accorded a ranking place among the sister states of the Union whose future is conditioned upon the intelligent development of their economic wealth.



A PANEL OF GEORGIA MARBLE

So inexhaustible are these wonderful deposits, so peculiarly susceptible to architectural adornment, that it is estimated that all of the important monumental landmarks of the world could be reproduced from them without fear of diminution. The principal formation, for instance, a huge deposit, over sixty miles long, from two to three miles wide and anywhere from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet deep, contains at least five hundred billion feet of workable marble. The total quantity of marble used in the construction of the world's

greatest skyscraper, the Metropolitan Building, New York, was only two hundred thousand cubic feet, and yet there is sufficient marble in that one building alone for the construction of three and a half miles of twenty-five foot, three-story villas, allowing eight houses to a city block, which, analyzed, means that this wonderful deposit contains sufficient marble



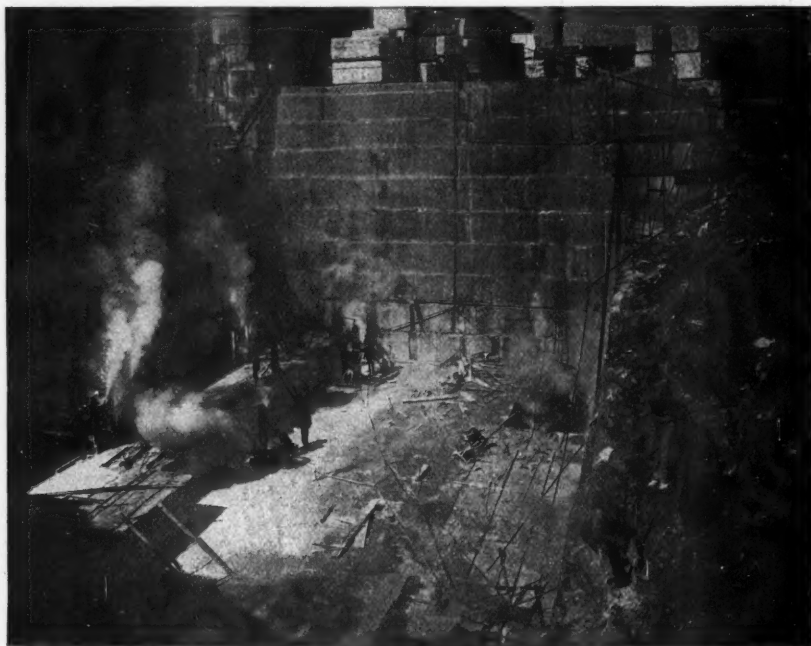
A MAMMOTH BLOCK OF GEORGIA MARBLE

for the construction of 250,000 such skyscrapers, or over five hundred million houses—adequate shelter for the entire peoples of the earth.

It is only within the past few years that Georgia marble has been known to the world. Many years ago, before the aborigines were removed to Indian Territory and their lands thrown open to white settlement, the Cherokee Indians were wont to carve their bowls and other rude craft from the marble that out-

duced, and as hand labor and the difficulties of transportation made their purchase prohibitive, the demand was a limited one, indeed. Colonel Tate realized this, but he had an abiding faith in the future of Georgia marble, and died counselling his children to hold on to the lands that were destined one day to be valuable beyond all calculation.

Georgia marble was too valuable a commodity to lie undeveloped long. Its possibilities were soon heralded abroad, and be-



KENESAW QUARRY OF THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY, TATE, SHOWING STEAM DRILLS AT WORK

cropped on every hand, but it was not until 1850 that Colonel Samuel Tate, from whom Tate, the center of the marble field, derives its name, by acquiring title to most of the valuable marble lands of Pickens County and establishing the firm of Tate, Adkinson & Company, laid the foundation, modest though it was, of the present great marble industry of Georgia.

The industry of that day was conducted on a radically different basis, however, than the present one. Only tombstones and monuments of a very modest character were pro-

duced, and as hand labor and the difficulties of transportation made their purchase prohibitive, the demand was a limited one, indeed. Colonel Tate realized this, but he had an abiding faith in the future of Georgia marble, and died counselling his children to hold on to the lands that were destined one day to be valuable beyond all calculation.

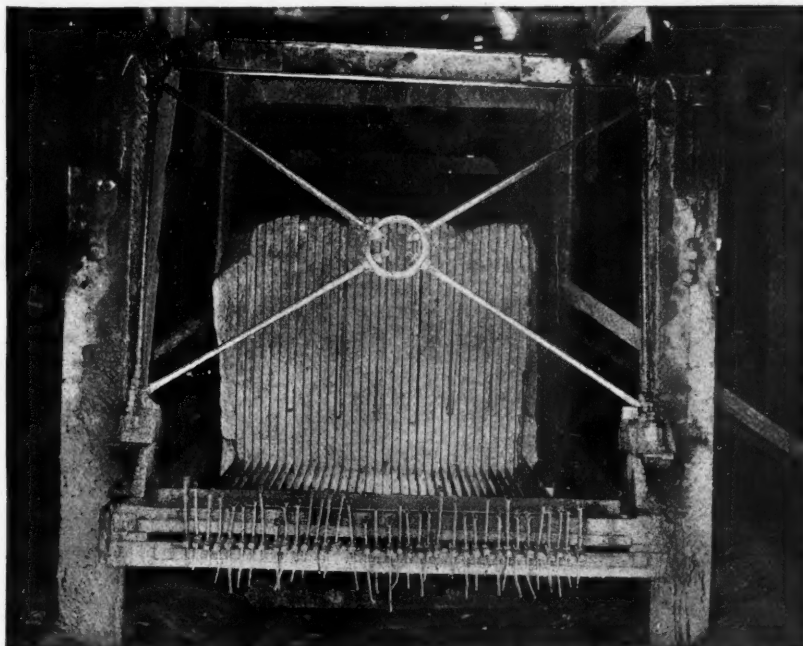
That it has made good its enviable record is the greatest vindication. Practically unknown twenty years ago, its popularity has increased steadily, until today state house, library, office building, bank, constructed solely or in part from Georgia marble, raise

their proud heads in almost every important city in the United States and Canada, permanent monuments to the commercial and artistic progress of the nation.

Among the more important of these are the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington; the state capitol buildings of Rhode Island, Minnesota, Kentucky and Arkansas; the New York Stock Exchange, the Carnegie Library, Candler Building and Terminal Station, Atlanta; the Royal Bank of Canada,

is to say, a quarry can be depended upon to produce the colored stone that is indicated by the surface outcropping. The matching also is perfect, making it the aristocrat of all finishing stones, whether for exterior or interior work.

A modern building must be not only pleasing to the eye, but able to withstand the wear and tear of time and the elements, and, if necessary, the ravages of fire. In the building of a modern office building one of the



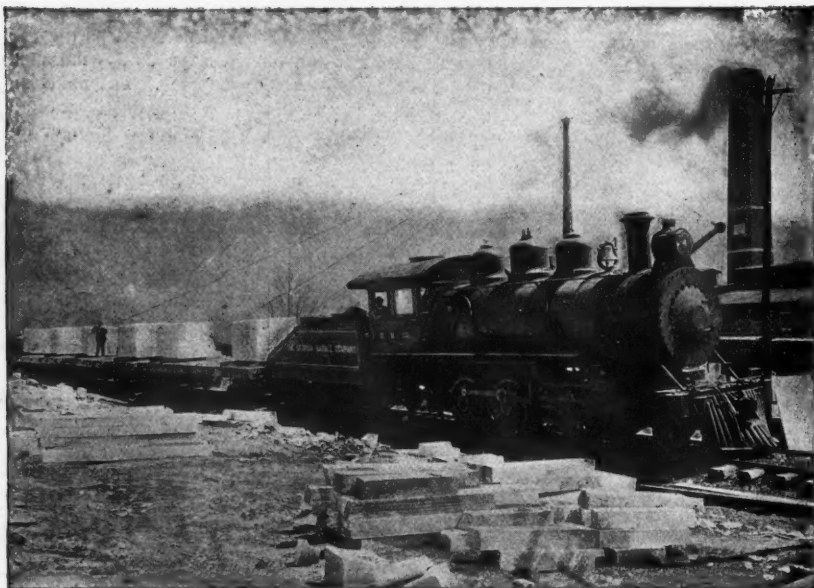
SAWING A BLOCK OF GEORGIA MARBLE INTO SLABS

Montreal, and the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg; the Illinois State Memorial, Vicksburg, and the L. & N. Passenger Station, Louisville.

Georgia marble is peculiarly well adapted for buildings that are constructed for permanency as well as show. It has a riot of colors no other stone can boast, ranging from an almost pure white, through the varying shades of gray and pink, to a pronounced blue and black. And the marvel of it is, these colors occur in regular formations, a condition peculiar to the quarries of North Georgia and a small part of Alabama. That

chief forces to be reckoned with is the wind, which subjects a tall office building at times to a pressure of twenty pounds to every square foot of surface. That is to say, a skyscraper with an exposed surface area of eighteen thousand feet has to withstand a wind pressure of four hundred to five hundred thousand pounds, equal to the combined pulling capacities of 1,700 horses.

Scientifically considered, Georgia marble is the best building stone on earth, its crystalline grains being completely interlocked, making it a very great deal stronger than the marbles



TRAINLOAD OF GEORGIA MARBLE LEAVING THE QUARRIES ON THE FIRST STAGE OF ITS JOURNEY TO THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD



A MONUMENT TO GEORGIA MARBLE—THE GIRARD TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

of New England or Italy, in which the particles are less coherent.

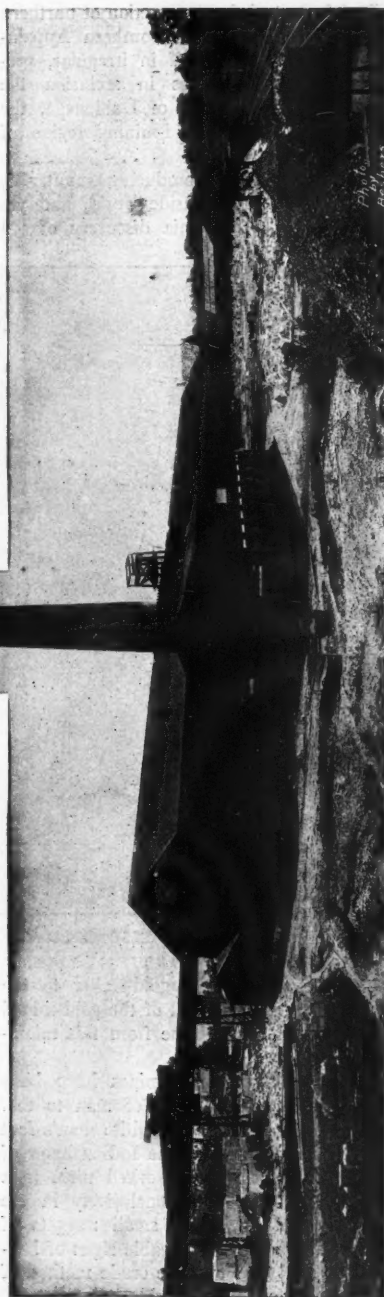
This peculiar crystalline formation gives Georgia marble an appearance and durability common to no other known stone. Its strength is proverbial. It can resist a pressure of twelve thousand pounds to the square inch and 850 tons to the square foot, and still remain unbroken. Its absorption is infinitesimal, less than six-hundredths of one per cent. Its heat-resisting power is greater than any other stone. Of seven varieties tested, all were uninjured at eight hundred degrees, all but one at nine hundred and three at a thousand, were not injured, in fact, until the temperature had been raised to 1,200, the heat stage necessary to convert marble into quicklime.

In the erection of government buildings Georgia marble is also playing a leading role. This is as it should be. A government building is intended to be a monument to the national life, something to serve the needs of tomorrow as well as of today. Too often in the past, government architects have designated Italian marble as the building stone to be employed in the construction of certain public buildings.

Neither is this custom confined to the government. There are, unfortunately, too many architects in America who share the fallacious belief that the imported is superior to the domestic marble—because it is imported.

If the best stone of Italy reached this country there might be some ground for argument as to the relative merits of American and Italian marble. Italy, however, has hardly sufficient fine marble for the construction of her own and her neighbors' cathedrals, churches and palaces, and it is an unquestioned fact that no small part of the Italian marble that is sold to the American builder at a high price crosses the Atlantic in the humble guise of ballast.

Georgia marble has a wonderful future both as a building stone and a monument, and it can be said without exaggeration that in ten years' time there will be few large towns in the country that will not possess a building constructed from it, and few cemeteries in which it will not perpetuate the memory of some fond lost one.

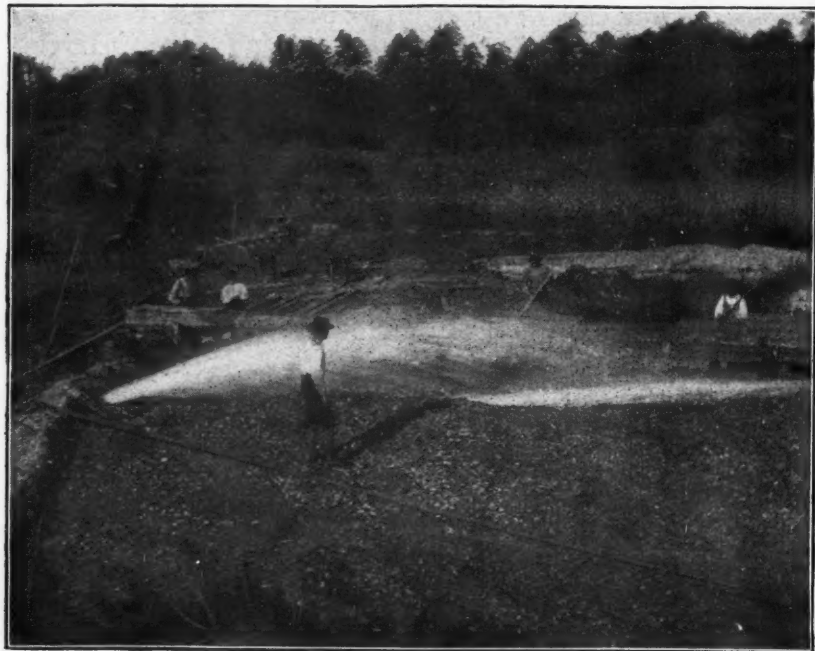


THE FINISHING PLANT OF THE KENESAW MARBLE COMPANY, MARIETTA

In a far out of the way section of northern Georgia, just where the Southern Appalachian range spends itself in irregular, precipitous formations, lies in seclusion the picturesque little village of Dahlonega, the center of the oldest gold-mining region of the United States.

Georgia as a gold-producing country is little known to the outside world, and yet until the great California discovery of '49

Soto learned of the rich gold mines that inspired his historic expedition to this continent had Georgia rather than Florida in mind. If this truculent buccaneer had treated the red man with better grace, he might have never wandered to his death at the Mississippi's mouth, for he is supposed to have passed only a little to the south of the Georgia gold belt, of the existence of which the Indians must have been aware.



HYDRAULIC GOLD MINING IN NORTH GEORGIA

turned the eyes of the gold-seeker to the setting sun, practically all of the gold mined in the United States came from this mountainous section of Georgia.

How long these gold mines have been worked is beyond the ken of man to tell. That long, long before the white man's foot trod these northern hills the Indian knew of these rich deposits, and worked them to a small extent, is shown conclusively in the intermittent discovery of small nuggets of gold that evince unmistakable signs of having been subjected to some crude method of refining. It is quite probable, too, that the nomadic band of Indians from whom De

Gold mining in Georgia as a legitimate industry dates back to 1829, when the Cherokee Nation, which included practically all of the gold belt, was thrown open to the white settlement. For some years before this a more or less hazardous form of mining had been carried on, as in undeveloped and unprotected regions it will be always till man's lust for gold has ceased.

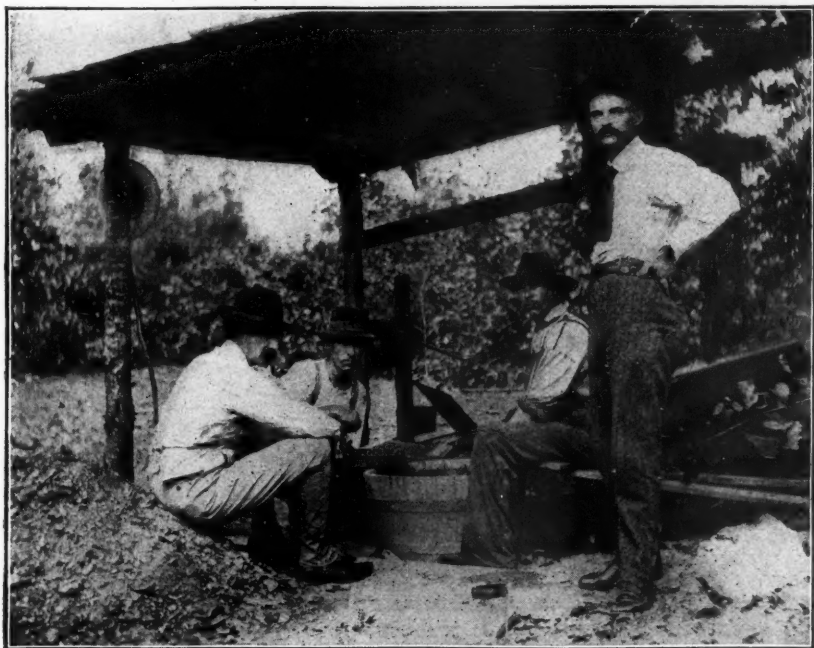
When the California gold rush, which was destined to strike such a terrible blow at gold mining in Georgia, set in, Dahlonega alone supported some ten thousand miners, while six miles to the south, Auraria, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, dependent wholly

upon gold mining for its existence, raised its proud head to the mountains. Goldsmith's Deserted Village finds a striking parallel in this quaint mining town, which today boasts only two small general stores and half a dozen houses.

The first gold issued by the United States Treasury was coined from metal mined in Georgia. This was in 1829, the gold being transported to the mint in Philadelphia by

easterly and southwesterly direction in the northern part of the state. The most prominent, the Dahlonega belt, traverses the entire width of the state, being a hundred and fifty miles long and from two to five miles wide.

Up to the present Georgia has seen little more than surface mining, there being few shafts in the whole field of more than a hundred feet in depth. In surface gold she



PANNING GOLD IN NORTH GEORGIA

the overland route. The estimated amount of gold mined in Georgia and coined at Philadelphia up to 1838, when a branch mint was established at Dahlonega, is placed at a million and a half dollars, the amount coined at the Dahlonega mint from its organization until its discontinuance at the opening of the Civil War, at six million dollars, and the total amount coined to date at seventeen and a half millions. Twenty-five million dollars is a fair estimate of the total amount of gold produced in Georgia to date.

The Georgia gold deposits occur in a number of narrow belts running in a north-

is as rich as, if not richer than any other gold region in the world, but the gold is mostly too fine to allow of its economical treatment. The black sand of North Georgia all contains more or less gold, which one day, when science has solved satisfactorily the great problem of successfully treating low grade ore, may bring incalculable wealth to the state. Some engineers, American and foreign, who have examined the Dahlonega belt, report it richer in surface gold than any field they have seen. It is an unquestioned fact that after a very heavy rain gold can be panned in the streets of Dahlonega itself.

What will be the possibilities of vein mining no one can foretell. At the present time no less than a dozen new companies, mostly close corporations, are preparing to commence mining operations on a large scale. The history of other gold fields shows that, up to a certain distance, the vein increases in value with its depth, which should augur well for gold mining in Georgia.

Even if the Georgia gold mines are not of the Bonanza variety, they may be expected,

poses, that it has given the Georgia gold field a bad name, and it is only fair to say that there are numerous mines in the state, mostly privately controlled, that have been worked intelligently for fifty years, paying good and regular dividends.

In speaking to the writer of the future of Georgia gold mining, Mr. S. T. Jones, assistant state geologist, said:

"While in recent years the gold production of Georgia has been less than at some



CANE CREEK FALLS, DAHLONEGA—ONE OF THE GOLD FIELD'S MYRIAD WATERFALLS

subject to intelligent development, to return a very fair profit on the money invested in them. None of the deposits are exhausted; indeed, it is fair to say that all the ground already worked, worked as it has been in a crude and unprofitable manner, may be successfully re-treated.

Two great drawbacks to the upbuilding of the gold industry in the past have been wild-cat promoting and the gross mismanagement of incompetent and extravagant engineers. The only way to develop a gold mine, is to deal with it as with any other commercial undertaking honestly, intelligently, and conservatively. So many companies have been promoted for stock jobbing pur-

previous periods, the future outlook of the industry is by no means discouraging. There are numerous low-grade deposits that, worked on an extensive scale, and with economical and skillful management, may be made to produce large amounts of gold. The conditions of gold mining in Georgia are very favorable indeed. There are no extremes of climate to contend with, as in most gold-producing regions, and the deposits are all very favorably situated with reference to labor, fuel, timber, transportation and the other requisites to profitable mining. The pressing needs of the industry at the present time are capital and the presence of skilled mining engineers."

Limestones, which find a very extensive use as building stone, road material and flux, are found in great abundance in northwest Georgia. The most important of these limestones is known as the Knox Dolomite. It is a magnesian limestone of great thickness, and furnishes, besides a large quantity of building stone, practically all of the lime used in the state.

Another important use of limestone is in the manufacture of Portland cement. For such use a limestone's percentage of magnesia must be very low. This class of stone is confined almost exclusively to Rockmart in Polk County, where is located the largest cement plant in the entire South, a plant having a daily capacity of over twelve hundred barrels. From Rockmart cement was constructed the new freight terminal of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Atlanta, one of the biggest and most modern freight stations in the country.

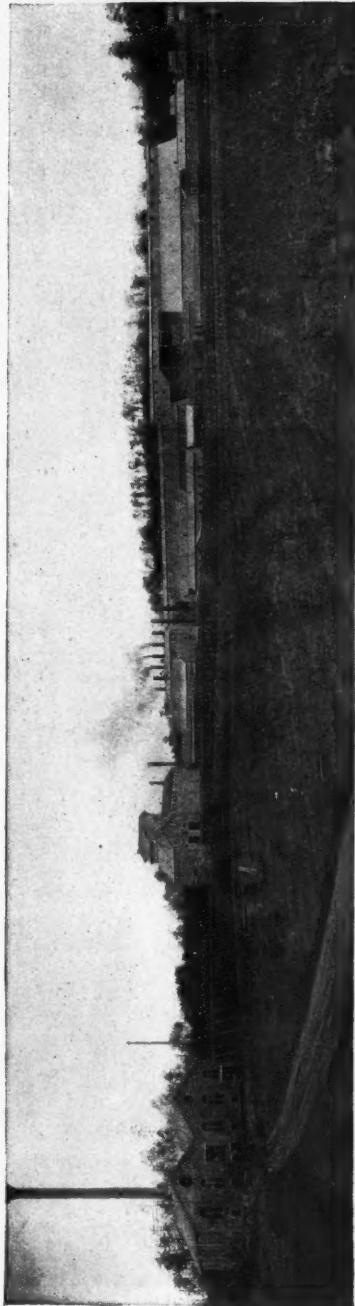
At the present time two other cement plants are in the course of construction at Rockmart, and other companies are preparing to enter the field.

At Rockmart also are found inexhaustible deposits of a very fine building slate. One of these slate formations occurs in mountain form, being the largest mountain of solid slate in the United States. This mountain is known as Signal Mountain because from its brow General Sherman, advancing to the coast, signaled his rear guard at Cleveland, Tennessee. Rockmart slate is of a fine even texture, with a uniform deep blue-black color. It is easily split and is quite free from any impurities. The slate quarries of Rockmart are the only quarries in operation in the state of Georgia at the present time.

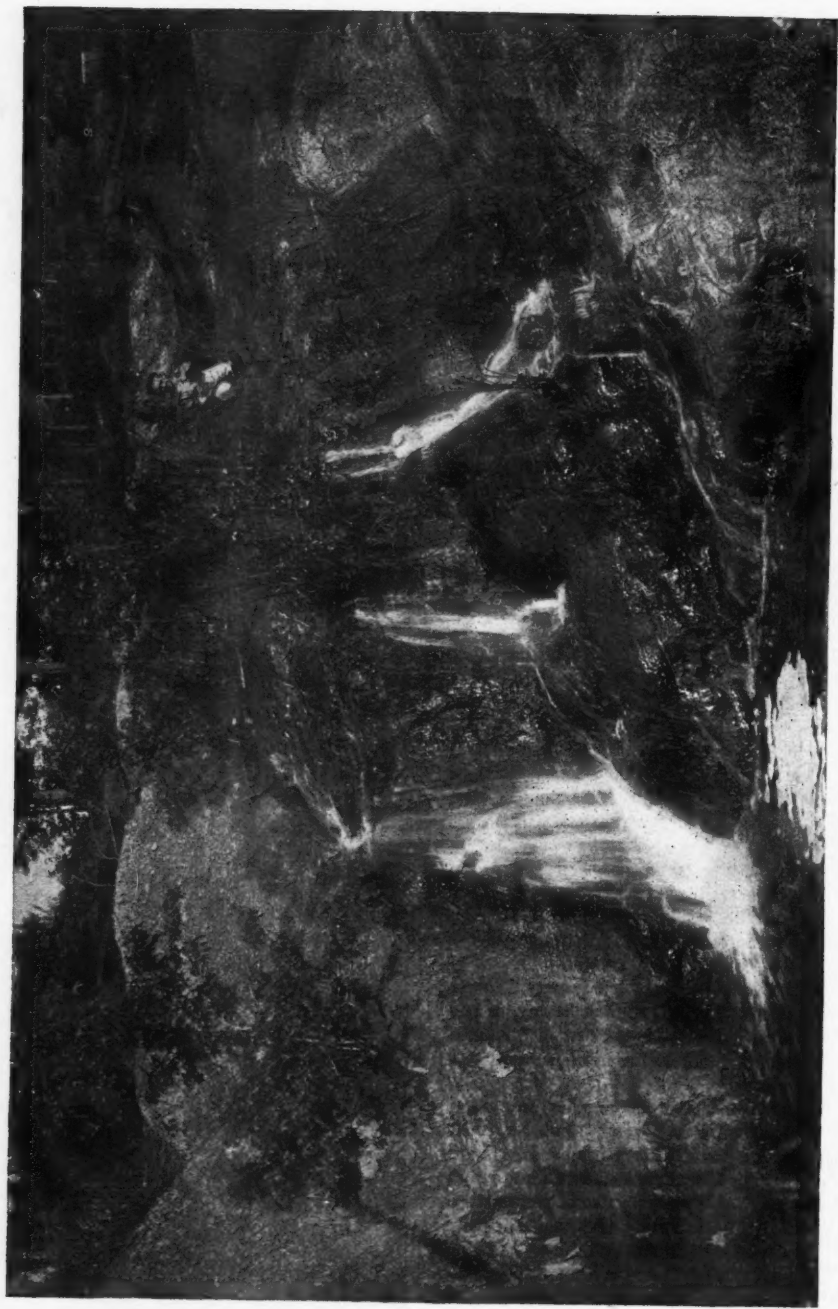
In the manufacture of fine pottery Georgia has a future of great promise, having, as has been already remarked, sufficient fine kaolins and clays to maintain the combined potteries of the world.

Clays of one kind or another are found in every county in Georgia, but her chief deposits are confined to a narrow belt, from three to fifteen miles wide, extending across the center of the state from Augusta to Columbus, and following what is geologically designated the Southern Fall Line.

Georgia's most valuable clay is a white-burning kaolin, such as is used exclusively in the manufacture of high-grade pottery, paper



PLANT OF THE SOUTHERN STATES PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, ROCKMART—THE LARGEST CEMENT PLANT IN THE SOUTH



WHERE A GEORGIA RIVER FINDS ITS SOURCE

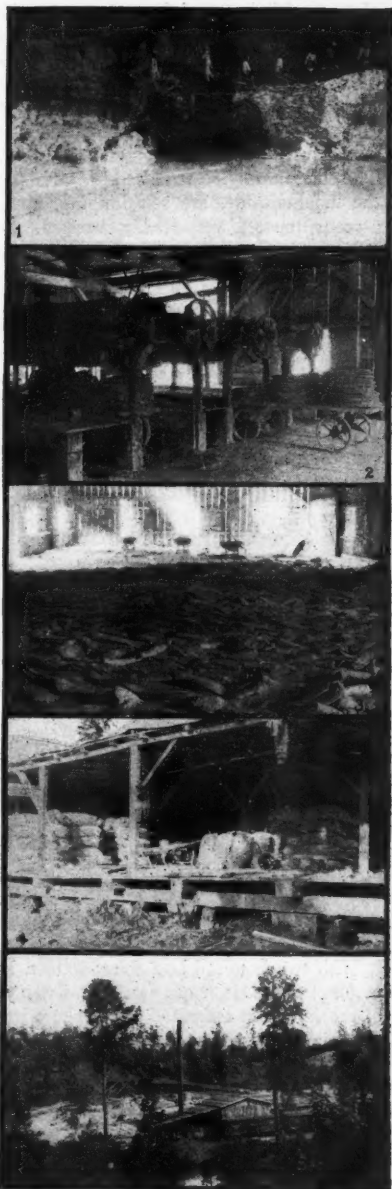
filler, fire brick and other refractory clay products, her largest deposit of this kaolin, and, we might say, the largest deposit of kaolin in the world, being found in the belt referred to.

At the present time the mining of kaolin is confined to four companies, the product of which is nearly all shipped to Northern potteries. There seems to be no economic reason why factories for the manufacture of pottery could not be successfully operated in Georgia. In summing up an excellent discussion of this question, Mr. Otto Veatch, Assistant State Geologist, says:

"With an abundance of clays, the value of which in the manufacture of white-ware pottery, sanitary ware, electrical porcelain and other high-grade clay products, has been proven by their commercial use for such purposes in Northern factories, the question arises: Why not establish factories in Georgia for the manufacture of such products? The quantity of such clay and its accessibility cannot be questioned. White-ware bodies are mixtures of kaolin, ball-clay, flint and feldspar, and access to the latter materials must be considered. Flint or quartz of great purity occurs in veins throughout the Piedmont region of Georgia, and feldspar also is very plentiful. No Georgia clays have been placed on the market as ball-clays, but some of the plastic kaolins of the Fall Line have the properties of a ball-clay, except that they have higher vitrification points. Such clays could largely replace ball-clays without violently overturning the established methods of potters. It is also highly probable that other Georgia clays which will more nearly meet the requirements of ball-clays will be discovered in the future.

"Lack of skilled labor is one of the main arguments advanced against the establishment of potteries. Unquestionably skilled labor would have to be imported, but the labor problem is a problem which has to be met in the establishment of any new industry. It can only be a temporary disadvantage. To carry such argument to the extreme, would imply that no new industries requiring skilled labor could be established except in those localities where such skilled labor is most centered."

The coal fields of Georgia, too limited in extent to allow of any extraordinary expansion



THE KAOLIN INDUSTRY

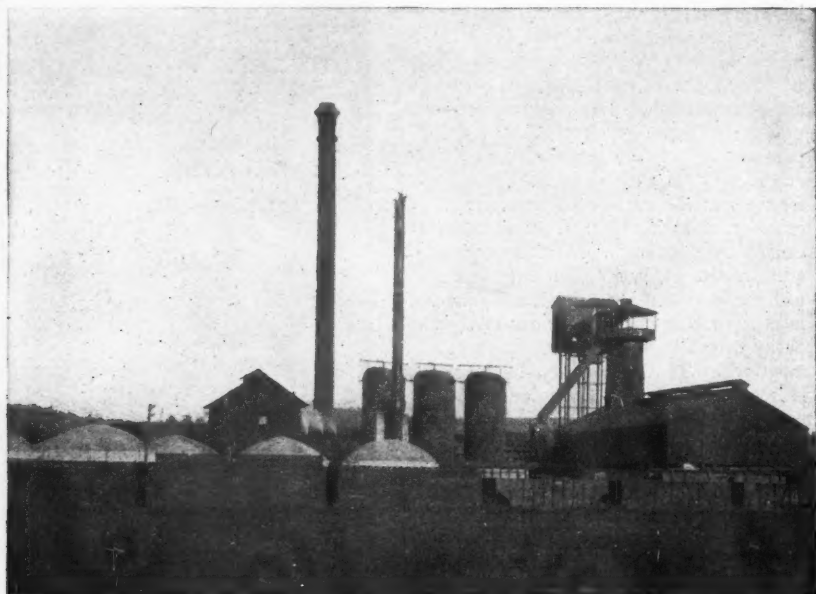
- (1) Mining. (2) Hydraulic Presses. (3) Drying
(4) Shipping. (5) A Typical Plant

of the coal industry of the state, are confined to three of the northwestern counties — Dade, Walker, and Chattooga, being a continuation of the coal fields of Alabama and Tennessee. They cover some 140 square miles and are thought to contain about a billion and a half tons of very excellent coking and steam coal. The chief mines, located almost invariably on the mountainside, are self-draining, and as a consequence, very easily worked. The two most important elevations in the Georgia coal field are Sand and Lookout mountains.

of 175 miles, being confined largely to Dade, Walker, Chattooga, Whitefield, and Catoosa counties. The brown ores are found most plentifully in Bartow, Polk and Floyd counties, but occur also to a limited extent in what is known as Tertiary area, south of Columbus.

At the present time there are three furnaces in Georgia, at Rome, Cedartown, and Rising Fawn, with a capacity of over two hundred tons a day each.

Before the war, iron smelting was a very important industry throughout northwest



IRON FURNACE AT ROME

With two hundred and thirty million tons of fossil or red iron ore and with a tonnage of brown that is estimated to be even greater, Georgia has sufficient raw material to make her one of the most important iron-producing states in the Union. Her red iron ores are especially valuable, being even higher in metallic iron than the famous Bessemer ores of Alabama. They occur in regularly stratified beds, varying from a few inches to more than eight feet in thickness, the brown ores coming in pockets that may contain one or ten thousand tons, which necessarily makes its profitable mining a trifle uncertain. The red ores cover an area in the Paleozoic region

Georgia, but the furnaces of those days were very small indeed compared with the present ones, and it is probable that all the furnaces in the state at that time did not produce more than the annual output of the three furnaces referred to.

From all appearances the Georgia iron industry is entering the greatest era of prosperity in its whole history. From Rome, Georgia, there is being constructed a new railroad to be known as the Rome and North Georgia Railroad, the sole purpose of which is to connect the iron fields of Georgia and the coal fields of Tennessee.

With new furnaces projected, and a really

intelligent attempt at development promised, the Georgia iron industry within a very few years should be as important in its own peculiar way as her sister industry of Alabama.

Sixteen miles from Atlanta, in a country that is peculiarly level, rises a veritable Sphinx of the desert, Stone Mountain, the largest block of solid granite in the world. This wonderful monstrosity, rising 700 feet above the surrounding plain, bare of all vege-

being found more or less extensively in every county of the crystalline area, which comprises about one-third of the state.

Her monumental granites found in Elbert, Oglethorpe, Meriwether and Heard counties have no superior in the world, being quite the equal of the famous Bury granite of New England.

At Lithonia there are a number of other formations of the same general character as Stone Mountain, the granites of which are



STONE MOUNTAIN, THE LARGEST BLOCK OF SOLID GRANITE IN THE WORLD

tation but intermittent pine or dwarfed oak, is easily the greatest natural phenomenon in the Atlantic states. Competent engineers have estimated that there are in this one boss at least sixteen billion feet of workable granite.

Stone Mountain granite finds extensive use in many Southern and Western towns as a building stone, probably the most pleasing architectural example of a building constructed from it being the new Federal building now nearing completion at Atlanta.

Georgia has more extensive granite deposits than any state in the South, granite

peculiarly well adapted for curbing and general building purposes.

In the production of bauxite, one of the most valuable of the commercial minerals, nearly all the world's supply of the metal aluminum being refined from it, Georgia leads the world.

Bauxite was first discovered in 1821, its place of origin being Baux, a quaint little village in South France, from which it derives its name. Subsequently other deposits were found in Germany, Austria and Ireland, all of which have been more or less commercially developed.

The first discovery of bauxite in America was made in 1889, in Floyd County, Georgia, a few miles from the thriving city of Rome. Some months later other deposits were unearthed in other parts of Floyd, in adjoining counties, and in northeastern Alabama, all being defined as integral parts of what is now geologically designated the Georgia-Alabama field, and which extends from Adairsville, Georgia, to Jacksonville, Alabama, the deposits following the course of the Coosa

siderable field, distinct from the one referred to, that should be susceptible to profitable development.

Bauxite is found in different formation in different localities. In Georgia it appears in lumpy pebble form, generally intermixed with other clays, which, there being no plasticity in bauxite, are easily washed off. After the mineral is mined, it is hand picked, the adhering clay is washed from it, and it is calcined, or dried, to save freight charges,



MINING BAUXITE IN NORTH GEORGIA

Valley. The first bauxite mined in the United States was shipped from Rome, Georgia, to a Philadelphia refinery and there converted into aluminum. In 1891 bauxite was discovered in Arkansas, now believed to contain the world's greatest deposits of this mineral. The only other known deposits are located in New Mexico, but these have never been commercially developed.

The extent of Georgia's bauxite deposits is still undefined. A few years ago they were thought to be limited to the northwestern belt, but there has recently been discovered in the central portion of the state a con-

over 30 per cent. of the ore being pure water.

Practically all the bauxite mined in Georgia is carried to New York and Pennsylvania refineries, where it is chemically treated to separate the alumina from the iron, silica and other foreign substances that appear to a greater or less degree in all minerals, the resultant alumina being converted into either aluminum or alum. Bauxite is also used to some extent in the manufacture of high-grade emery wheels.

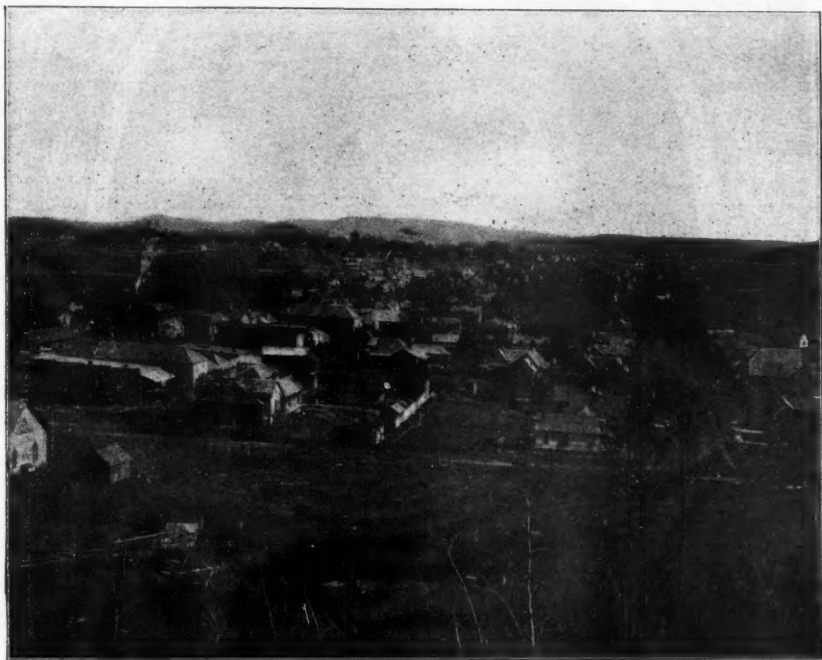
Another important mineral of which there are huge deposits in Georgia is mica. The mica belt of Georgia is a continuation of the

famous belt of North Carolina, which today produces by far the best mica found in the world, and promises to be equally as rich.

Mica is finding more extensive use every day. It is practically the only electrical insulator on the market, being the one commodity that is not inflammable, a non-conductor of heat or cold, and practically infusible. For the purpose of glazing, especially in the manufacture of stoves and lamp chimneys, it has no superior, being

Nearly the whole of the domestic supply of asbestos, a commodity used very extensively in the manufacture of fireproofing and fire-proof articles, is mined in the northern mountains of Georgia, practically in White County, while another valuable mineral is corundum, which was first discovered in Georgia in 1871 and since then has been more extensively mined.

In the production of ocher, a silicious oxide of iron used in the manufacture of paint and



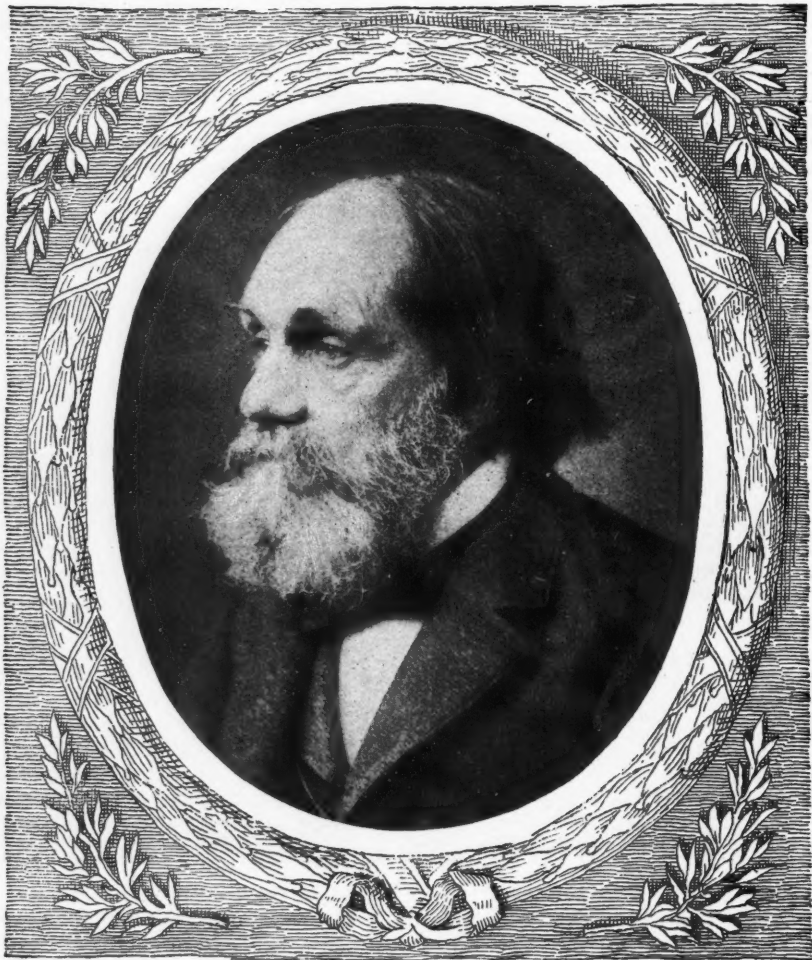
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF KOCKMART, THE CENTER OF THE SLATE AND CEMENT INDUSTRY

easily cleavable into thin transparent plates that will withstand all ordinary heat. For purposes of decoration, mica also has a large and unique field, in this country and in the Orient.

The mica industry of Georgia is only in its infancy, but the prospects for its rapid and profitable development are exceedingly bright.

linoleum, Georgia is second only to Pennsylvania, and, providing her steady increase of the past few years is maintained, will soon be in first place. Georgia's deposits of ocher are confined to Bartow, Polk and Floyd counties, the center of mining operations being Cartersville, and while not inexhaustible, these deposits, at the present rate of mining, will last for many years to come.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article will be concluded in the September issue with a comprehensive and well-illustrated account of the waterpowers of Georgia, the lumber and naval stores industry, the wiregrass section, and the present and future of manufacturing in the state.



THE LATE DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The Grand Old Man of Massachusetts, who was chaplain of the United States Senate, and has the remarkable record of being pastor of a Boston church for over half a century. He was educated wholly in the Puritan City, graduating at Harvard. After serving two years as usher at the Boston Latin School, of which he was a former student, he took up the study of theology. His first work in the Unitarian ministry was at the Church of the Unity in Worcester, which pastorate he left to assume charge of the South Congregational Church in Boston. Here he remained until the close of his long and useful career. Prominent in educational and religious movements, he was a noted promoter of Chautauqua circles and Lend-a-Hand clubs and was editor of *Lend-a-Hand Record*. He wrote a large number of stories, among them "The Man Without a Country." His "Sketches in Christian History," "Kansas and Nebraska," "The Story of Massachusetts," and similar writings are a valuable contribution to the historical departments of all United States libraries.

THE BELOVED DR. HALE

By REV. DILLON BRONSON, D.D.

"WE have come to celebrate the coronation of a king rather than to shed tears over the end of a noble activity, for Dr. Hale is somewhere, sharing still in his Master's work, a preacher of righteousness forever. No single sect can claim him now, as no house in Boston could hold all this morning's sunshine. We Methodist Episcopalians call him ours because from the beginning of his ministry he joined with us in bitter protest against the hard teachings which a century ago were thought to be the only orthodoxy. His friend, our Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher, used to say that Calvin's God was his devil, and I think Dr. Hale would have expressed himself in about the same terms.

"He gladly preached in our Methodist pulpits, spoke in our schools and fellow-shipped with our people. Some thirty years ago he strode into People's Temple, where young John Hamilton, now Boston's beloved bishop, was pastor, and going up the pulpit stairs, threw his arms around the minister before all the people and said: 'Thank God that the Methodists have such a church on this corner, and that you have been anointed to be their leader.' Once when asking for a minister to preach at Morgan Memorial, where a Methodist society worships in a Unitarian building, he said: 'We want no kid-gloved dilettante chap of our own kind, but a red-blooded, earnest Methodist, who loves folks more than books.' Our Epworth Leagues all over the world acknowledge their indebtedness to him for the motto 'Look up, lift up.'

"Seven years ago when we observed the bi-centennial of Wesley, it was Dr. Hale who

brought a memorable message on 'Wesley the Prophet,' and we can still hear the echoes of his trumpet voice: 'Salvation's free for you and me, for God hath bidden all mankind.' Only a week ago he wrote to a friend concerning our minister at the great institutional church on Shawmut Avenue. 'He always speaks the truth and knows more of all sorts and conditions of men than I or the Secretary of State, and is worth walking miles to hear.'

"A few years since he preached for me in St. Mark's, Brookline; when I spoke beforehand of compensation, he replied 'I don't want your money, I want to know your people,' and that congregation will never forget the Quaker-Methodist utterance of that day on God's Holy Spirit now working in the lives of men. Dr. Hale always emphasized the spiritual life for which Methodists are supposed to stand. He always opposed with all his might the frivolity and irreligion oft miscalled 'liberalism.'

"We have reason to thank God that he spared such a prophet to be so long a time with us and show us the Father. We have reason to thank God that honor and appreciation came to him while he was alive, that the flowers were not all kept for his funeral. The love bestowed upon him during the last twenty years disproves the statement that 'in a republic only the dead are praised.' What greater monument could any man have than the sincere affection of millions of our people from the highest churchmen all the way up to the Salvation Army? Since Phillips Brooks no man has gone out from us who will be so greatly missed."

At the Memorial Services held in affectionate remembrance of Dr. Edward Everett Hale at the old Park Street Congregational Church, Boston, at the same hour as his funeral services in the South Congregational Unitarian Church, of which Dr. Hale had been pastor for more than fifty years, selected representative ministers of the Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist and Methodist Episcopal denominations united in eloquent tribute to this celebrated preacher, author, philanthropist and patriot, who had rounded out so long and noble a life, and carried his activities and benevolent interests in humanity up to the very last. A beautiful song service by the Boston Singing Club, led by H.G. Tucker, introduced and followed the several orators, and a crowded audience bore witness that, albeit Park Street Church was founded for "a frontier against the Unitarian invasion," there was nothing but hearty and warm encomium and Christian recognition of the beauty, sincerity and holiness of the life of the departed chaplain of the United States Senate. The above tribute was delivered by Dr. Bronson, who spoke for the Methodist Episcopal Church.—EDITOR.

VOTING BY MAIL

AN ORIGINAL PLAN FOR ASCERTAINING THE WILL OF THE
PEOPLE BY MEANS OF POSTAL POLLS

By HERBERT CONSTABLE

POSTAL polls means that the people shall vote direct on all fundamental laws through the mails. It does not necessarily propose to supersede the present ballot-box method of electing officers. That may or may not remain as it is without interfering with the benefits which would occur through using the mails for conducting the Referendum and the Initiative.

Briefly submitted, without details and without argument, the plan is as follows:

The *Congressional Record* shall be mailed free to all voters as it is now to many. It shall have printed in it the laws proposed by Congress and by people through the Initiative, either with or without the arguments for and against. It shall contain ballots and addressed envelopes for the free return of the votes.

The voter reads the proposed law, thinks it over and discusses it. At any time within say thirty or sixty days he signs the yes or no vote and, sealing it in the return envelope, drops it into any mail box. *The citizen mails the vote and the Post Office does the rest—simple, is it not?*

The decision of the people should be final, regardless of presidential or congressional action. The laws would all be known, understood and always backed by the majority. They would naturally be better observed and more easily enforced.

The president should still be the chief executive of the will of the people. Congress should retain its administrative powers, propose laws, debate upon them and also upon those proposed by the people through the Initiative; but as the people would decide upon the laws, the fate of the United States would not be at stake in every presidential and congressional election. We would thus

avoid the depressing effect on business every four years.

The number of voters' signatures to an Initiative necessary to submit a law to the vote of the people should be low enough to enable the people to propose laws, but high enough to discourage the consideration of measures without any material support.

Our legislators have done the best they could or, if not, the best they are likely to do, under the present system. Legislators are not mind-readers—no one but a fakir claims

to be. There is no way of knowing the minds of the people except by having them vote directly on each law and the most practical way of doing this is by postal polls. Some of the additional advantages are:

The most convenient way of voting.

Abolishing or decreasing corruption, bribery and lobbying.

Gives us the benefit of the wisdom and experience of our legislators without binding us by their mistakes or treachery. It adds to their wisdom that of

every business and professional man, scholar and the entire American public.

Gets votes of intelligent, conscientious stay-at-homes who do not go to polls to vote.

Prevents hasty or ill-considered legislation.

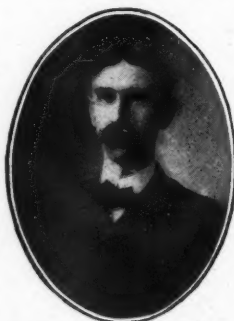
Prevents illiterate voting or spurs the illiterates to study.

Educates and improves everybody by discussing and considering the laws.

Each law is considered on its own merits, not mixed up with a whole political platform in which it is vaguely described.

It is the only way the people can thoroughly understand what they are voting on and cast an intelligent vote that counts.

It perpetuates the great American principle of majority rule.



HERBERT CONSTABLE

GEORGE Warburton Lewis

By WILLIAM G. ERWIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are glad to be able to afford the fiction readers of the National a closer acquaintance with Mr. George Warburton Lewis, the distinguished young author, whose story, "The Shadow of the Thing," appears in this number, and whose many fascinating stories of adventure have graced the pages of the National during the past two years.

MR. LEWIS' career from boyhood has been as unusual as interesting. He was born at Fairview, Kansas, thirty years ago, of English parentage. As a boy he was exceptionally promising, and big things were predicted for him. Then suddenly at the impressionable age of eleven he was left alone in the world without means or guidance. He was, however, even at this "marble-rolling" age, an ardent wooer of higher education, and, undismayed, he at once began the fight to achieve his youthful dream. Alone in the world, it was a slow process—a pathway to knowledge through the gauntlet of hard knocks. But after a ten years' struggle the dream of his boyhood at last came true.

Today Mr. Lewis will tell you with a frank smile that he "stole" his later education, filched it piecemeal through the guarded medium of the private tutor and the business college. But inflexible purpose ultimately won a crown, as it always must.

Unlike most contemporary writers, Mr. Lewis did not arrive at magazine writing via the steppingstones of newspaperdom. He wrote acceptable fiction before he ever saw an editorial den, and though a newspaper man of more than average ability, it was through the medium of the magazines that he first laid claim to the attention of the reading

public. He has traveled almost everywhere and his receptive mind stores up everyday drama with the accuracy of an etched record-plate.

Mr. Lewis towers six feet two inches high and has won honors as an all-around athlete. In the famous Twentieth Kansas regiment he fought with Funston in the Philippines, where

as a corporal he won from the Kansas Grand Army of the Republic a medal for gallantry. Subsequently, though still a mere youth, he served as sergeant-major under Liscum throughout the Boxer War in China in 1900, and later fought the furious Visayans in the jungles of Samar.

From these and similar experiences of stress and strife, with which his life has been crowded, spring the virile, human stories wherein Mr. Lewis paints with artist's touch life's glide and clash—the scorn that

scathes and the love that leavens in the light-flowing and in the workaday world.

For many years Mr. Lewis has been in the employ of the United States Government. He is at present with the Isthmian Canal Commission on the Isthmus of Panama, and from the concentration of human activities in the Canal Zone, tinted with dramatic colors from the pastel of the author's wonderful imagination, comes to the readers of the NATIONAL the powerful story of Sam Colton's obsession, "The Shadow of the Thing."



Photo by Fishbaugh, Empire, Canal Zone

GEORGE Warburton Lewis



"His face lighting with a smile, he whispered: 'I'm going—to—Nellie.'"

TOM McKENNA'S



LAST RUN
By ~
A. E. COOLEY

THE wind swept over the bluffs down across the Rosedale flats, rattling the windows in their shrunken casements and driving the frozen rain against the panes with an unceasing tattoo as we sat around the red-hot stove in the train-master's office. The smoke from the briars and Missouri meerschaums curled to the ceiling, and the wind blowing in through the cracks drifted in long narrow films here and there.

"I've noticed," said Dave Sanders, as he pressed the tobacco down in his pipe with his asbestos middle finger, "that when a policeman makes a gallant rescue, or a fireman does a heroic act, or a sailor saves a lot of people from joining 'Davy Jones' in his locker, he gets a lot of praise in the papers, and sometimes gets a medal. But did you ever hear of an engineer who saves a whole trainload of people at the risk of his own life, and sometimes loses it, getting more than a short paragraph in the papers? And if he happens to get killed, they usually put the blame on him because he is not in a position to put up a kick. Did you ever see an engineer wearing a lot of medals because he stuck to his throttle when it was about to smash into a freight caboose or try and pass a passenger, coming the other way on a single track, and he had about as much chance of coming out, except on a freight car door, as a man has of getting out of Bat Murphy's with his pay check on Saturday night? What? I guess you didn't.

"I'm not saying that the policeman, or fireman, or the sailor are not brave men or do not risk their lives. They are brave, and they do risk their lives, but an engineer does it every time he pinches a throttle. There are a thousand things that may go wrong; perhaps

someone who thinks he has a grudge against the company has taken a section out of the track around the bend; maybe a brakeman has neglected to close a switch or an engineer forgotten his orders. A driving-rod may break, a steam pipe burst or a cylinder head blow out. Any one of these would make short life of a fast train. I guess it's so common people don't notice it any more.

"It's always been a question in my mind whether it's the duty of an engineer to stay at the throttle in case of accident after he has done all in his power to avert it. Some stay and some jump; they probably have it all figured out beforehand; but it may be that eternity looks pretty cold at the last moment to some that have determined to stay.

"I remember when Tom McKenna came out here to us from off the plains division. His wife was sick, and he had to bring her to a higher altitude, so he exchanged with one of our men, Charlie Dempsey, the only man I ever saw that didn't like the mountains.

"Rosedale then was just a dot on the sagebrush-covered prairie, just a hump on the sandy desert beside the iron trail that went into the mountains in one direction and onto the plains in the other. That was before the fire had wiped out the old ramshackle building that we called headquarters, which shook to the foundation every time the wind rose above a whisper, before the cattle yards had been moved across the river and the old men scattered to the four points of the compass.

"Whitney filled the division superintendent's chair, and filled it as no man has since; Pete Daly looked after the bridges and Charlie Root the yard. Roberts was the chief despatcher; Sandy Jim Cahill took care of the train service and Ed Mason the road.

"There had been a new deal at headquarters; the old deck had been cut and shuffled for the last time and consigned to the waste basket. General Manager Hanchette had been in the saddle only three months, but already we were feeling the effects of some new blood. More section gangs were being put on, bridges strengthened, rolling stock looked over, new engines were coming in, and a requisition went through sometimes without being cut and hacked all to pieces.

"McKenna was a small man and very quiet; even after he got acquainted, he never talked or laughed like the rest of us, and when he did smile it was rather a sad, half-grown affair. I don't mean he was morbid or anything like that, for there wasn't a more cheerful man on the whole division than Tom McKenna. Only I reckon his thoughts were mostly with the little wife that was sick, and that rather toned down the laugh. But we were used to big bluff fellows that stood six feet in their shirt sleeves and tipped the scales at not less than a hundred and eighty, with the alkali washed off, and with voices that rang like a spike maul on a frosty rail, and would carry a quarter of a mile through the worst storm that ever blew over the Wapiti Hills. Perhaps that is the reason he seemed quiet to us. He was very strong on duty, and we had many a good-natured argument about an engineer's place in time of accident.

"Any man that will leave his throttle in time of danger is not fit to pull a way freight," he often said, and I guessed if he was ever called to make a choice, you'd find him with the engine when it went to the scrap.

"He run for a few months on the Local, No. 4, but when Barnes was laid off, he took the Atlantic Limited, No. 9, to Caxton, when McMasters brought her in from Carlyle.

"She was the Atlantic Limited on the timetables, but on our division she was known as the Irish Limited. McKenna was at the throttle, Connors in the cab with him to tickle the fire, and no man on our line could do it better; Dan Cafferty carried the conductor's

lantern, and had for a good many years, and the trainmen were all old tried men, Irish to the core, and big fellows, too, all except McKenna. He was small in stature, but he had showed on more than one occasion that he had the nerve of the biggest and could stay with the best of them.

"He was about the softest man at the throttle that ever pulled a train over our rail joints. He'd back down on a string of sleepers and make a coupling without jarring a salt cellar on the table in the diner; others can do that, also, but many of them don't try. But when the occasion demanded, he could make a fast run as well, and his limit was only the steam the fireman could give him, with the throttle opened to the last notch.

"His wife was a pale little creature, small like Tom, and with a voice as low and musical as a mountain brook, and he was about as choice of her as an engineer is of his split second gold chronometer.

"She had the lung disease, I think, and for the first few months she improved, and the color came back into her face. How could she help but improve here with the finest climate in the world? Of course, we have some bad storms, but the sun shines most of the time, and that is better than all the tonic the pill-rollers ever put together.

"Amusements in Rosedale then were few and far between for a woman like her, and she spent a good deal of time around the station. She'd sit up in the despatcher's office and watch the crews switching down in the yard by the hour, and the train sheet fascinated her as a snake does a bird. When any of the boys were laid up, from superintendent down to sweepers, she was always the first to go and see them, and most of them complained of getting well too soon. We all thought about as much of her as Tom did.

"When Tom was on the local, she would be down to the station when he pulled in, his head out of the cab window and his eyes searching the platform like a headlight until they rested on her. Even on rainy nights he'd look, knowing very well that he'd told her never to come out in any storm.



TOM'S WIFE, NELLIE

"We've always had two pieces of bad track on this division, and always will have. They are not so bad as they used to be, but still bad enough to make you sit up and think when you go over them, that is, if you know what you are going over. One is the Eagle River canyon, and the other lies fifteen miles east of Rosedale on Turtle Mountain. If you could get up in the air and look down on Turtle Mountain, you would see that it is rightly named. Elk River splits at the west end into two branches; one flows north around the northern side, and the other turns south and flows around the southern end. They join again on the east after having cut a deep canyon all the way around the mountain, shaping it in the blunt oval like a turtle's back. The Eagle River canyon was bad enough, but the worst five miles of track I ever saw—bar none—was that around Turtle Mountain.

"Crossing the Willow Park flats, the road swings across Elk River on a trestle, between two pinnacles of rock close to a thousand feet high, onto the face of the mountain where the road is blasted out of the face of the rock. The grade is stiff, and in the five miles there is hardly a straight piece of track, with a degree of curvature that would worry a professional contortionist. This piece of track has been before the board, practically every time they met, for betterment. But there was the question of money, always to be reckoned with in directors' meetings, and besides this the engineers could never agree on a satisfactory line to be run.

"A little this side of the last curve, which is a double one, after which the road swings across the trestle over the Elk for the last time down onto the plains, is a ravine cutting the mountain from top to bottom, and where we cross it is about fifty feet wide and half as deep. We cross on the north side of the mountain, and into this ravine the sun never peeps. It is a natural ice house, for summer and winter there is always ice and snow at the bottom. On the east side of the trestle a little spring issues from the rocks, so small that you would think a real thirsty coyote would lap it so dry that another drop would not ooze from it in a thousand years. But it's a persistent spring, and in its persistency lies the fact that it has caused us more trouble than any other single point on this line.

"In fact, this spring works overtime, and the only pay it receives for its work is an un-

wary track walker or a bucking outfit; once it got a freight, and once it nearly got a passenger, loaded with human freight, and it did get the best engineer we ever had on this division—bar none.

"The trouble was it wouldn't stay in one place long enough for us to get acquainted with it. During the big blizzard, when for five days there wasn't a train moved a hundred yards on the whole division, this spring flowed down, across and between the tracks for fifty yards in each direction; turning our roadbed into a skating rink and afterward some of our rolling stock into kindling wood, engines into scrap, and, incidentally, some of our train crews into angels; that is, if a railroad man ever gets to heaven, which some people doubt, I suppose. When Johnson's bucking outfit of four engines and a rotary hit that piece of track, cutting through the snow bank as if it were a feather bed, the ice was three feet high, solid; there was a crash of splintering wood, a shrieking of whistles, the head engine buckled, reared, and the rotary and engine behind, carrying Dennis Dougherty and his fireman, toppled over the cliff into the canyon, two hundred feet below.

"Then we of the operating department rose up and swore a mighty oath that no more of our rolling stock should float down the Elk for the ranchers to build chicken coops with, or that any more of our engines should go to the scrap there, or our train crews to feed the buzzards, and we remonstrated with it in the shape of steel plates and cement. It made no move throughout that summer, or the following winter, or the next summer, but it worked just the same, and what made it worse, it worked in the dark. No track walker could see beneath the ballast, or section gangs know that it was making little tunnels between the rocks down underneath the roadbed, but it was, and by the next winter it had honeycombed the roadbed and made it as full of holes as a Swiss cheese. Then one day in the spring, Jerry Mac-Cready's freight, eastbound, ran onto a track as soft as a custard pie, the roadbed mushroomed like a burning roof, the engine tipped its nose down and butted into the wall of rock on the other side. The cars climbed on top of each other, and twenty of them, loaded with range steers, went to feed the coyotes in the canyon of the Elk.

"Then the management awoke, and they swore a mighty oath, and there was something behind theirs that was not behind ours—money; they put up the money, we put up the work, the rock was blasted out, the bridge was lengthened, and the Devil's Spring was conquered for once—and for all time. No more it lies in wait for our track walkers or our freights or our passengers. Hung up on the side of the cliff, it trickles down harmlessly and furnishes our men, hung up on a mountain siding, water as cold and pure as any in the world. But before it was conquered it got well paid for its work, good and plenty, as Charlie Root used to say, in the shape of brave men and innocent animals.

"Just east of the last Elk trestle a couple of hundred yards is Clancy's siding and a few cattle yards, built to accommodate the ranchers of the Castle Creek country. The bridge and siding are hidden by the double curve, and if there is anything wrong with the trestle or the switch, and there has been in times past, the engineer and train are in the open against it good and hard, with but a few minutes to decide how they want to take the 'Great Divide,' in the cab or on their feet. Everything stands on end here, even the trainmen's hair, and it takes a good deal to make a mountain trainman's hair come up.

"From the time the trains strike Willow Park until they cross the Elk for the last time, pass Clancy's siding and slip down onto the plains, trainmen sit their seats light; superstitious darky porters feel in their pockets for their rabbit's foot and keep their fingers crossed until the mountains are behind. Engineers take the grades with the steam choked, with their hands on the air and sand valves, with drawn breath, eyes on the track ahead and a hope that there is nothing wrong around the bend.

"Winter came early that year and caught us unprepared. We had an unusually long run of bad weather with a lot of rain and some snow, the air was cold and damp, and the sun did not show its face for days at a time. McKenna's wife was standing it poorly, so he had sent her south and had asked for a month's leave himself to go and see her. Traffic was running heavy then, too. People on their vacations were caught in the cold snap and were rushing home, and the westbound freight was increasing every twenty-four hours, keeping us all on the

jump to keep the yards clear and the trains moving. No. 9 had been running in two and sometimes three sections, and we were pressed at times for crews to man them.

"It had snowed the previous day and in the morning turned warm. The snow was slush, six inches deep, and the wind was blowing a gale, sweeping the bluffs like a tornado. Late in the afternoon we received orders from headquarters to move twelve cars of rails down to the Junction, as the construction gang were clamoring for them and they had to go to the front the first thing in the morning. It was a beastly night to send out a freight extra, but orders were orders and they had to go.

"It was McKenna's last night's run before his vacation; he was down early and came into my office for a little chat. Owing to the condition of the yards the switching crew were late in getting the train made up, and she was not ready to pull out until No. 9 reported 'in' at Paydown. A crew caller came in for me to go out and see something about getting the train out, and I left Tom in the office alone. As I went out on the platform, I noticed that the wind had shifted to the north and it was getting colder. The rain had turned to hail and cut my face like broken bits of glass, finding their way down my neck in spite of turned-up collar and muffler. It was a night like this and a bully good one to hug the stove.

"It was a little after seven when the extra, No. 67, left the yard with McCarthy pulling, Stimson, Ed's brother, as conductor, and a crew of three men, with orders to hold at Clancy's siding for the limited to pass.

"Tom was still in the office when I went back, and I noticed he had a telegram in his hand and looked as if something had happened. He did not speak for two or three minutes, so I sat down at my desk and appeared to be busy; then he came over and handed me the despatch and said:

"Well, old man, Nellie's gone."

"Gone? Gone where?" I asked, without looking at the sheet. Then I looked and saw that she had gone, indeed. Gone to the place where no one ever comes back. Tom was all broken, but I offered what sympathy I could, which wasn't much. I never was good for anything in a place like that. I asked him if he didn't want me to send Jenkins out on his run, but he said no, he'd run to the Junction and get a train for Denver from there.

"We talked for a few minutes until No. 9 whistled for the yards and then went out. McMasters had eased a bit down the grade, and she pulled up to the platform fifteen minutes late. The crew climbed down and made a run for shelter, the engine was cut off and Tom's baggage thrown aboard.

"She had picked up the private car with the vice-president and party of one of the eastern roads at Carlyle. They had been up in the park, got caught in the snow and bad weather and were hurrying east. No. 7, local, had been annulled that night, and No. 9 was to pick up one coach at Rosedale and take it as far as the Junction. After setting out the diner and putting on the extra coach, it made a string of twelve coaches and baggage cars. Tom's engine was the 876, one of the new consolidated and just long enough on the road to be running as smooth as a handcar. A hostler in bringing her down from the roundhouse had run the ponies off the track, as the frogs were clogged with the freezing slush and the contact had failed to fully close. I swore at the hostler, the despatchers swore at their disordered train sheet, and the wrecking crew swore at the weather. Swearing to a railroad man is like the safety valve to an engine; without them we would both blow up. It was half an hour before we could get her righted and coupled on.

"McKenna, with the despatch in his pocket, telling him of his wife's death, pressed my hand as he swung into the cab.

"Well, good-bye, old man, take good care of yourself. I'll come back after a time. The mountains will always be my home, but I don't want to see them for a while now."

"Good-bye, Tom," I said. "Don't try to make up any time tonight; it's a poor night for holding your schedule." It was a fast one on a good night, but on a night like that it was crazy to try and keep it.

"It's too bad, Tom, that you can't show some of Turtle Mountain to the swells back in the private car. I might send some men down to let off some red fire."

"I guess it's just as well they can't see

tonight," he answered. "They might think we were trying to show off, or see how near we could take them to the edge and not go over."

"I walked up the platform as the car-tinks were giving a last thump at the wheels,



"Well, old man, Nellie's gone."

and the brakemen were looking over the air couplings. It wasn't a night for anything to go wrong. Dan Cafferty swung his lantern, and No. 9 crept out of the yard into the night, forty-five minutes late.

"When the freight extra made Clancy's siding the wind was singing down the gorge like the soul of a Cheyenne buck that had missed the trail to the happy hunting grounds. The temperature had fallen below freezing, and the hail cut the brakemen's faces like red-hot points of steel. The engine and about half the flats had passed over the

switch, going slow, when one of the flanges slipped between the tongue and the rail and went pounding over the ties. A quick stop was made, but not until three or four cars had been derailed. The only thing that saved a bad spill was the reduced speed. A hasty examination showed the tongue fractured, and the hind end brakeman was sent back with a red light for the Limited.

"He started back up the track with the wind dead in his face and blowing a hurricane. He hugged the bluffs to keep from being blown over the cliff and stumbled along through the freezing slush and biting hail, scarcely making any headway at times through the storm. He made the 'Devil's Spring,' a quarter of a mile from the siding, and as he rounded the bluff the wind caught him full in the face. For an instant he turned his back to it, and as he wheeled, his feet struck a piece of ice and went out from under him as if they had been jerked with a rope. His lantern went up in the air like a rocket and came down like the stick over the cliff into the canyon, and he slid down the glassy ice, as if shot from a catapult, into the ravine. He landed at the bottom with a bruised head and a broken leg.

"The Limited was in the open with a clear track, and the freight was derailed at the switch. The brakeman told the boys, when they found him early in the morning, bleeding, half frozen and nearly crazy with fear for the Limited, how he had tried to climb the icy walls, dragging his broken leg along with one hand, but had fainted and slid back to the bottom.

"When McKenna cleared the Rosedale yards, he opened the throttle wide to gain speed across the flats for the foothills grade ahead. He sat like a statue on the bench, never giving a look as Rosedale passed to the rear like a moving picture. Connors was busy with the fire, and inside the sleepers the conductor was making his first round and the porters were making up the berths.

"The big engine was purring like a cat before the fire and lurching like a yawl in an angry sea as she took the grade with decreasing speed. Topping the foothills grade, Tom choked the steam and gave her a little air, but the heavy train sped along, scarcely noticing the change and reeled around the curves with a dizzy slue, the flanges straining at the rails, and the engine had settled down to a steady roar.

"Perhaps Tom's mind was not with the engine or the train behind, but down in the land of cactus and mesquite bushes, where the one that he thought the most of in this world was lying cold and still, and would never speak to him again or hear him speak to her.

"I don't know; but I do know that Connors said he never took the hills and curves as he did that night, and Connors ought to know, for he had made the run with him more times than anyone else.

"They got down the grade safely, however, and rolled across Willow Park onto Turtle Mountain. The powerful headlight cast the fantastic shadows of the rocks on the dark background, and as the curves were rounded threw its light far out over the canyon until lost in the gloom beyond. She thundered across the ravine trestle, where the brakeman was lying underneath with a hole in his head, all unconscious of the danger ahead, rounded the bluff with the double curve, the trestle, the siding and the flats ahead, then a straight track to the Junction and there the trainmen would draw a full breath again. The headlight threw its light quartering down across the last segment of the curve and across the trestle, lighting the flats loaded with rails. The caboose was in the background, and the two red lights glowed like the dying embers of a campfire. Tom jumped from his box and for an instant peered into the darkness. At a glance he took in the situation and cast up the possibilities. With two rapid movements, which seemed like one, he choked the steam and threw the air, and with the heavy train plunging like a frantic horse at the curb, he spoke to Connors for the first time that night: 'My God, Patsy, the freight is derailed at the siding!'

"Connors dropped his shovel, sprang to the glass and brushing off the moisture looked out. There were three or four cars lying across the track, and half a dozen more standing on the main line that side of the switch. Men with lanterns were running to and fro, and Connors, seizing the whistle cord, rent the air with short hoarse shrieks. One of the crew ran forward to the freight engine, and in a few seconds she moved up the siding, pulling the cars that had not been derailed. But there wasn't a chance for the Limited; both Tom and Connors saw that, and as she took the trestle, Tom eased the air to prevent toppling over, and as the train rode

smoothly across, he turned toward Connors and shouted: 'Jump—as—we—clear—the—bridge. There—is—a—snow—bank—there.' He shook his head when Connors motioned for him to come also. Patsy was no coward, but I guess it looked pretty cold to him just then, and perhaps he thought of a little girl waiting for him back in Rosedale, so when they cleared the trestle, he jumped.

"When the train was across, Tom gave the sleepers all the air they could stand. Still the train sped on with frightful velocity, and he knew there wasn't a chance for him, but there was one for the coaches behind, and he took it. Releasing the air, the train shot forward for a few yards. There was a terrific jerk as he pulled the throttle wide open, and a frightful bumping as he threw the air again. Passengers that had retired were thrown from their berths, and the crew were buffeted about like matches in a cyclone. Again he released the air, and the train rode smoothly; another terrific jerk, and the tender broke her coupling, the air hose popped with the report of a pistol, the brakes set on the wheels, and the shoes ground into the tires with the grip of a vise, the coaches bumped the rails like a frightened blacktail buck, while the engine shot forward like an arrow from the bow. Tom locked the drivers, but the momentum was too great, and she smashed into the caboose with a ripping crash of splintering timbers, split it as if it was a match box and reared on the flats like a bucking bronco, scattering the rails like toothpicks over the right of way. The engine paused for a second high in the air, and with the hiss of escaping steam toppled backward onto the tender and lay sideways across the track. The train pounding the rails and the wheels straining in the clutch of the brakes slid along the slippery track, coming to a stop just as the baggage car touched the wrecked caboose.

"Frightened passengers, in scant attire, poured out of the sleepers into the storm; hysterical women, frightened men and wondering children. The danger had passed, however, and the crew forced them back into the coaches. The conductor brought out a sounder and a coil of wire, and one of the men climbed a pole and tried to make a connection. The wires were bad, though, on account of the storm, and he could not get a good circuit. The freight engine was then cut off

and sent on a helter-skelter run for the first station east, Birchwood.

"A quick inventory showed an engine for the scrap, two flats and a caboose for the woodpile, a few rails to be reloaded and one man missing—McKenna, the engineer of the Limited. He was somewhere under the cab, somewhere among the broken wood and twisted iron. Connors came running up the track, uninjured, and the boys attacked the cab. Work was slow, though, for they had no tools; there was a cloud of steam enveloping the cab coming from a broken steam-pipe, and some live coals had set fire to the wood-work. They put this out with water and snow, and by the lurid light thrown by the torches they could make out a form pinned underneath the debris. The storm had eased a bit, the hail had given way to soft cottony flakes of snow, covering the men and changing them into ghostlike figures, running hither and thither through the storm.

"I left headquarters as snug as a bug in a buffalo robe and went home. I had scarcely got into some dry clothes and was toasting before the fire when I heard a caller asking for me.

"Come in here, Mick. What's the matter?" I asked, as he appeared frosted from head to foot.

"Pretty bad, I guess, Mr. Sanders. Extra, No. 67, was derailed at Clancy's siding, and the limited smashed into her. This came from Birchwood, as they sent the freight engine on there. The wires are bad, and we haven't a clear account of how it happened."

"I hustled into my storm clothes and made a quick run for the station. All was activity there; Whitney was down directing the relief train being made up. He had ordered the Crawford derrick and wreckers out; the despatcher was clearing the track; Anderson was urging his men on with frightful curses as they piled the tools into the car. An engine backed down and coupled on, and Whitney, shouting a few last orders at the despatcher, gave the signal, and we pulled out with Jenkins in the cab and no speed orders, except the throttle's limit.

"It was exactly forty-five minutes from the time we got the first news of the wreck until we pulled up at Clancy's siding, and five minutes later the Junction derrick whistled. The track was blocked on our end, so the

Crawford derrick was run up alongside the wrecked engine. Anderson took charge of both crews and soon had an opening made in the cab. Whitney crawled down through the hole to where he could see McKenna lying. The side of the cab had split clear across and Tom's head and shoulders had been forced through, then the cab had settled back, pinning him under with the grip of a vise. When Whitney backed out and told us he was still alive, we redoubled our efforts. A grapple was rigged, and the beams cracked as the slack was run in. The steel cables grew taut, and inch by inch the cab rose in the air. Whitney crawled in again; someone brought a freight car door covered with blankets alongside, and as Whitney backed out, carrying a limp form in his arms, willing hands took it and laid Tom tenderly on the blankets. One side of his face had been cooked by a steam jet, and one leg of his pants had been burned completely off, but he was still conscious and smiled faintly as the boys gathered around.

"He made an effort to speak, and Whitney, kneeling in the snow and slush, leaned forward to catch the words that seemed to be trying to pass his lips:

"~~'Is—the—train—all—right?'~~ he asked. ~~'I—did—the—best—I—could.~~ I—never—~~saw—a—lamp—until—the—caboose—lights—showed.'~~

"~~'The train is all right,'~~ Whitney answered, ~~'and we'll soon have you all right, too.'~~

"Tom made an effort to raise his head, and Whitney, leaning over, slipped his arm back of his shoulders and raised him up. The snow had ceased falling, the moon, showing through a rift in the clouds, bathed the scene with a soft light, and Tom, his face lighting with a smile, whispered in Whitney's ear:

"~~'I'm going—to—Nellie.'~~

"The wind, that had lulled for a moment, suddenly rose with the violence of a tornado and went howling down the gorge. Tom's face turned as white as the whirling snow, his head fell forward, and he went with the wind—into the night."

LOVE'S MOULDING

By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK

ONLY a touch in the days that are gone,
 Only a touch, but it moulded,
 Only a smile through the years that have flown,
 But with that smile love unfolded;
 It was first but a glance, a passing glance,
 And my heart was gone from my keeping;
 Only a handclasp—love's advance—
 Then claimed me for joy or weeping.

Only a vision that led me along,
 A dream with a high ideal,
 That hallowed each day with a holy song,
 Though life's work was sternly real;
 Only—wholly—another life given,
 To strengthen, encourage, upholding,
 The touch and the smile were born of heaven;
 Such, O my love, was thy moulding.

THE SHADOW OF THE THING

Author of "The Whip Hand," "The Great Intangible," etc.

AT sunrise Colton gorged his hunger on half-ripe papayas, and again leaned forward on the trail. Through the deep tan of his face the bilious yellow of the Isthmian malaria showed faintly, foretelling that from which Colton cowered. At his back, as he swung listlessly on, the garish sun soared up from the horizon like one of the great birds that eyed him narrowly from beside the trail. Something in the steady scrutiny of his feathered companions seemed to mock his persistency, to flout as purposeless the dogged patience with which he clung to the tiny ribbon of disused trail. His resentment was great. He paused long enough to fling a stone savagely at the nearest of his tormentors. "Damned carrion-picker, you—take that!" But the missile sped in vain, and the big bird, seemingly rather amused than alarmed, flapped only a few yards farther away, whence it leered back at the man as if in derision.

The obsession of the Thing was still upon Colton. When the sweat worms crept into his eyes and blurred his vision, he caught glimpses in the trail ahead of him of a ghastly, high framework that reduced him always to an embodiment of gibbering fear; and when once a loop of a swaying devil-vine rested for an instant against his bronze throat, a gurgle of terror sprang to his lips, and he tore at the innocuous creeper as wildly as though it were a million strangling devils.

A long time Colton plodded on in silence ere a suddenly recurring thought found expression: "Lucky I got wind of their game—to keep me in hospital all nice and cozy till I was well enough to turn over to the police. Ha! ha! they found out in ward nine that four pillows with a blanket over 'em an' a bunch of towels for a dummy head

ain't necessarily Sam Colton in the flesh! . . . But how in hell could they hold a poor devil of a powderman to answer for that second of hell on earth—the blow-up? An' 'twas an accident—I swear to God it was!"

His last words he flung despairingly to the blank blue heavens, that gave back no token of credence or of doubt. The horrible aloofness of the jungle enraged him. For the moment he would rather have stood in the bar and faced a jury. With what God-given power would he stamp the truth of his innocence on their doubting faces! But he had chosen. Juries were no part of that for which he now strove with his waning strength. The labyrinths of the law were precarious paths for unskilled feet, anyhow. The safer way were always to avoid the uncertain, as he had done. For another space he swung along in silence, wrapped deep in mental musings. But the event that had made him an outcast stuck fast in his thoughts and rose before him at intervals in horrific forms.

"Yes, it's true, McKay and I had had trouble, big trouble, too—but God Almighty in heaven knows, if the law don't, that I didn't know Mac and the others were anywhere around when I signaled to touch off that blast. If he had only lived long enough to tell 'em himself—"

He broke off abruptly, staring straight ahead. The Thing had again reared itself there in the trail—a sinister thing of beams and timbers and, halfway up, a floor to which was hinged a swinging trapdoor. Back at Culebra, where presided a jovial hangman in the person of Sergeant Joe Seeger, at the celebrated execution of a negro murderer, he had first beheld the Thing. It had stayed with him like a bad dream. Before him now again he saw it, reproduced in all its awesome details. He was relieved that it melted into

air when he gouged his knuckles into his smarting eyes. His consuming uneasiness was that sometime it might not dissolve thus.

The fierce tropical sun mounted to the zenith, and glared down with an intensity that drew the life from vegetation and sucked up the water from dwindling streams like an invisible sponge. A season of exceeding drought was drawing to a close. Yet a few days, and the canal prism, where the burrowing steam-shovels snorted with frantic energy, would be a great river. Men would be laid off right and left. There would be an exodus from the Zone as of the Israelites from Egypt, and then, thought Colton, would be his chance to get away from the Isthmus unobserved. Could he but hold out till then, he saw a chance, though not an alluring one, of slipping through the clutches of those ubiquitous men in khaki who guarded the peace over the length and breadth of the Zone.

Late in the afternoon the fugitive made out thatched roofs in the distance. He dropped to his knees in the grass-grown trail, and clasped his heavy, red-brown hands above his head. His attitude was one of thanksgiving, but he uttered no word. When he got to his feet again, he advanced haltingly as one tipsy with drink. His lips stood apart in a mirthless grin, and his tongue, a callous, unwieldy organ now, was forcing its way between his lips. Still he tottered ahead. The phantom of hope stared wanly from the death in his sunken eyes and feasted on the miracle of the hut thatches beyond. Those thatches represented life, and two hours later he reached them. Here the trail to which he had pinned his faith ended suddenly. The huts which he had battled so valiantly to gain were only a cluster of tumble-down native habitations, long since deserted! The man gazed at the abandoned settlement as though dazed with unbelief. Then, as the horror of reality goaded his sinking senses, the old protest again broke from his lips and went out to the brown-seared jungle in a strange, wheezy voice that Colton knew was not his own. "*It was an accident—I swear to God it was!*" The tired lids fell over the glazing eyes. He collapsed on his face, and for a space lay motionless. But he lived still in the last great emotion of his protested innocence, and the failing spark of reason would not die. Inch by inch he dragged himself into the shade of the huts,

and with the life-preserving instinct of a wild beast tore feebly at the sappy trunk of a banana with his teeth. And the great birds that had followed him for reason other than that of idle curiosity grew still more bold, and alighting within beak-reach of him, they cocked their heads sideways and watched with evident interest Colton's fight for life. It was a long while before he was able to sit up and fight them off. They were vastly out of humor at being thus thwarted. And it had been ordained that Colton should find water and ripe bananas and not die—yet. After three days of careful calculation, he discovered that he had swung wide of Cruces Trail, that in reality it lay leagues behind him, and that in his semi-delirious state he had actually crossed it without recognizing the deep-worn ruts that mark it as plainly as a nose on a face. Two days later he was making back over the same dim trail by which he had come, when suddenly he came upon a man—a big tanned man, he was—heading in the opposite direction. The stranger bore a small haversack and carried one arm in a sling. He was an American, anyone might see, and Colton, inspecting him closely, made of him a prospector. This was proved erroneous a moment later when the stranger, with no hostility whatever in his voice and certainly none in his manner, announced: "My friend, I'm an officer of the Zone force and you seem to be the very chap I'm looking for. Put your hands above your head—quick!"

A great gray shadow fell across Colton's line of vision—the shadow of the Thing. In his seething brain there rose the dire picture of jovial Hangman Seeger in the act of drawing the black cap over the doomed head of Sam Colton, an innocent powderman, still spluttering his innocence on the trap!

"I'll tell you, ol'-timer," said Colton, "I ain't done anything—intentional—an' 'fore I'll go with you—I'll go to hell!"

The tanned man laughed shortly. "It's all a matter of choice," he remarked. His injured arm twitched restlessly in the sling, and simultaneously Colton thrilled with the nameless sensation of one who knocks at the door of eternity. Peeping out sinisterly from the loop of the sling was the blue muzzle of a 38-caliber Colt's. However, its menace fascinated rather than alarmed Colton. To him death was no longer hideous of aspect.

"No, I'll go to hell first," he iterated with growing determination, as the man waited.

"You'll probably go there, anyhow," philosophized the tanned one, "and I'm offering you a chance to make a part of the journey in good company." He smiled good-naturedly.

Colton lost a little of his hardness at the ingratiating tone.

"I'll go with you as far as Cruces Trail—no farther," he compromised. "An' remember, ol'-timer, I'm no prisoner—yet. I ain't surrendered, an' I never will. I'm innocent. I swear it to God an' high heaven!"

The tanned one gave the other a questioning look, as though amazed with his deep sincerity of tone. He hoped that he had not bungled and gotten hold of the wrong man.

They reached Cruces Trail at morning, when the radiant sunshine of the tropics wrought sparkling diamonds of the night's dews that still clung to leaf and blade, and when countless feathered songsters were lending voice to one sustained peal of sweetest music.

The two men breakfasted on a pheasant, some birds' eggs and some fruit. The pheasant the tanned man had laid low with his revolver at fifty yards in the presence of his companion the day before. The men ate in silence to the last dwarfed banana.

"It's me for Panama now!" Colton broke the silence and stood up. There was a look in the speaker's eyes that the tanned one caught almost with a start of surprise. It was a look that plainly put all jokes aside and said as bluntly as might be: "Friendship has ceased—on guard!"

"Colton," observed the tanned one softly, straightening up, "there's no use in your trying me out. I'm out here to take you back with me—and back with me you go!"

The shadow of the Thing grew a great crimson hand that clutched Colton's throat like the jaws of a vice, and blinded his eyes to the right of the one puny man that menaced his freedom, his life. As the red-stained hand gripped his throat, and his breath caught and stuck in his bursting lungs, a wild cry—not of rage, but of terror—sent every joyously caroling songster whirring fear-stricken to cover, whence they peered out in vast alarm upon a scene such as Cruces Trail had never known since the riotous

days when Morgan's raiders, passing here, fought tooth and nail for ill-gotten gains or freebooters' titles to fair captives. The contest began with shots, which followed one upon another with such irregularity as suggests a struggle for possession of a weapon. Just six reports there were in all; then, save for labored breathing, punctuated with an occasional half-smothered curse, the jungle was wrapped in a portentous silence. And the small eyes that peeped timorously from sylvan hiding-places beheld a spectacle that made tiny hearts flutter with wild excitement. Locked fast together, two red-splotched figures, that might once have been men, rocked and reeled to and fro and strained and struggled and bled. It was a weary, revolting fight. It was the kind of fight whose bald horrors will at once set a survivor's age forward half a lifetime and change the color of his hair.

The tanned man and the fever-colored man emerged from the fray the merest shreds of men, but—there had been a victory and a truce. Colton, who had faced jungle death to be free, was at last a prisoner.

Under the vertical rays of the blazing noonday sun, the two remnants of men staggered toward Culebra. One found strength in a semblance of hope, the other half forgot his weakness in a sort of admiration of the indomitable wearer of the tan, who happened to be the first type of the genus *homo* that he had ever acknowledged his master. In their sore hurts the men knew the afflictions of Job, and the weary leagues that stretched ahead mocked their pygmean efforts grimly, as a desert mirage mocks a swollen tongue.

* * * * *

Jolly Joe Seeger, his height slightly in excess of his ample girth, stepped out of the office of the deputy warden at the great Culebra penitentiary. He moved in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and good humor. It was late evening, and Joe, having corralled his striped-uniformed host for the night, was taking himself off home to the good wife and the miniature Seegers. The high stockade gate was closed, and McCormack, the big black guard who carried the key, was making his round. Joe paused within the gate to await him. Then some unimaginable dark object on the ground just outside the

heavy slat gate stirred faintly, drawing the deputy warden's eyes down to it in a hard stare of inquiry. Had some officer forgotten his pledge and got drunk? But that fell short of probability in these times of rapid promotion for white officers, and no colored policeman would dare—

McCormack, returning, strolled round the corner of the "gallowsbox"; then, catching sight of his waiting superior, he bounded like a black tiger to the gate, unlocked and swung it wide with the inimitable rigid salute of old England. As the gate swung inward, even matter-of-fact Joe Seeger caught his breath and recoiled a pace, for there under his wondering eyes two repellent, bloodstained things rolled over inertly and lay motionless at his feet. From one came a faint sound that was all but a croak, and Seeger, bending low with returning interest, caught fragments of extraordinary speech:

"—accident. . . I—swear it—to God—an' high heaven."

* * * * *

Nobody could explain why one particular victim of the mighty Bas Obispo explosion didn't die. Especially was this true of Sergeant Kennedy, who had dragged the poor fellow's tattered body from under the wreckage of a steam-shovel that lay half buried in the debris of the cut. The tattered man owed his life to the marvels of Ancon's scientific surgery, but, as is not infrequently the case, idle rumor long had him dead. There were in reality many weary weeks ere rational speech returned to him. Meantime a strange story of crime had crept abroad and was bandied about greedily among convalescents on Ancon Hill. One Colton, a powderman of passionate likes and dislikes, nay, of consuming love and violent hate, had known a formidable enemy in McKay, the tattered man. Away back in those forgotten times when seasoned Joe Seeger was but a corporal, trying to educate the motley offscourings of the earth in American manners, Colton and McKay, with typical American spirit, had gone forth on a quiet Sunday to the fastnesses of Zion Hill behind Culebra, and there fought a fistic draw. That little episode occupied forty-five minutes, and it was primitive and red and full of reflections on ancestries which, as a matter of fact, could not have been better. And that same combat, so to speak, lasted

through four long years and ended only with the disaster at Bas Obispo, after which McKay consorted for weeks with death, and Colton, but slightly injured, overhearing alarming whispers of police surveillance and detectives disguised as ward doctors, left a dummy in possession of his sickbed and departed between suns—all because he knew that the law would decline to take any stock in his defense and that McKay, the mute autocrat of his fate, would carry Sam Colton's freedom to the grave with him. The most orderly happenings sometimes take fantastic turns in fevered brains. And Colton, a cold-blooded doctor had said, had a little fever.

The Zone news sheets told of a clever piece of trailing—not, as was the order of things, by Captain Shanton's man-catching bloodhounds, but by a man of tan and silence—Belknap of the Zone force. And the catch was indeed Colton, or rather a ragged souvenir of him—Colton, who had fled and whose flight confirmed his guilt.

And Colton, seemingly "accursed of all men," awaited in a neat, strong cell at Culebra the hour when he should be led forth to behold—not the shadow of the Thing, but the Thing itself! He thought of the morbid curiosity with which favored visitors would stare at him—some of them, haply, the selfsame men with whom he had toiled in the cut throughout the long blistering days. And how should he face them, standing, as he was, at the edge of life? Would they believe in his innocence? The ordeal itself though, after all, might not be so terrible as he had pictured it. And it would all be over in a trice. It was but a simple thing, this ending a man's life nowadays. And what mattered one life more or less here in the frantic rush of enterprise? So long as the work on the great canal was not interrupted, the passing of a human life was the merest triviality.* He would die as had the negro murderer whose execution he had reluctantly witnessed—*only that negro had been admittedly guilty*. Sam Colton was innocent. A bitter pang always tore him at this point of contrast in his reasoning. In the solitude of his cell he found himself whispering the old protest. And now came on a new enemy. The fever that had long lain dormant in his system rose up and smote him as a Goliath. A grayish pallor crept into his face, and his eyes showed the color of over-ripe mango.

One day at mess, where speech was forbidden, a fellow-prisoner whispered to Colton that he had news that McKay was not dead. Ere Colton could check his instant passion, or before the bystanding guards could interfere, the powderman turned from the mess table and with his clenched fist swung full on his informant's mouth. For that piece of folly Colton suffered all the agonies of penitentiary discipline, but at no time during his penance could he bring himself to believe that the whispered intelligence had been other than a cruel taunt. He returned from the dark-cell more thin and drooping. The yellow of his receding eyes looked the yellow of old gold. Then one day, as he lolled on his bare, hardwood shelf of a bunk, a thought, by whatever means induced, suddenly came to him with the force of a solid shot. *Escapel* Why not? The doctor had attended him, and his fever was abating. Didn't he sit half of each long, still night and watch through the iron rods of his cell door a raw young officer on duty at the desk in the office? And couldn't he hear always the hollow tramp, tramp, tramp of the big black guard on the elevated drum-shell of the wide porch that encircled the building? What more? Didn't he march every Saturday with the striped host to wash clothes at the rear of the pen? Hadn't he noticed an unstapled strand of barbed wire draped on the inner posts of the stockade? The theory of escape was as simple as the plan of death.

Jolly Joe Seeger believed he saw a suggestion of prison reconciliation in Colton's scarred gray face. This pleased Joe; still, in a man like Colton—well, the deputy warden was by no means sure. So Colton was watched when he least suspected it.

A forger, on the way to mess one day, slipped a soiled scrap of newspaper into Colton's hand as they marched abreast. In his cell later Colton read it eagerly:

Max McKay, the engineer who was so frightfully torn up in the Bas Obispo explosion, still lies in a semi-conscious condition in Ancon hospital. It is now believed he will live, though his doctors say that he may never regain full possession of his faculties or recover his speech.

Colton hid the scrap of paper in a chink of his cell, and lying down, stared long at the blue ceiling. Then, still staring, he addressed the blue ceiling, and a passing guard heard and smiled. "That settles it," he said. His voice was tense and low.

After that, Colton waited for wash day.

Beside the rear door of the pen, Hussey, the officer who followed canine noses along the trails of crime, was watering a brace of ungainly-looking dogs. They were great, lank animals with ears like empty tobacco-pouches and mild little gray eyes whose red lower lids drooped away as though diseased. "Odd creatures, indeed!" thought Colton, as he marched carefully to Joe Seeger's "one, two, three, four—step, step."

Close to the stockade fence, Colton washed and washed and—watched. Other prisoners worked about him listlessly, and Walker, the Irish corporal, stood among them, his right hand hanging always within an inch of a Colt's automatic pistol at his hip. After all, thought Colton, the game was a hard one to beat. Of course, Walker could not stand there always—nor did he. After a long hour there stood in Walker's place a black guard—a new one, the forger whispered to Colton between rubs.

A single catlike spring, and Colton was behind the wash-house; another, and he slipped under the draped wire, stood up, and felt his heart battering the walls of his chest like a trip-hammer. But one living soul was in sight—a man just outside the stockade, beyond the second angle, who walked very slowly and looked like but one thing in all the world—a ghost. Colton could not have told why the man made him think of an apparition, but it was true. What he saw was the mere shell of a man—it needed no critical inspection to see that. And there was something else in the manner of the man that fascinated Colton strangely. Sometime, somewhere, he knew that he had seen that shadowy man before.

The man was looking away dreamily toward the cut, wholly unconscious of the scrutiny bent upon him. A sharp command inside the stockade caused Colton to turn to his task. He stood between two high barbed-wire fences. Without the slightest hesitation, he attacked the outer fence of the stockade. The wires tightened creakingly under his weight and rasped through the rusty staples as he ascended. Heavens! He had not taken so much noise into account. He left a piece of his coarse shirt on the T-shaped summit of the fence, twelve feet from the ground, but now at last he was over. *Free!* A guard behind him drawled an order, and

the fugitive darted across an open space and under a "labor camp." He went as infantry, keeping low cover, eyes ahead, half bent, at a swift run. Little rills of blood trickled down his flying limbs. The barbed-wire fence had proved a masterpiece of the designer's art. It had gouged and bit and ripped his flesh, but even now he was not aware of his red-running wounds.

A little cluster of snappy explosions pulsed upon the still air. The alarm! Pat Walker's automatic pistol was talking. Now for quick fun. He flashed between two rows of buildings and saw before him the grimy suburb of Rio Grande. He bowled over half a dozen loungers in a sleepy shoemaker's shop, and started a reign of terror in a small piled-up poultry-yard. Then, leaping a wide ditch, he startled a wide-eyed bartender in an otherwise empty saloon. In his wake he left wonderment and cries of alarm. At the door of the saloon, passing out, he faced a sawed-off shotgun and McCormack, the black guard. Colton's eyes were strange lenses now. To him this array of force looked the most inconsequent ant-hill, and he made to clear it in a single flying leap. The shotgun roared and blazed, then it changed hands, and Colton swung it by the hot barrels, crumpling up the giant black guard like a flake of tissue paper. He lay on the cement floor a quivering black lump. As the fugitive sprang diagonally across the narrow street, his fingers went to his left shoulder. The flesh at the top was raw and streaming and the rim of his left ear was ragged from buckshot.

A voice in high staccato came to him, crying: "Halt, there! Halt!" The command was accompanied by rapid hoofbeats. Colton glanced to his right and saw a mounted patrolman coming up the empty street at a gallop. It was a chance encounter, but the patrolman recognized Colton and unhesitatingly opened fire on him. Colton was not hit, but the fusillade drove him in the direction whence he had come—and then his heart sank at sight of a small skirmish-line of khaki-uniformed men with Savage rifles coming down from the station at a run. The fugitive wheeled round and sprang through the nearest doorway, but instantly he knew that he had made a mistake, for he was again in the empty barroom, and the big black guard whom he had stricken senseless was

again on his feet, bloody-faced but coolly determined, his empty shotgun poised in his great hands for a clean blow. Like a base-runner, Colton dived to evade the black barrier, but a curious film was before his eyes when he again felt the earth outside flowing like water under his racing feet, and thus he knew that the blow of the great guard had not fallen on air.

But he was leaving it all behind now. *Ugh!* A gray, terrible framework suddenly rose high in his path as he ran. He forgot the pursuit, and stopping short began a wide detour to avoid the thing. His jaw dropped low as from paralysis, and his nails dug his wire-pricked palms like talons. His breathing was jerky, his lungs seemed to refuse oxygen. When he had circled round the grim obstruction and come again into the path, he ran his eyes back to where the monster had stood. Mercy of heaven! It had vanished. The path was naked of everything save three tall police officers a short distance away. They had not espied him, however, and were headed toward. Hope lived again. He lay half an hour in the rank pampas-grass, close to the smelly earth; then he rose and fled into the outstretched arms of the great, green country—a mite of humanity once more, *sans* fetters, *sans* restraint, lost in the lap of the wide world.

* * * * *

On the moldy earth under the eaves of the jungle, where fell the mid-day sunshine slashed into tiny ribbons of silver, Hussey followed the two sad-eyed animals of his care. They were the same slouching, elephant-eared dogs that Colton had once regarded with musing interest. They were keen-scented animals, bred to menace evil-doers. They were a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, whose ravages threatened the social institution.

Hussey shouted to somebody coming on behind. In the soft mold among the fallen leaves were the distinct footprints of a man. Again Hussey called, and this time three officers in khaki uniforms came up at a run. Each bore a sawed-off shotgun, and the foremost, a sergeant, quickly producing a ruler, laid it over the footprints after the manner of long experience. The result corroborated what the wild eagerness of the dogs told.

"Exactly ten an' a half inches," an-

nounced the man with the ruler. "We're right. Come on."

The hounds sprang away, straining hard at their leash, the grave-looking men with the shotguns following alertly, with occasional sidelong glances that searched the jungle as the canine trailers puzzled momentarily over some break in the trail. Men like Colton sometimes doubled and "laid" for their pursuers.

One, two, three hours the grim procession swung forward unerringly upon the human trail; then came the summit of a hill beyond which the country dropped away, scantily wooded, and merged into a broad marsh a mile farther on. Straight down the slope toward the swamp the dogs led the way. They presented an impressive picture of canine ferocity. The small, inflamed eyes were dilated unbelievably; the long white teeth flashed menacingly in the powerful saliva-dripping jaws; the unsightly pouchlike ears flapped like streamers in a breeze. They kept up a half-audible whining as their great muzzles skimmed the ground. By a sudden concerted rush they literally dragged their keeper a hundred yards down the incline. But the man kept his head, and, even as he was borne along, he raised one arm and skillfully threw a leaden weight fastened to the end of the leash. The weight wound the rawhide leash many times about a mango trunk, bringing the plunging animals up with a vibrating twang of the tough leather. Hussey rose from the ground with a revolver in his hand, watchful, expectant; but as he searched his surroundings, his tense-drawn features suddenly relaxed and he put his weapon back in its holster and buttoned the flap. A few yards below him, stretched at full length upon the ground, lay the still figure of a man. Hussey approached the outstretched form without caution, for already he knew. The runaway had been five days

at large. The swamp below was the ill-reputed one which every native on the Isthmus feared as death itself. For miles about Death Swamp there grows no edible thing, and the swarming mosquitoes are voracious and fever-laden almost beyond conception.

Colton's arms, still red-streaked from old hurts, were folded across his face as though



"A few yards in front lay the still figure of a man."

to ward off the attack of the myriad winged terrors. Or maybe he had tried to shield his eyes from the fate that glared at him.

The sergeant presently came into view. "By G—d!" he panted, "all in, ain't he? Just as I expected—he didn't know this was Hell's half acre out here."

Hussey raised the folded arms. The face that showed beneath could not have been recognized as that of Sam Colton. The flesh had sunk away until the wrinkly,

parchment-like skin stretched over the bones in strange disfigurement. But Colton yet lived. When roused from the torpor that oppressed him, his lids drew away from eyes that might have been mere balls of shining glass—fever eyes, they call them; and he was greedy to converse, to talk of his friends, his enemies, himself, anything—but what astonishing things he said! It was the wild, fanciful speech of the Isthmian malaria, a madness made by mosquitoes.

Colton's captors bore him away from Death Swamp on a bamboo litter of their own improvisement—back over the new-trodden trail, along which the fugitive had fought his weary way to supposed salvation, fleeing always from the gray monster that haunted him waking or sleeping, racing onward forever from the pursuing shadow of the Thing.

* * * * *

At the noon hour, two men were passing Culebra Penitentiary on the way to lunch at the I. C. C. Hotel. They were fine types of the men who supervise the excavation in Culebra cut. They wore soiled overalls and blue shirts with the sleeves rolled away from full, brown forearms. As they passed the stockade, both hailed cheerily a very stout officer just emerging from the grim gallows-box with a grimmer coil of Manila rope. Joe Seeger smiled out at the two through blue rifts of smoke from a long Havana.

"The jolliest hangman ever," observed the slighter of the two.

"Yes, but a hangman still," qualified the other, suddenly thoughtful.

The bloodhounds, returning in leash from their morning practice run, came ambling down the hill toward the stockade.

"Those fellows sure put a premium on good behavior," remarked the smaller man.

"Yes," again agreed the other, curiously abstracted.

Then both fell silent.

Shortly they were seated in the hotel, and Van, the steward, passing their table, smiled his eternal welcome. Obviously the thoughts of both were far away, for neither was aware of the steward's presence. The meal was well advanced before either broke the silence.

"There's no use thinkin' about it any more, old man; we'll come round the other way after this an' avoid the pen. I know—I oughtn't to have mentioned—"

The smaller man hesitated, regarding a strange look in his companion's eyes.

"Oh, it's all right," reassured the other, "I was only thinkin' again. Maybe I was thinkin' how different you look now than when you come back—the day you come back an' I left; the day I saw the ghost mopin' roun' Seeger's hotel."

"You was thinkin', of course, I know."

"Yes, I was an artist just now, Mac—drawin' a pretty ugly picture of what would have happened if you had finished up in the hospital like everybody said you had to."

"Sam Colton, you're a fool! I couldn't have died with that load on my mind any more than you could outrun the bloodhounds. I saw you swung up just fifty-one times—every time I went to sleep, an' me a-layin' there paralyzed an' speechless lookin' on. My obligation to you was the only thing on earth that kept me alive. I just *couldn't* die! It was me talk or you swing—but the devil! that was all eight months ago now, an' our vacation's due—eighty-four days to forget it in."

Colton and McKay rose and strolled out in front of the hotel. A tall, clear-eyed man, passing, stopped to shake hands warmly with both of them. His manner was so frank, his eye so mild, that he seemed incapable of anything so ingenious as a 38 Colt's hidden in a sling with a "fake" injured arm. Yet this was the man, in everyday life, who had fought and conquered Sam Colton on Cruces Trail.

A group of prison officials from Ancon were going in the direction of the penitentiary. McKay asked a question of a bystanding acquaintance, who replied knowingly: "Oh, yes—they're hangin' that Gorgona murderer today you know; comes off at two o'clock."

Colton heard and turned away with a perceptible shudder. "Come on, Mac," he said rather abruptly, "let's go back to work the other way round."

Detective Belknap smiled as the two moved away. He understood. The shadow of the Thing!



THE SPORTING SPIRIT~

By JEWELL S. CHASE



HILARY, that girl is inhuman!" cried Mrs. Wentworth.

"I do not care to question the motives of my own cousin, but her most notable one so far appears to be the landing of her relatives in various sanitariums," Serena complained acidly. But she was only the inhuman girl's cousin by marriage. The vagaries of one's husband's family are not often viewed through a veil of Christian charity.

Mr. Hilary Dane polished his eyeglasses with a sigh. As Jane Gerard's guardian, his usually well-ordered existence had been more or less uncertain.

"My dear lady, Jane's lack, with an otherwise harmonious temperament, is what we may call 'the sporting spirit.' A person of erratic impulses, she lacks the gameness to stand behind her deeds, and throws the responsibility of her acts on our shoulders."

"You mean, in plain English, that she expects other people to pull her bodily out of the hot water she is always in," sniffed Serena.

"I'll never forget the time she collected a family of Irish children and dogs on the street, and brought them home to be warmed and fed," sighed Jane's aunt. "It happened to be my day, and they gave everybody the measles; but Jane felt quite injured when she took them. She never could see that it was her fault, and we had to buy her a talking doll, to make up for it. Some of the people who got them—measles, I mean—haven't forgiven me yet."

"I could forgive her early vagaries," said Serena, who had been a member of the family by means of matrimony for six years only, "but I do think she is old enough not to get engaged to two men at the same time. When she was staying with us last summer, Harry Taylor and Billy Sheppard were going to fight a duel, or go to Africa for big game

or do something equally desperate; and she seemed to think it was my duty to fix it up. I never heard men swear as they did, and John laughed. He always laughs at anything Jane does."

"That's all very well," wailed Mrs. Wentworth, "but it isn't what Jane has done, it's what she is going to do that bothers me! She wouldn't be Jane if she came from California to Chicago without acting on some wild impulse or other. Besides, as I told you, she is a day late now. I am worried to a state of jelly. Why, what is that?"

"It's me, or more properly, I!" cried a cheery voice, and the young woman in question blew into the room. There was about her a something that suggested irresponsibility—her fluffy hair, and her curved lips, made for laughter, not for worry.

"Jane!" Her relatives flung themselves upon her in various stages of well-bred rapture.

"Are you really here," begged her aunt with idiotic intensity, "and has nothing happened?"

Jane's face changed. An expression of mingled dismay and apprehension swept over it, and then the haunted look of a guilty schoolgirl.

"Well, maybe it wasn't much, but you really couldn't call it nothing; you see, I'm married!"

The confession over, by some strange mental process, she ceased to be concerned about her changed condition. Not so with her relatives.

First doubt, then blessed unbelief, were reflected in their faces.

But alas! they knew her all too well. She never lied about her misdemeanors. Then came fury.

"This—this is unbelievable, Jane!" gasped Serena.

"Nothing of the sort! Perfectly true! I

can produce my husband at a moment's notice—but—b—but—I d-don't want to do it!" And as suddenly as she did everything else, Jane burst into tears.

Mr. Dane looked distressed in the usual masculine manner, when a good-looking piece of femininity wails. Serena sniffed with an air of lofty disdain that said just as plainly as words: "Can't the poor man see it's just done for effect?" Mrs. Wentworth did not know exactly what to do—a state of affairs chronic with her, poor woman—so did nothing; which capacity is not always included in the wisdom of the foolish.

In the meantime, a doorbell pealed faintly from below.

The sound calmed Jane, for she stopped her tears and said, with a suspicion of a naughty smile:

"Wouldn't you like to hear about it?"

"If you feel able, dear?" questioned Mrs. Wentworth, with something as nearly like tact as she possessed. She knew that to hurry Jane would be to put off the story indefinitely.

"Oh, perfectly," cried her niece, whose tears had whisked themselves away with lightning rapidity. "You'd have to know sometime, anyway. I suppose it was a very foolish proceeding. He got on in the middle of Arizona, and he was such a good-looking man! At the beginning of New Mexico a horrid drummer person tried to talk to me, but he took him out on the back platform and shook him—the nice man shook the horrid one, I mean—and then we had lunch together. He is such a dear—big and brown and strong! His opinions and mine on everything are exactly the same, and he wore the most picturesque white Stetson—"

"Jane," interrupted her aunt, "what is he? A cowboy? A miner? Is it true?"

Jane's dreaminess broke with some irritation.

"Of course it's true," she said. "I don't know what he is or does—it has something to do with cattle in some way. We were married in Texas—"

A second interruption came in the form of a servant with a card.

"It's Courtney Van Gard," almost shrieked Mrs. Wentworth. "O Jane, we can't see him! And what will we say to him? My dear, how could you?"

"Don't be foolish, Cousin Maria," sniffed

Serena. "Jane was not yet engaged to Courtney, so don't make such a fuss. Besides, let us try to get some sense out of this absurd story! Bring Mr. Van Gard up. And will you kindly tell us, Jane, where your husband is now?"

"I don't know exactly," half sobbed Jane. "In Southern Illinois a bridal pair got on, with rice and new clothes, and it suddenly came upon me what I had missed in eloping. Oh, if you could have seen my wedding, in a stuffy little office, by a justice in his shirt-sleeves and with two dirty cowboys for witnesses! When I compared that to going off in a machine, with wedding presents, and people throwing confetti, I told my husband never to see me again—and—"

Her half-tearful explanation was cut short by the entrance of Courtney Van Gard, a carefully dressed, almost effeminate youth, whom Mrs. Wentworth had long looked on as a prospective nephew.

That Jane Gerard was the brightest star in his firmament was evident by his manner in greeting her.

There was an instant's lull in the conversation; then, while Mrs. Wentworth was providing the new-comer with tea and cakes Hilary Dane turned to his erstwhile ward.

"What," he asked, "is the man's name? And what are you going to do about it?"

The answer was what he expected. "That," said the irresponsible Jane, "is for you people to decide. I can't live on a ranch, in that hot, alkali country, all my life. His name is Jim Douglas."

The words seemed to be magically potent. A tall, dark man, with the tan of long months in the open, and the gypsy touch that comes to those who follow life's long, open trails, stood in the doorway.

"Jane," she cried, as he strode across the room, "I can't give you up."

"He speaks English, at least," muttered Serena in a swift aside to Hilary Dane.

The girl rose hurriedly. At first the spell of the man's personality seemed to draw her toward him; then she drew herself back, as if by main force.

"No," she cried, "no, no."

"It seems terrible to you now, dear," pleaded her husband, unconscious in his earnestness of the others in the room. "I've thought it all over; it's not right to give it up. I go on to New York on business to-

night. Come with me! I can't let you stay here. Forgive me for following you, Jane, only come with me!"

Courtney Van Gard stepped forward. Mrs. Wentworth's hurried explanations of

marriage can be annulled. Think what people will say if it gets around! But no one need even know! I'll keep it quiet, if you'll only marry me. You know I've loved you ever since we were children together.



"Jane," he cried, "I can't give you up."

the situation left him a trifle dazed, but he realized one thing, he must step in and fight for Jane.

"Jane Gerard," he began.

"Douglas," corrected her husband sternly.

"Jane Gerard," he repeated, "this crazy

Send this man about his business."

"Jane Douglas," cried her husband, moving forward, also. "Don't listen to him. He speaks for just one tiny part of the world—the part that calls me 'impossible.' He says he loves you. He doesn't know what that

word means. Why, when I was a boy, and rode miles under the stars, out there where it was so still and lonely that even the coyote's howls were companionable, I used to dream about you. I've known you centuries, not days, and I knew you for the one girl when my eyes first met yours. Jane, you can't ask me to give you up now!"

To the girl, it was like some hideous nightmare. She was swayed by the man's words, even while she fiercely resolved to be sensible. Her mad impulses, always followed by periods of wild remorse, had brought trouble before now, but never in such large measure. The problem was too big for her erratic nature, unused to dealing even with the tiny decisions of everyday life. She turned first to her guardian, then to her aunt, and lastly to Serena; but they, figuratively, stepped outside the frame. Her picture was filled and dominated by two men—one the product of tailor and valet, neat, precise, with the habiliments of the dandy; the other produced by the great outdoor, strong and supple, dwarfing and overshadowing the other even in his clumsy, ready-made clothes.

To the girl, in her desperate, unusual mental anxiety, they were but symbols of two lives—one the round of teas and fetes, of conservatism and bridge, the world she had been reared in; the other the freedom of the wild places, some unknown heritage of *wanderlust* that answered the gypsy call in the man. She noticed vaguely that Courtney's boutonniere and his necktie were a perfect match, and that Jim Douglas' suit was ready-made, and her groping mind seized on those facts, and magnified them until her decision was forced upon her by such trivial details in the making of a man.

Unused to explanation of her mental workings, her voice was low and hesitating.

"I—I, oh, I'm so sorry, Jim!" she half sobbed. "I hate to hurt you. I really almost think I love you—but not enough! I cannot contemplate living in a barren place, with cactus tearing my skirts and rattlesnakes always creeping on the rocks, and horrible, unending range on range of flat-topped hills. I'd die of *ennui* with no one to see but the inevitable cowboys, without afternoon tea, or bridge. I—well—the other life fascinates me. I lifted the curtain, and enjoyed the peep so much that I wanted more; but when I took it for the rest of my life, like

the extremist that I am, I picked too much. Guardy says I lack the sporting spirit—I know that's so, but I know, also, it is partly my relatives' fault, because they've brought me up to take the best, the sweet everything, even if I leave the bad and bitter for someone else. I am what I am—this is my world and here I must stay! You would have been woefully disappointed. You see I cannot be your dream girl, after all."

Jim Douglas' face had grown sad and half stern during her long speech. He checked Van Gard's approving cackle with a quick gesture.

"It's hard," he said, "but so are most things. I've chased the treasure at the end of the rainbow; I've found it, only to have it slip away from me. And now, as it goes, I see it's dust and ashes and tawdry tinsel. You may have your little world, Jane Gerard, and your little world can have you. I will give you what you call your freedom, though I know all the time it will be your return to prison. You looked through the bars, and the open road looked like life to you; but when you tried it you were afraid, and your prison bolts and chains looked more kind than the ways of the unknown gods. I see now my folly. I see now that you cannot awake. I had hoped to find something more under the promise you gave, but it was nothing but a beautiful husk, after all. Good-bye, Jane, I do not want you now."

"By Jove, what a rude old bounder," muttered Courtney Van Gard to Hilary Dane, but the older man did not hear him. He saw, in that mysterious man who had stepped into their lives so suddenly and strangely, no ordinary, illiterate cow-puncher. The man of the greater, wider world, that was hidden under his hopelessly inane mannerisms, recognized a kindred spirit.

"Fool woman!" he groaned under his breath.

"I have been unkind," said Douglas, at the door. "In justice to you, Jane, I would say that I believe there is that unawakened undercurrent in you that will some day give you the far horizon. I am not the right man. I am unable to do it. The fault lies with me. But I have the memory of the hours when you seemed like the very essence of dreams come true, and that is more than most men have. Adios!"

As the liquid Spanish farewell sounded in

her ears, the girl took a step forward. A sudden revulsion of feeling whirled her brain so swiftly in the opposite direction that she felt strangely giddy. The purely artificial state of mind that she had forced herself into was gone; and the void was filled by a great aching hunger to feel the man's strong arms about her. Another moment and he would be gone! She took another unsteady step forward, and tried to cry out his name, until she could get her bearings, and make a more definite decision. That house of cards, her well-planned future life, came tumbling down about her ringing ears. She tried to cry out, but no sound could her strained throat make.

With a desperate gesture she flung her arm across the tea table that separated them. Instantly a tongue of flame shot up from the flickering alcohol lamp, and caught her lacy sleeve. To her it was an eternity that the fire blazed, creeping up and up towards her

hair, leaving a hot and blistering brand in its wake.

She heard her aunt's moan of terror; she heard her fall fainting; she heard another sound, as Courtney Van Gard flung his hands to his face and shrieked aloud. Then someone clasped her tight, beating out the glowing sparks, crushing the livid streak and tearing away the burning lace. A second later it was all over.

He who had cried out cowered on the brocaded couch, for he knew the last chance was gone; but the one who had saved her life for himself clasped her close as he caressed her raw, blistered shoulder.

But Jane, never more to be undecided or vacillating, kissed his burned hands and sobbed softly.

"Ah, my husband, take me if you will, just as I am, with every lacking phase, but be with me always, to supply the 'sporting spirit.'"

KISSIN'

From the book "Heart Throbs."

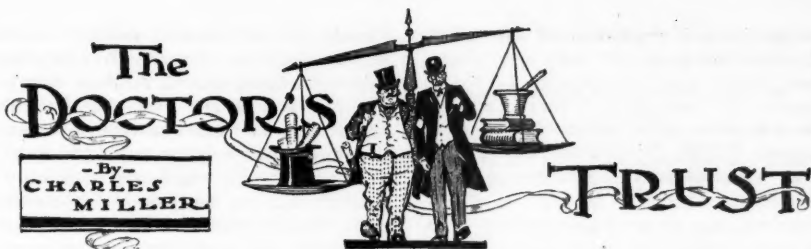
Some say kissin's ae sin,
 But I say, not at a';
 For it's been in the world
 Ever sin' there were twa.
 If it werena lawfu',
 Lawyers wadna' 'low it;
 If it werena haly,
 Meenisters wadna' do it;
 If it werena modest,
 Maidens wadna' taste it;
 If it werena plenty,
 Puir folk coudna' hae it.

—Scottish Saying.

Extract from Speech delivered before the American Medical Association

THE following paragraph from a speech, written by Dr. Herbert L. Burrell of Boston, president of the American Medical Association, and in his absence read by the secretary, Dr. George H. Simmons, at the annual meeting of that organization held in Atlantic City, shows conclusively that the conditions complained of by Mr. Miller in his series of articles on the Doctors' Trust, not only actually exist, but that they are fully recognized by such an eminent physician as Dr. Burrell. The recommendations set forth in this extract, now in the hands of the Board of Trustees, show a praiseworthy desire on the part of the president of the association to provide a remedy for the present evils.

"There is a growing tendency on the part of certain members of the association to use political methods in influencing legislation, state and national. I believe that this movement is fraught with danger. If such work could always be done judiciously, well and good; but this influence is frequently exerted by members of the medical profession who are 'babes in arms' politically. Their motives are excellent, but their discretion is open to question. The employment of one individual to serve as lobbyist in Washington or elsewhere, is a mistake; it is the adoption of trade-union methods and will sooner or later bring the medical profession into discredit. I suggest that the board of trustees be requested to report to the House of Delegates at the meeting in 1910 their opinion as to the wisdom of separating the offices of editor and general manager and of secretary of the association. The reason for this recommendation is not far to seek. At present the office of secretary and editor and general manager are held by one man, who, by force of circumstances, has turned on him the limelight of public opinion; he is believed to be, and as a matter of fact is, largely responsible for the policies of the association. It is not right, nor is it fair to an individual man that he should have this great amount of seeming power placed in his hand. With the keenest possible scrutiny I have considered it my duty as president to observe the acts of your General Secretary during my years as president-elect and as president of the association. I can report to you only that I think his work is admirable, that his acts have always been, so far as was possible, judicious, and that he is deserving of the highest possible commendation for the remarkable conduct of an extremely trying double office. The recommendation that I have made as to the separation of these two offices may seem radical; all the more reason why the board of trustees should carefully consider and report to the House of Delegates in 1910 as to the expediency of carrying this measure into effect."



COMMERCIALIZED SURGERY: A LURE AND A MENACE

(FIFTH ARTICLE)

ONE of the heroes of the world of medicine whose name deserves to be written in letters of gold on the scroll of its famous men, but which, strange to say, rarely receives so much as honorable mention by the modern medical historian, was a modest country doctor who passed to his reward in the year 1879. Crawford W. Long was his name, and Athens, Georgia, his home. Dr. Long had a natural aptitude for surgery, but, practicing at a period when surgical operations were barbarously torturous because the use of anesthetics was unknown, he often hesitated to apply the knife and cause the physical agony that necessarily followed its use.

Distressed by the awful suffering he had often to witness as well as to inflict, his quickened sympathies led him in a persistent quest of some method of rendering a patient oblivious to the torture of a surgeon's knife and thus grant to future generations immunity from the suffering their forbears were compelled to endure. As early as 1841 Dr. Long became convinced that the inhalation of sulphuric ether gave the solution to his long-pondered problem, but uncertain and fearful as to the effect of complete anesthesia produced by this method, he proceeded with such caution that it was not until March of the following year that he was ready to give it a practical test. The man upon whom this test was made, one James Venable, was afflicted with two tumorous growths of the neck. One of these growths, on March 20th, Dr. Long removed after his patient had been reduced to a state of complete unconsciousness by the inhalation of sulphuric ether, and the result was so satisfactory that, a few weeks later, he undertook the removal of the other. The second operation proving as successful as the first, then, and not until

then, did Dr. Long modestly make known to the other practitioners of his town the wonders of painless surgery. They freely accorded to him the honor he deserved, but the world was not looking for great things to emanate from a country doctor, and consequently, when shrewd New England surgeons later conducted similar experiments at Boston, they had but slight difficulty in securing the glory that rightfully belonged to the humble Southerner.

* * * *

The above is interesting from a historical standpoint, but quite as interesting, as part of a study in medical economics, is the bill that was presented to the first man in the world's history who was privileged to lie down to pleasant dreams whilst undergoing the lacerations of a surgeon's knife. As recently brought to light by an exploration of the age-worn ledger of the late Dr. Long, the following was the statement rendered to his patient for the two operations:

Mr. James Venable to Dr. C. W. Long Dr.

1842.		
March 20,	Excising tumor	\$2.00
	Sulphuric ether25
June 6,	Excising tumor	2.00
	Sulphuric ether25
		<hr/>
		\$4.50

That the figures of the above bill, the first one ever rendered in a case of anesthetic surgery, are absurdly low will have to be conceded, but how much more absurd are the figures that would appear in a bill rendered for a similar service performed by an organization doctor during the present year. Could it have been James Venable's fortune, good or ill, to have lived to endure his tumors up till the present era of medical greed run to madness, the bill he would be called upon

to pay for their removal would not vary far from the following:

Mr. James Venable to Dr. M. E. D. Association, Dr.		
1909.		
March 30,	Excising tumor	\$200.00
	Anesthetic, etc.	25.00
June 6,	Excising tumor	200.00
	Anesthetic, etc.	25.00
		<hr/>
		\$450.00

* * * *

That the outrageously unreasonable fees that are now almost universally demanded for surgical operations were not born with the discovery of anesthetics—that which marked the first important advance in the eradication of human ills by means of the knife—is pretty well established by the modest figures in Dr. Long's ledger. Dr. Long may have been over-sensitive and over-considerate; to inflict mental torture upon his patients may have been as averse to his kindly nature as to inflict bodily pain; perhaps in the case of James Venable he scaled his bill down to coincide with a financial condition none too prosperous. On the whole, however, it is not unreasonable to assume that he charged him approximately such a fee as would have been exacted by any of the physicians of his neighborhood for the same service, adding the cost of the substance that gave the boon of unconsciousness, but scorning to turn to his own financial advantage to the extent of a single penny the fact that his patient had been spared immunity from suffering such as had been granted no similarly afflicted man before him. Grant that Dr. Long was an exceptional character, grant that all physicians of his day would not have valued even an ordinary service of the kind so lightly, certain it is that James Venable or any other man of his generation would have been apt to have dropped dead from shock had he been presented a bill for a surgical operation based upon figures such as obtain in a modern Doctors' Trust schedule of charges.

It would be idle to assume that surgical fees have reached their present proportions through any process of natural development; idle as well as vain. The casual investigator can readily ascertain that trust methods were being applied to medicine in a small way long before the idea of a national medical monopoly had its birth, and trust methods are never resorted to except to bring about trust results.

County and city medical societies, devoted in some degree to advancing the commercial side of medicine, were in existence even before the days of Dr. Long, but since the organization in each community embraced the physicians of only one school and had no close relation with neighboring societies, the possibilities along the line of fee boosting were naturally limited. Some progress in this regard was made, however, as a comparison of fee bills of various periods will plainly show. The same comparison will show also that it was not until the genius of the American Medical Association had broken down the barriers that separated the practitioners of various schools and set up Mammon as the god of all, that surgery was advanced into the realm of high finance where it now is found.

* * * *

In the year 1880 the physicians of the county in which I reside adopted a fee bill, the figures of which seemed to afford them a considerable degree of prosperity, though no amount designated in it exceeded the sum of one hundred dollars. In a general way this fee bill served to regulate physicians' charges here until the summer of 1907, after resident allopaths and homeopaths had all been merged into one society, and agents of the state society had made them frequent visits for the purpose of urging the adoption of a schedule of charges such as had been put into effect in a few other counties of the state, and with which it was plainly the plan, concocted and approved by the state society, to cover the whole state as fast as conditions in the several counties would permit. It was the inauguration of this new fee bill that resulted in the Bremer County doctors being indicted under the anti-trust law. To show the extent of the recent bulge in the commercial side of medicine as relating to surgery, I make a few comparisons between figures as they appear in the fee bill of 1907, and those in the fee bill supplanted by it:

	OLD SCALE	NEW SCALE
Amputation at hip	\$20 to \$100	\$200 to \$300
Operation, fistula	10 to 20	50 to 200
Operation, strabismus	10 to 20	50 to 100
Operation, cataract	20 to 100	100 to 200
Operation, strangulated hernia ..	20 to 100	100 to 500
Operation, malignant tumor ...	20 to 100	50 to 500

The old scale does not, of course, take into account the most common abdominal oper-

ations of today, since these are the development of comparatively recent years. However, it is in the over-exploited field of abdominal operations that medical greed has made its most pronounced and rapid advances. From the time when only a half-dozen especially skilled surgeons in my state would undertake an operation of this character up till the present year, when a dozen alleged surgeons in almost every county stand ready to rush into one's abdomen on the slightest provocation or no provocation at all, the increase has been easily one hundred per cent. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is a truth that may easily be verified, and is in itself a most striking example of the manner in which organized medicine has been able to give defiance to a natural law that is inexorable as to all other lines of endeavor.

For the purpose of specific comparison I recall that in the year 1892 Dr. Reeves Jackson, of Chicago, was called to perform an abdominal operation upon a leading citizen of my town, a banker and the head of one of her prosperous financial concerns. Dr. Jackson was at that period recognized as one of the most eminent surgeons in the United States, but the bill he rendered for the service mentioned and the expense of his trip, involving over 600 miles of travel, was only \$300, or just one-half of what any Iowa "packing-house surgeon" would now charge for a similar operation upon a patient as prominent socially and financially as was the patient of the great Chicago specialist.

Of all the evil aspects of commercialized medicine, the saturnalia of surgery that has resulted therefrom is flagrantly the worst. Under the inspiration of the organization leaders, who systematically belittle the surgeons who lay behind in the matter of fee boosting while exalting those who carry the banner of greed farthest into the shadow of extortion, the money demands of surgeons have grown and grown until they have so far ceased to bear relation to the rewards of any honest endeavor as to find a nearer counterpart in the demands of a Society of the Black Hand or the terms of a Raisuli ransom.

The economic injustice of commercialized surgery is not its only or its chief evil, however. There are two other and greater ones. Of these, one is the temptation to villainy that the extraordinary rewards of surgery hold out; the other, the damage to life and

health that the yielding to such temptation entails upon those who are so unfortunate as to fall into an unscrupulous or morally weak surgeon's hands. A surgeon deficient in strength of character is apt to confuse his financial interests with the physical interests of his patient, and, as between two or three dollars for medical attendance and two or three hundred dollars for an operation there is such a wide range, his judgment may be easily warped in favor of the method that promises the larger reward in any case furnishing the most meager excuse for resorting to the operating table. The activities of physicians such as these—men who have become villains without really knowing it—added to the activities of the fair share of self-conscious villains with which the profession abounds, all led on by the lure of monstrous fees easily and quickly acquired, have mixed so much of fake and graft with the legitimate that advanced surgery, in the aggregate, has become a curse and a menace instead of the blessing and helpful agent that it would be if kept within honest and reasonable bounds.

The extent to which abdominal operations, and more especially appendicitis operations, are being urged upon the people of various communities of Iowa is almost beyond belief, and almost as incredible is the extent to which the people thereof have been, and are still, submitting to them, despite the evidence constantly before their eyes that surgery as it is practiced in these communities is invaliding and killing more people than it is benefiting. In such peculiarly afflicted communities it is invariably found that the slashing surgeons are plentiful and well organized. There are numerous other communities, on the other hand, where appendicitis and kindred ailments are practically unknown, and in those communities it is invariably found that the medical organization is lax on account of a leadership that is professional instead of commercial. Whole counties in Iowa thus blessed manage to go from year to year without a single fatality from appendicitis, as compared to a death rate running as high as ten a year in the counties where a stomach ache is regarded as a signal for the surgeon's knife.

In a general way the public knows that surgery is being overdone to the point of rank abuse, but through some unaccountable

psychic phenomenon the public has chosen to treat the whole matter as something funny rather than serious. The appendicitis joke has run well abreast of the mother-in-law joke for quite a number of years, and it only recently has begun to fall behind.

Newspaper men, keeping close account of the doings of their respective communities, as they must, are especially well informed as to the death and damage done by unnecessary surgery, but for some unaccountable reason, alert and earnest as they usually are to other matters affecting the public weal, this is a wrong that but rarely excites them to plain speaking. On the contrary, a large majority permit their papers to be used as immunity bath tubs for surgical blunders, or worse, as often as an immunity bath for one of them appears to be needed. For example, John Smith, in the vigor of his strength and manhood, is persuaded to go to a hospital. Something goes wrong, just what is not essential. John may have been chloroformed to death or had his throat cut. In any event the faithful chronicler writes: "The operation was wholly successful, but"—but why waste words in repeating a bit of stereotyped redundancy with which all newspaper readers are perfectly familiar. How long the newspaper fraternity will maintain this accommodating attitude toward the appendicitis spoilers is problematical, but I cannot believe it will continue indefinitely. In fact, a number of Iowa publishers have already broken away from the habit, and two of such are at present sought to be made examples of by actions for libel. Others are close to the limit of their patience. Only a week ago the publisher of one of the leading dailies in this state, a man whose word will carry as far as that of any other man in the state, told me with clenched fist and flashing eye that if the doctors of his city had their just deserts, "one-half of them would be put to death." An outburst from this quarter may be looked for at any time.

Far better than either the public or the newspaper-makers do physicians of the country know how much surgery is being abused, and though most of them would scorn to perform or approve of a surgical operation that was not perfectly legitimate, they are strangely silent, save as to private expressions, to the saturnalia of unwise, unnecessary

and vicious surgery going on all about them.

Iowa, like other states, has a state board of health and medical examiners, whose deep concerns are supposed to be the health, safety and lives of our citizens on the one hand and the proper conduct of physicians on the other, and though the vital statistics in their office tell the grewsome story of a death rate from appendicitis increased *more than thirty per cent.* during the past five years, they have never seen fit to issue a note of warning to the public or a word of admonition to the doctors under their surveillance.

Below is the record of the fatalities from appendicitis in Iowa during the past five years, and since during this period this disease has had its greatest advancement with respect to the number of physicians drawn into it by the lure of its ever-increasing financial possibilities, it is a record fairly burning with significance:

1903	153
1904*	83
1905	171
1907	173
1908	197

* * * *

Since the above figures quite plainly indicate that the gross results of surgery as it is carried on in Iowa are to increase the number of mounds in her cemeteries, it would seem that medical societies, both state and national, would be active in demanding restrictive measures to correct this deplorable condition, which, it is fair to presume, is much the same all over the land. Self-respect and self-interest would seem to demand that at least a showing be made in this regard, but if any move in this direction has been made by organized medicine, it has certainly escaped public attention. It should not have escaped public attention, however, that, so far as the Iowa State Medical Society is concerned, the move has been in exactly the opposite direction. Since the beginning of the fiscal year 1908, that organization has had in force an arrangement by which the legal expenses to which any member is put on account of malpractice suits are paid from the general fund of the society, and to aid in the defence of such suits one of the leading law firms of the state is employed by the year. The effect of this arrangement, I take it, accounts in large measure for the exceptional spurt

* For some reason, figures for a half year only would be furnished me.

that the appendicitis death rate took during the year following its establishment, as shown in the table above. Assured of the best defence obtainable at the expense of the organization in the event of legal difficulties, it is safe to assume that the unscrupulous surgeon—the cutter for coin—increased his activities in no small degree.

* * * *

In bringing these articles to a close, I deem it proper to devote a little specific attention to one of the factors of the great Doctors' Trust as represented by a county medical association, according true and unswerving allegiance to the main body, heeding the teachings of its leaders and giving strict compliance with its ethics and rules. It was a study of the practices and activities of one of these county societies at close range that first excited my interest in this subject and caused me to pursue it until I became convinced of the existence of a well-organized conspiracy, not merely against the pocket-books of the American people, but against what should be a most sacred personal right as well, viz.—the right to exercise the same freedom of thought and conscience as to the kind of medicine or medical treatment they may desire to employ, if any, as is guaranteed them by our fundamental law with reference to politics and religion.

My early impression as to the pernicious trust activities of the doctors of the county in which I reside, made manifest in the summer of 1907, was that they had become suddenly possessed of the evil one. Now I know that they were possessed only by the "spirit of the hive," promoted and given professional if not moral respectability by the leaders of the American Medical Association, who had banished the fine sentiments that had formerly ennobled the art of healing and substituted in their place the order:

Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

I am well convinced also that when the doctors of Bremer County, (Iowa) adjusted their schedule of charges "to meet changed conditions," as they expressed it, the conditions to be met were those that placed them in harmony with the great medical machine, and that the schedule of charges agreed upon was compiled at state headquarters in Des

Moines or at the very fountainhead of medical chicanery and greed in Chicago.

How far this new fee bill transcended the bounds of reason my readers may judge from the items I have quoted above. As a newspaper publisher I was fortunate enough to be able to secure a copy of the schedule, and when I made known to the people the magnitude of the doctors' designs against them, town and countryside alike fairly flamed with indignation.

Right in the midst of this inflamed condition of public sentiment the organization leaders were called upon to test their loyalty to the new ethics, but they faltered not in doing so. Though they had advertised that every doctor in the county would charge the advertised fees, this was not exactly true. One young physician, D. H. F. Rubel, of my city, had held aloof from them. It soon transpired that he was called to attend the case of a woman where an immediate operation appeared necessary. Applying to another physician for assistance, he learned that the rules of the society would permit no co-operation with him unless he signed up the fee bill. He declined to sign and surrendered the case to the trust doctors' hands. A few days later another serious case confronted this marooned doctor. Two steamfitters had engaged in a quarrel, and one of them lay with a cracked skull in a delirious condition. On account of the criminal as well as the medical aspects of the case, the young doctor felt that he must have counsel, and having learned how useless it would be to apply for it at home, he arranged by telephone for the assistance of a physician of a neighboring county. The latter came posthaste as he had agreed, but trust doctors managed to intercept him before he reached the patient, and he turned back home without seeing him.

These matters being brought to the attention of the grand jury, indictments were found against the federated doctors under the state's anti-trust law. The court dismissed the cases on the ground that the law did not contemplate any interference with labor unions. So the doctors were all right as regards the law, and that they were all right as to the new ethics of medicine was shown by the fact that the state society helped to bear the cost of their defence, which was considerable on account of their having employed all the legal talent of the town.

The effect of the prosecution was salutary, nevertheless, especially with reference to the manner in which it reduced the number of cases of operative surgery. About three years previous a philanthropic citizen had given his mansion to a charitable order for hospital purposes, and from the day the institution was opened, it appeared to be the ambition of the local doctors and those of the neighboring villages who had been made members of "the staff" to keep it full of surgical cases, sufferers from appendicitis preferred. And with how many people it soon became a matter of life and death as to whether they should let the pesky little thing remain inside of them or find a place in a bottle on the shelf of a doctor's office! To look back upon those fearsome days when the doctors' automobiles jostled against each other in their hurry to get their patients opened up ere their pains subsided seems much like recalling a horrid dream! At the end of fourteen months "the staff" published a report, showing that of the 192 patients taken to the hospital, sixty-one were operated upon for appendicitis; and most of the rest were cut into for something else, for only twenty of the whole number managed to escape the knife entirely. This seemed like rather a lively beginning in a community where before abdominal operations were almost as infrequent as the changes of the season, but it was only a beginning. In the succeeding year and a half the demands of the hospital had outgrown its capacity, and the "staff" were entreating other philanthropists to come forward and build an addition. Physicians became so adept in diagnosing appendicitis that they could tell when a man had it by looking him in the eye, and "consultation" quite invariably confirmed the decision of their judgment. Some of the physicians were novices in surgery at the outset, but as one after another returned from a post-graduate course with a new set of tools, the disease appeared to increase. Such a condition could naturally not continue without exciting uncasiness among observing people, nor did it. Most of them, however, held their peace.

Some of them did not. An early protester was Rev. Father Mulligan, priest of the Catholic church. In his visits among the sick of his church, he became appalled at the number of people who were having surgical operations urged upon them, and not only did he frustrate many by his personal endeavors, but publicly he admonished his people not to submit to the doctors' judgment and knives.

When the limelight was turned upon the doctors' financial schemes, the people of the community quite generally awoke to serious thinking, the result being that appendicitis soon became a rarity again. Though "the staff" published no more statements, I am convinced by my observation that during the next year the falling off was not far from sixty per cent.


This describes the results of commercialized medicine in one community. There are thousands of communities, I am well convinced, where the same conditions prevail, save that the light has not yet broken.

* * * *

That it is time a remedy be applied to improve the deplorable conditions that commercialized medicine has brought about; that it is time the Doctors' Trust were chastened instead of being given more license and power, I think most of my readers will readily agree. Reform ought to come from the inside, however, and ought not to be long delayed. Since I cannot believe that the organization accurately represents a majority of the profession, I am well convinced that those of its members who adhere to its time-honored ideals have it in their power to bring about better conditions if their power be asserted as it could and should be.


If reform must come from the outside, it may carry too far, as was the case in Germany a few years ago, when the organized doctors carried their schemes of selfishness and greed to such a point that in the reaction of an incensed public opinion practically every vestige of protective medical legislation was wiped from the statute books.





ONE WAY

By FANNIE K. REICHE



SUMMER was late in coming to Tamagami; long weeks since belated snows had left the brown earth bare and boggy; and the delicious pungency of damp bark and rich mold filled Jacques Martin with a longing for June greenness and balm and all that the south winds brought with them.

Yet summers had come and gone, bringing anew fresh hopes and longing for the fulfillment of his heart's desire, only to see both fail of realization and wane with the dying year; and long, lonely winters of wondering and worship had intervened. The woods, the hills and the marshes together with their denizens drowsed or slept, and Jacques marvelled or dreamed in his turn. But with each returning spring there blossomed into being within the woodman a strange but natural hope, questioning yet courageous, in anomalous accord with a calm renunciation of the same, out of all proportion to the optimistic tendencies that dominated him.

"Surely," he would say to himself in the solitude of his homely cabin, "it might happen this year; it didn't last year, nor the summer before that; so much the greater reason why it might come to pass this year! Holy, and if it would—!"

And as the words came back to him from the hollow echoes of his cabin walls, he looked long and with emotion into the fading embers on the rough hearth, until the ceasing of the last desultory crackles of fire logs served to arouse him from his abstraction.

From without, the sound of a newly sharpened axe as some mighty arm plunged it into well-primed logs; the howl of a hungry wolf, encroaching too fearlessly upon the territory of man; or the plaintive, heart-piercing cry of a loon, eluding an enemy or seeking its mate thus dolorously—any or all of these noises, when penetrating his cabin quiet, were everyday sounds of the woodland to Jacques, and he marvelled not, but rather at their ceasing did he regret.

And when the day's avocation was over, and the long slants of shadows merged into trespassing twilight, Jacques would tranquilly light candles, and from the shelf take his beloved Walton or Keats. Over his face came always a subtle radiance, as of the glory of understanding; and ever, as he lifted his eyes from his book, for relaxation or time to dwell upon some thought to make his very own, he would look beyond book and space to the farthest corner of the room. And after dwelling thereon long enough to say an Ave, back to the pages again came eye and thought in compelled co-ordination.

And later on, often after a visit from some habitant of the district, off into the same mysterious corner, whither his eyes first fell on entering and last dwelt on leaving the cabin, he went to kneel. Then, cautiously uncovering a small straw box, he made the sign of the cross, mechanically inclined his massive head, and knelt thus in prayer for the space of some minutes. Slowly he lifted his head—in his face, prayer, entreaty and anguish in wanton combination, quickly followed by a fixed and incomprehensible calm that transfigured the entire countenance.

But today, apprehensions and fears had somehow seemed far off, and only yesterday had they really transpired in whole or in part. Snow and cold and death were centuries past and warmth and sunshine and bud and bloom were at hand. Today was singularly different from other days—and not merely because frost had taken leave of the forests, and the last ice floes had floated downward, to be finally enveloped in swift currents, or en route to be dismembered by the persistent sun.

Soon the folk from the towns and cities would be coming to the lodge, three leagues down the lake, half the distance by portage. There would then be regattas, fishing and hunting, and the usual number of novices to instruct in angling and canoeing.

Then perhaps it may come true—the dream

of the woodman. There would be co-operative teaching, new books, new realms to explore, new thoughts, new worship—additional fuel with which to kindle the fire of this strange new idolatry.

But no alien, unless he be boatman from beyond, resting over night, to which scant lodging he was welcome, ever entered Jacques' cabin. He had come to these parts from beyond the Great Bay of the Dominion, and if Jacques was different and never admitted strangers within the gates, it was because he was Jacques, and different.

To travelers and tourists, Louis and the other guides from Port Omago would always repeat the same story: "It is Jacques Martin—the great guide, the strongest man amongst us and the best—who lives here. He is big, he has big mind, he is student, he is strange, but Jacques—he is—well, no man, unless he be of the woods, or wounded, goes beyond his door."

Straightway, all eyes inquisitively sought the interior, which was so arranged that little could be seen beside musketry, an antiquated powder horn, a calendar in French, and a shelf of rough wood on which were several pieces of coarse plate. One's inborn curiosity, finding itself thus arbitrarily balked, promptly cooled and waned, and after a comment or two of no particular significance, to which the guide replied not at all, the travelers continued their tramping, on past the little brown cabin which was soon forgotten, and its mystery never guessed.

* * * * *

"What is it to be this year, Jacques? Here, close by to civilization, or back in the forests? You've never been much after the inn's patronage." To which Jacques nonchalantly replied: "No, never any more, Louis. It's too dull!"

"Dull? Why, it's a relief now and then to listen to the prattle and laughter of the baby-dolls that come to the lakes, instead of the croak of a frog or the growl of a bear. It's a welcome change to look into the faces of men and women from down yonder where they make the laws; and if the girl be pretty—eh, Jacques? Though I fancy you ain't never looked long enough to notice."

"No, not long enough," rejoined Jacques.

"There was a likely looking scamp along here yesterday, a-looking for one of us to take him back yonder for a couple o' weeks."

"Will no one go?"

"No. He went back down Omago way to hunt out someone who is not bothering about taking the chance of losing out with the inn's people."

"Yes, I know. I understand; but, Louis, I'm not bothering; I'll go, though the woods will be lonely so early, and there'll be no sport to brag on."

"Wal',—it's all right for you, big Jacques, but for me, it's harvest time and work here means coin, and that means Olive and a home—a real home, next winter. Out there in Winnipeg, Jacques, she is waiting for me! You can never know what that means until you—"

Jacques interrupted him: "No, Louis, I can never know! When the young fellow returns, send him to Jacques Martin; he'll tramp with him as long as he wants him."

* * * * *

Two days later, the two set out. The air was overlaid with the scent of wild leaf-bud, that mingled not discordantly with the spiciness of pine and balsam. The greens of changeless pines and cedars, and of freshly-put-forth forest trees, were in undisputed possession and undisturbed, save here and there where clumps of hardy maples flaunted their banners of flame. Far, far above the treetops, all scents and colors commingled and lost their identities in the battalions of gray and black flecked clouds that scurried in glorious disorder over the blue ether beyond.

For some time the two trudged on in silence, each absorbed in what was transpiring about him; to Jacques Martin each evidence of the approach of summer was hailed with subdued emotion and heart leaps that sent the blood tingling through his veins for very joy at the renaissance or rebirth.

To Dysart MacLaren the woods meant little save a means to an end; a place to forget, to bury what one does not wish to remember in some secret place forever. This was what had brought him hither, and already he feared lest he had erred in the selection of a companion. For this Jacques seemed unresponsive, dull and self-absorbed, almost to melancholy.

And yet there was something wholesome and gentle about this big fellow of six feet two, with breadth and bulk in proportion. Jacques' browned face, tanned rather by wind and rough weather than by frequent

encounters with a tropic sun, was crowned by a wealth of dishevelled ebony hair; the face itself was not unusual, nor indeed nondescript, and Dysart, like others, need only have looked into the deep blue eyes to believe all they said, whether Jacques' arguments, usually sound and few, refuted one's own or no. There were people who laughed as the big Jacques walked among them at Port Omago, when some seldom errand of necessity carried him thither, but they were scoffers—men of ill repute, men whose powers of skill and endurance had been outrivalled by the strange Jacques, and these were discreet enough to restrain their fun-making until they were out of earshot.

Dysart, in marked contrast to his companion, was below medium height, lean and frail-looking, lacking the muscular strength that gives one the power to endure; a well-poised head above shoulders not so narrow but that they might be narrower, and still be athletic-looking; and a face, sallow yet pleasant; the whole heavy, typifying intellectual inactivity, that was directly at dissonance with the acumen that was his on the Rialto.

Two days passed, during which the two men traversed many leagues on lake and by land, and already Dysart was beginning to chafe under the quiet composure of this man of the forests. Once he could interest Jacques in himself, Dysart felt that he might remove the barrier of silence and misapprehension that to Dysart in very reality stood between them, and of the existence of which Jacques was sublimely unconscious.

And so on the evening of the third day, when the two sat down on some logs that had done a similar service to others in previous years, and the fire blazed bright and ruddy and warm before them, Dysart stole a furtive glance at Jacques, as he bent low over some meat and coffee he was preparing. Suddenly, and with abruptness, Dysart bent his head forward and placed a hand on each temple as if to lend it support, to subdue the tumult within.

"Jacques, how can a man best forget?"

"Forget what? Himself?" asked Jacques half shyly, without looking up, and apparently but little interested. "I always remember. It is a blessing or a curse—I don't quite know which."

"That is it, Jacques; when one does not

want to remember, he is not sure whether he is coaxing closer communion with heaven or hell!"

"One should want to forget nothing, unless he takes a life, and then he may not. Surely M'sieu has nothing to forget?" This with inquisitiveness in tone as well, and as he poured the coffee into the tin cups, he stole a look at Dysart which the latter did not see, and would not have been able to interpret if he had.

"There is everything to forget, Jacques. God knows I've been trying hard, and, Jacques—" Dysart looked appealingly at the firm set face opposite for some look of encouragement, or some token of sympathy, but never so much as the flicker of an eyelid—nothing, save that the unflinching eyes looked hard at Dysart for a moment and then sought the dregs in the coffee cup.

Dysart hesitated, now pretending deliberation the subject required, uncertain whether to proceed. At last he spoke, hoarsely and disjointedly:

"It's not a long story, but a plagued unhappy one; it's about a woman—a man's unhappiness always is. She was the best in the world, Jacques"—the words came slow and reverently—"but she broke her promise to me." Here his voice pitched higher, and anger and resentment were plainly revealed. "All for a myth, a dream, some good-for-nothing poor devil she once saw! We were to have been married, but she didn't love me, and she told me the truth—" tears choked his voice, and when he regained poise and control of self, he added: "And here am I to forget; why, Jacques, old man, that is impossible. Fifty times today, I've looked at you—you're so bully and big and strong and quiet and I've wished I had been you, and never knew what it meant to give up the woman one loved."

Jacques made no immediate reply; his mood was introspective, and he reached in among the logs to rearrange where no readjustment was necessary. The flames were leaping skyward, and unkind winds fanned the smoke toward Jacques; but the tears in his eyes were not brought there by the aggressive smoke—his sportsmanship would have repudiated that, for his were eyes that could stand extreme heat or cold alike.

"Maybe it would have been better for both of us, M'sieu; but you have been rich,

you have been loved; one envies you—that is better far than to be for—”

For a minute neither spoke; each knew that in an unguarded moment, Jacques had lifted a corner of the veil that enveloped him, and he instinctively loathed himself for the indiscreet disclosure. With a gesture of disgust, Jacques as promptly lowered the veil again, without comment from the other.

Dysart sat still. It was little or nothing to him that Jacques had never known the joy of living, the exaltation of love, as he had known—aye, and lost, too. Jacques, after all, was only a trapper, a hunter, a guide. What should he know? While, with himself, it was another matter.

Jacques had not intended to be unsympathetic, and had Dysart looked long enough into the smoke-encumbered eyes, he would have found it hard not to have recognized in Jacques the compassion and tenderness he desired. For Jacques, neither uncouth nor brusque, but merely aloof and unobtrusive, was supremely unaware of his change of demeanor toward the younger man, and the latter on his part noted it not at all. However, neither would have resented it; instead, for quite different reasons, each would have had cause for rejoicing.

The days wore on. The two were finding numberless things on lake and shore to claim their attention, and not infrequently their services.

Jacques was master of the art of evasion and elusion, sometimes clumsily though it may be, and he employed every means at his command to divert Dysart—the man who could not forget. At mid-day, when the lazy wayward currents carried them inward; toward evening, when the purple silence was broken only by the lapping of the rose-tinted ripples against lichenized rocks, and one looked off shore to behold twin sunsets; and not unseldom at night, when only the light of stars penetrated the cold and blackness, Dysart would revert to the old theme, and Jacques listened or feigned sleep, as the mood seemed expedient. Jacques taught Dysart many things, but the lesson he had come to learn was past mastering.

“Almost, he might teach me if I stayed a year or more perhaps,” this thought came, and with persistence, but as suddenly and more insistently, “Never, never can I forget” superseded it.

Both regretted the approach of the day when they should part, though neither admitted it to the other—Jacques, because his motive might be misinterpreted, and Dysart, because he had revealed too much already, and because he had come too perilously near doing little less than falling down and worshipping this man of iron of the woods, now because of his strength, again because of his philosophy, and still more often because of his heart.

* * * * *

They cleared the deeper forests three days later, just after sunset. The sun is long going down in these northern lands, and it is light or dusky here at this season, when it is the blackness of midnight in the south. On leaving the lumber road, instead of following the short-cut trail to Port Omago, which even the preoccupied Dysart remembered, Jacques struck the narrower and more recently blazed trail direct to his cabin. Dysart followed unquestioningly, though he was weary and footsore; he despaired of the unnecessary steps to be retraversed to Omago, and night was fast coming on.

Jacques would accompany him; of that he was certain, but when one measures distance by leagues, and another by steps, there is a difference.

Just before they reached the cabin, Jacques turned suddenly and faced Dysart. “Wait here for a space, and when supper and your cot are ready, I shall call.”

Dysart stood motionless and mute. He possessed the rare good sense to maintain silence in a situation that might be termed critical, and this unsolicited and unexpected departure from so rigid a custom as had grown out of Jacques’ inhospitality, was not commented upon by Dysart.

He saw Jacques enter the cabin, first light a candle, open a window, pass and repass several times, and then all was quiet.

Dysart began to grow restless, and sauntered about, leisurely strolling to the back of the cabin.

He suddenly stood still. He was directly in front of a window, through which the unusual scene within arrested his attention and halted his step. Not for one moment did Dysart realize that his presence would be undesired, and his transgression unforgiven by Jacques. There in the corner in front of a miniature Calvary knelt Jacques, his



"Jacques, how can a man best forget?"

head bent low over a box, into which he placed something he had just kissed, after removing it from the bosom of his blue shirt. Above the box he made the sign of the cross, softly and devoutly closed the lid, covering the whole by a tiny white cloth, and quietly rose to his feet. He strode swiftly to the cabin door and called.

Dysart quickly retraced his steps to the door of the cabin, and gaily but tremulously said: "Are you ready? I'm hungry as a bear."

Jacques made no reply, save a gesture that meant "Come in," and the two seated themselves in silence, each with a consuming question in his heart.

"What is it he prays to? There is a secret. What can it be?"

And the other: "Did he see me at my shrine? The earth will tell me that—but he does himself; else wherefore the conscious look and guilt when I called, and he answered me not, but came sluggishly from behind my hut, wearing the telltale face?"

The meal was finished, as begun, in silence, and Dysart, as was not unusual, was the first to speak.

"Will you let me come again next year, Jacques? Shall we go out to the Wasacsigant, or will it be Kinikisuk next time?"

"It will be what M'sieu wishes, if he wishes it so."

"And Jacques, think over what I've said to you and come to me this winter to the big city; you shall see everything, and her of whom I have told you."

"No, I shall never go there, not even though I may see her whom you have made me know so well. It would mean worse than death to one other beside myself, if I went—no, it could never be! Ah, if I were like you, it might be different! Holy, how happy *you* have been."

Jacques slowly pushed his chair from the table, and leaning forward to rest his head on his hands, he muttered: "And it must always live!"

"Yes, Sacriste, that is the worst or the best of it! Oh, if I could kill it; if I knew who she loves; perhaps he never dreams she cares; perhaps—God forgive me for such a thought—but because she cares, she doesn't love me; Jacques, are not women strange?"

"Yes, most strange, if they are like what you say," and he stood up erect and reas-

sured, and deftly cleared away the supper utensils; Dysart, meanwhile, walking aimlessly about the room, glanced with pretended indifference at the few objects it contained.

His work finished, Jacques placed fresh logs on the fire, and snuffed the candles, leaving to burn the two beneath the crucifix, like beacons lighting the way to safety.

Jacques drew his camp stool close to the fire, and Dysart drew his still closer, and very near to Jacques, and slowly from an inner pocket drew forth a small locket and handed it face down to the woodman.

"I want you to look at her—I—no one has seen this but her—I have said so much to you, more than you would have cared to hear, I suppose, but I want you to understand why I am such a sufferer," and then fairly hissing the words between his teeth, "why I am such a fool."

Jacques tremblingly took the locket and, as though in a dream, looked straight at the blazing logs. Since the first days of their companionship, Dysart had interested him; some strange bond, some magnet of the spirit, had exerted its power, and Jacques knew instinctively that Dysart had leaned on him, had depended on his strength; but Jacques regretted that his over-plentiful lack of wit and humor had but poorly served to enliven the long days and nights. And this was the consummation, the climax to his confidences, the final proof of Dysart's loyalty and belief in him.

Jacques had told Dysart nothing of himself, and the mystery and the sorrow eating out his very heart; were he to herald it to the whole world, he could find no relief. It were better buried in the farthestmost fibre of his being than to have the consciousness that another carried his sacred secret.

Such thoughts rushed like torrents through his seething brain, and when he presently gathered courage to turn the locket face up and look at it, his face turned livid, his head fell forward, and with a passionate cry he pressed the locket to his lips. Dysart sat motionless, stunned by such a demonstration, such a display of emotion on the part of one so reserved.

When Jacques recovered himself, he handed back the locket; his head swam; he fell to the floor and stammered:

"Holy, that face—I understand—I know!"

It all flashed across Dysart in a moment.

"It is his way, his grand big way of telling me that he feels for me. He cannot show me otherwise, and I love him none the less for it!"

Jacques lay prone but a second; he quickly stood up and staggered toward the crucifix in the corner.

With a wild gesture of triumph, he uncovered the box Dysart had seen him so reverently hide from view but a short while ago, and roughly lifting the lid, he took out a small card, and with fierceness held it up before Dysart, very close to his face.

"See, it is the same! She lost it one day, and I broke the commandment. I never gave it back. Holy, it has been over there or here," pointing to his breast "ever since. Every time I pray, I pray for her peace, and that she may forget, yet ever remember, Jacques Martin."

Dysart MacLaren fell heavily against the chimney ridge, and passed his hand over his eyes and forehead as if to brush away some obstruction that blinded his vision. He uttered never a word. Not a sound escaped him. By the sudden revelation he was dazed and astounded.

"And sometimes I pray that she may return here. It is a wicked prayer, is it not?—but I am a man. Oh, to look into that face once more!"

Entrapped, Dysart stood like some fierce animal at bay.

"Holy, but, M'sieu, you look as if you would like to choke me; maybe it were better if you did; but it would be unwise for you to try! You think I stole her love from you; no, I did not even ask it, she gave it to me, but I—I could not accept it—for her sake! Christ knows it was for her sake, not for mine! I left her for such men as you and your fellows down yonder. She was an angel—Christ!"

All trace of triumph was gone; the old reserve force that had for the first time in his life deserted him returned with renewed vigor; commiseration and gentlest pity for himself and Dysart overspread the splendid face; his features were relaxed.

"Jacques—" Dysart moved deliberately toward him, and with arms outstretched, he

reached forward and laid a hand on each shoulder. The two men stood not two feet apart, and Dysart's eyes were dilating, accompanying the mad thumping of his pulse—mad with neither jealous hate nor anger toward the enemy who had erstwhile befriended him, but mad with the overwhelming sympathy and love that welled up within him, and made him its master—"God sent me to you, or sent us to each other; you've taught me much, and I'm not above learning this last lesson of renunciation. It was not you who took her from me, it was the Almighty! Beside such a man as you, I am not worthy to touch the dust under her feet—O Jacques," and as he peered into the wearied face lit up and heated by the flames from the fire at their feet, he realized over again the unfathomable gulf that separated the woodman from the woman who loved him, "can you ever understand why such things must be?"

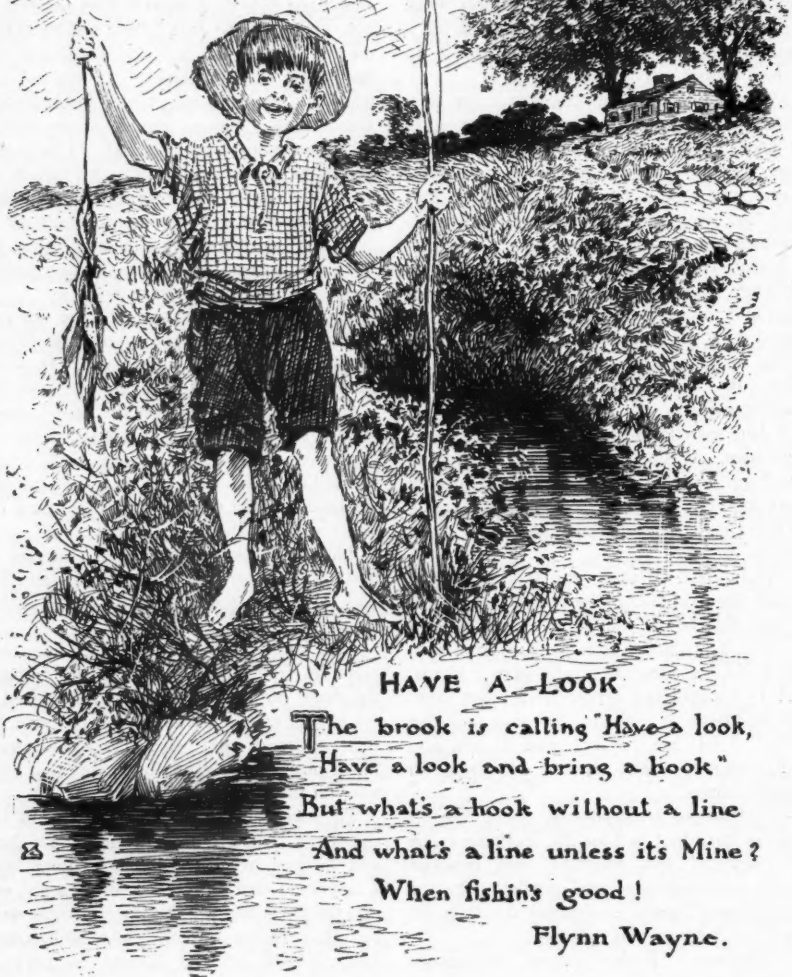
"Dysart"—it was the first time Jacques had called the other by any name than M'sieu—"it is not hard to understand. It is because we are men of clay, and she is of the fibre of fine gold! It is my life, and I would not for the dominion of His Majesty have it otherwise. Tomorrow you go back where she will be; but for me, I soon will go farther; up again beyond the Great Bay, where I belong—which I should never have left."

The two stood long thus, wondering at and trying to realize the singular fate that had ordained their meeting and guided subsequent events.

Soon into the darkness without a hazy mist crept up from the lake shore, and through the dense purple that enveloped the forest—for it was purple darkness, pierced now by faint shafts of rose—the mist wound itself like a phantom, and finally disappeared from view on the wings of the morning.

The two separated: Dysart went to the rough cot that had been prepared for him, and Jacques, when the other breathed with a heaviness that betokened sleep, went out into the forest beneath the few stars that were fast disappearing in the depths of indigo, and flung himself on the ground to pray—a prayer that was new and strange to him!

HAVE A LOOK



HAVE A LOOK

The brook is calling "Have a look,
Have a look and bring a hook"

But what's a hook without a line

And what's a line unless it's Mine?

When fishin's good!

Flynn Wayne.



U. S. BUREAU OF EDUCATION

By ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN

Commissioner of Education

ACCORDING to our American practice and tradition, the main responsibility for the maintenance of educational systems rests with the several states. This gives us forty-six varieties of educational administration, to say nothing of the territories and outlying dependencies. This variety is further diversified by the practice of the states in incorporating great numbers of educational institutions under separate managing boards—colleges, universities, academies, professional schools, correspondence schools, and many others; while still others are conducted by religious denominations or are under purely private control.

The most of us care deeply for local self-government. We care for independent initiative and responsibility on the part of our citizens. Accordingly we do not look upon this variety in our educational undertakings as an evil. Except for its more extreme manifestations, we regard it indeed as a public good, and one to be greatly prized. It gives to our educational organization a high degree of adaptability, and it causes the sense of educational responsibility to be spread abroad among our people.

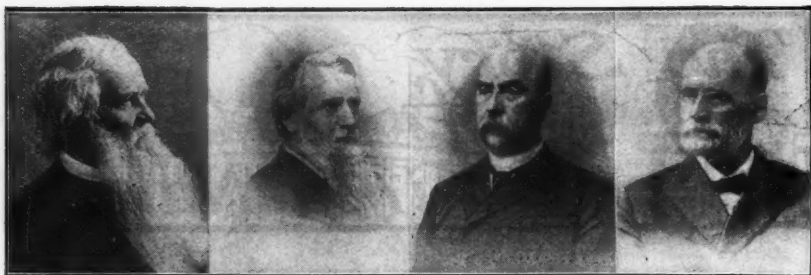
The states are so secure in their control of their several systems of education that they find no need of holding themselves severely aloof from one another and from the national government for fear of encroachment from without. Each year, in fact, the sense of need of co-operation among them

grows keener. On the other hand, the national government, while respecting the educational autonomy of the several states, has never assumed that it could escape all responsibility in so important a matter as the education of its citizens.

There have been three stages in the history of federal participation in our public education. From the earliest days of our national life, large grants of land have been made by the nation to the states for educational purposes. In 1867 a National Department of Education, soon changed to a bureau in the Department of the Interior, was established for the purpose of aiding the states through the collection and distribution of educational information. In 1890 the Congress began the distribution of annual grants in money for the encouragement of agricultural and mechanical colleges. This article is concerned with the second of these forms of governmental activity, namely, the maintenance of the National Education Office or Bureau of Education.

It appears from what has been said above that the Bureau of Education is a provision for pooling the best educational experience of all of the states in order that it may be made most readily available for all. We have here a national watchtower, in which a lookout is maintained for educational improvement of every kind, not only in this country but throughout the world, in order that the good news may be given out to those who are working for the improvement of

"The Story of a Great Nation," describing all the departments and bureaus at Washington, began in the NATIONAL for January, 1909, and will continue throughout the year. Thirty-two articles, including those that appear in this issue, have already been published.



HENRY BARNARD
1867-1870

JOHN EATON
1870-1886

NATHANIEL H. R. DAWSON
1886-1889

WILLIAM T. HARRIS
1889-1906

COMMISSIONERS OF EDUCATION

their own educational institutions. And the way in which the work is done may be set forth as follows:

There is a little four-story building at the corner of Eighth and G Streets, northwest, just across from the Patent Office, in which the undertaking is now housed, as it has been for the greater part of the past forty-two years. It has a floor space, all told, of less than 12,000 square feet. As watchman-in-chief, there is a commissioner of education off in one corner of this building—when he is not traveling about the country. Fifty other employees, men and women, including laborers, are distributed through the building. They are organized in five divisions, each of them under its division chief. These division chiefs, with a chief clerk at their head and an executive clerk

at the side of the commissioner, constitute the backbone of the working organization.* The statistical division, of ten members, is constantly engaged in the sending out of blank forms for the statistical reports of various educational institutions, and in the

tabulation of the replies to these inquiries and the reading of proof of such tables as they come from the Government Printing Office. A statistical blank is not an inspiring thing to look upon. It would be a surprise to many to know the amount of careful study that is put into the revision of one of these blanks from year to year, with a view to calling out from the reporting institutions exactly such information as will be an inspiration and help to similar institutions throughout the land. Just at this present time the Bureau of Education is getting into peculiarly close relations with the Census Office. Arrangements are making by which the experience of the Bureau of Education will be placed at the disposal of the census officials, and experts employed by the Census Office will assist the Bureau* of

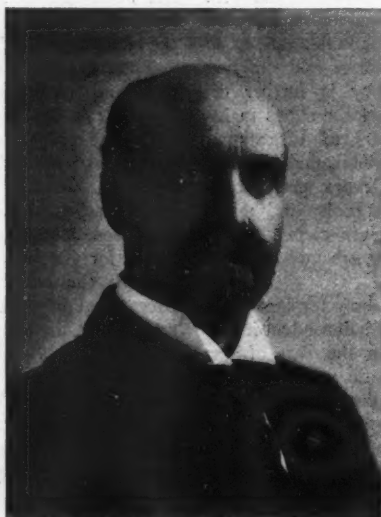


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
Commissioner of Education, 1906 to date

Education in the gathering of some of the most important financial statistics relative to city systems of schools. Thus much duplication of effort and incongruity in published reports will undoubtedly be avoided, and more exact and illuminating reports produced.

*Mr. Lovick Pierce, chief clerk, in charge of correspondence division; Mr. Alexander Summers, statistician, in charge of statistical division; Mr. Frederick E. Upton, acting chief of editorial division; Mr. William Dawson Johnston, librarian, in charge of library division; Doctor Harlan Updegraff, chief of Alaska division; Mr. Lewis A. Kalbach, specialist in land-grant college statistics and executive clerk.

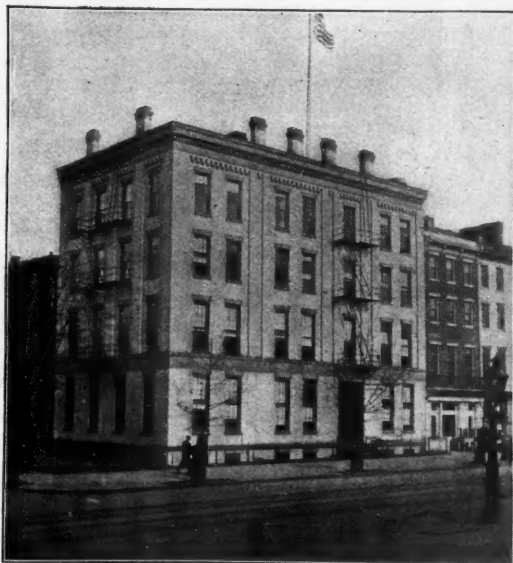
Some of the statistical tables of education are prepared at five-year intervals or on occasion only, as special need may arise. But the main body of statistical information is collected annually, and the tables, summaries, and surveys of this annual crop make the better part of one volume of the commissioner's annual report. This report is now a well-known and time-honored institution, with traditions of its own. When it abandoned the black linen in which it had appeared for a generation and came out this year bound in dark green buckram, the change excited remark among its constant readers.

In addition to the part furnished by the statistical division of the bureau, the two annual volumes of this report call for a large amount of work by the editorial division. They contain running reviews of notable events of the year in the educational field, a record of meetings and movements, directories, and other matter suitable to a general year-book of education. Especial interest attaches to the accounts which this year-book presents of educational progress in foreign lands. These are prepared by several specialists attached to the staff of the bureau. Great Britain, France, and the German-speaking states of central Europe are among the countries concerning which such reports are regularly presented. The rising interest in our Latin-American neighbors has been recognized in the recent assignment of a specialist to that field.*

The endeavor of many years to bring these annual reports up to date, so that the information they contain may be fresh and suited to immediate needs, has at length reached this point, that the manuscript of the first volume is sent to the public printer in the first week of October, following the close of the scholastic year on the thirtieth of June, and that of the second volume is forwarded in the first week of January, just six months after the close of the year to which it relates. In view of the wide distribution of the offices

from which statistical and other information must be collected and the lack of any statutory authority to hasten the rendering of reports from those offices, this seems to be the last degree of promptness now attainable. The finished volumes are mailed to their readers as soon after their completion in manuscript as the printing and binding can be carried through the Government Printing Office.

The publication of a bulletin, begun in 1906, provides a way of getting special reports upon topics of current interest into circulation



UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION

with much less expenditure of time. The numbers of this bulletin appear at irregular intervals. Among recent issues have been those dealing with the newer developments of the apprenticeship system, the educational legislation of the past two years in all of the states and territories, the opportunities for graduate study in the government departments at Washington, the admission of Chinese students to American institutions of learning, and the meals and foods of children who are attending school.

The documentary materials used by the editorial and statistical divisions, together with a considerable number of general works

*The reports on foreign educational systems are prepared by Doctor Louis R. Klemm, specialist in foreign educational systems; Mr. Robert L. Packard, specialist in educational systems; and Miss Anna Tolman Smith, translator.

and monographs relating to education, are brought together in a collection of approximately 70,000 bound volumes and 80,000 other pieces, under the immediate care of the library division. This collection has now been brought into so close relations with the Library of Congress, that it is, in effect, the educational branch of our great national library. The catalog cards in education printed at the Library of Congress for distribution to other great library centers are

eighteen months in this work, be lost to the service, through a highly attractive call to service elsewhere, accompanied by the offer of a salary higher by more than sixty per cent. than that which can be made available here.

Less conspicuous than any of the forms of service mentioned above is that of the correspondence division, yet it is through the labors of this division that some of the most immediate usefulness of the bureau is attained. A steady stream of special inquiries is flowing



SCHOOL FOR NATIVES, JUNEAU, ALASKA

prepared by experts in the library division of this bureau. This library division, of only nine members, is doing a work in the several branches of library administration which contributes directly to the efficiency of other libraries in education throughout the land.

As too often happens in the executive departments of our government, the man who has brought the library of the bureau to its present state of efficiency, will now, after

into this office throughout the year. The request for information is often accompanied by a request for suggestion and advice. It goes without saying that many of these inquiries are trivial.* But a surprisingly large proportion of them are from the responsible administrators of important institutions and systems of education. Many of these come from foreign lands, or from the representatives of foreign nations at this

*Mrs. H. F. Hovey (the widow of General C. E. Hovey of Illinois and mother of Richard Hovey, the poet), who has long been a member of the staff of the correspondence division, has noted some curious specimens of such correspondence. One letter addressed a dozen years ago to the distinguished commissioner then in office, read as follows:

"i wants to no what is the price of your Butifull illustrated song Book and what is the price of your ladis speach book and what is the price of your Dictionary and your Geogrify and the price of your Pen what caris its wone Ink and i has a cordian is ought of ordor and if you can fixt it for me pleas write and let me no As soon as this letter reach you all. adrest your letter to—"

Capital. But by far the greater number are from officials and other citizens concerned with educational affairs in our own states and territories. The statistical, editorial, and library divisions are called upon daily for information to be used in making reply to such inquiries, and inquiries of unusual importance suggest the publication of special bulletins of information. While such correspondence is not voluminous as compared with that of many offices, it now involves the sending out of about 12,000 letters annually and is steadily increasing.

In what has thus far been reported, the bureau is concerned with giving out educational information but does not itself educate. But by way of sample, as it were, this office is given one remote corner of the educational field to cultivate on its own account. It is charged with the education of the native peoples of Alaska. The government says, in effect: "Here is your opportunity to show whether the educational doctrine and knowledge given out from your office has any efficacy as applied to a real situation." The Alaska division of the bureau is charged with this work of demonstration. Aside from the immediate responsibility for the welfare of the Alaskan natives, this Alaska school service is a comparatively large educational experiment station, and as such it may fairly invite the attention of educators throughout the world. It offers an experiment in education as reduced to its lowest terms, under conditions of difficulty raised to its highest terms. Only the briefest indication can be given here of the stage which this experiment has now reached.

The moral improvement of the native peoples is the end kept steadily in view, but to this end the means most immediately at hand are the improvement of their industrial and sanitary conditions, their religious instruction being cared for by various voluntary mission agencies, which work in general harmony with the school service. There have been twenty-three new school buildings erected within the past two years, making now a total of sixty-two such buildings owned by the national government in Alaska, extending in broken lines from Point Barrow, at the extreme north of the continent, to Ketchikan at the southeastern end of the territory. While the schoolhouse is the center of the educational service in each

community and the little Eskimos and Indians learn what little Americans learn in their primary schools, the emphasis is more and more placed on the education of the entire village, adults and all, and the schoolhouse becomes a social center for such universal education.

The most successful branch of industrial training thus far is the well-known reindeer enterprise. This is an integral part and a highly important part of the scheme of education for northern and western Alaska. A well-organized system of reindeer apprenticeship is now in operation, and within the past two years the number of native Alaskans owning deer and making of their deer a means of economic independence has increased from 114 to 171, their holdings meanwhile having increased from 6,406 to 8,929 animals. Word has come this year from one of the far northern reindeer stations, where the number of apprentices who can be employed is less than the number of applicants, that the young Eskimos who are not apprenticed with the herd are suffering socially, the girls of the village having no favors to bestow except on prospective reindeer owners. Little by little the teaching of other industries, suited to different localities, has been extended through the several districts of Alaska.

Traveling physicians are now employed in seven different districts, who do a work comparable with that which Doctor Grenfell has carried on along the Labrador coast. They not only attend the sick, but are engaged in teaching more sanitary, and more moral, modes of living. At several other centers, a campaign against tuberculosis and other ravaging diseases, and against the moral and material conditions which foster such diseases, is now systematically carried on. Through these and other ways which cannot be described in one brief article, the 104 employes of the Bureau of Education in Alaska are bearing the white man's burden among those dependent peoples. The ability of the Alaska school service to protect these peoples and train them to self-protection and self-support, will undoubtedly be heightened by a recent act of Congress which authorizes the appointment of employes in this service as special peace officers, with power to make arrests in cases in which the interests of natives are involved.

There can be little doubt that, if the policy of the Bureau of Education in the training of the Alaskan natives shall be found effective and economical, other responsibilities of an administrative character will, from time to time, be devolved upon this office. It is already charged with one other such responsibility in a far different field, that is, with the distribution of the Federal grants to agricultural and mechanical colleges in the several states and territories. While this distribution is largely governed by statutory provisions which leave to the Department of the Interior very little of discretionary power, the relationship between the bureau and the colleges is one of great importance, and should become fruitful in a variety of ways within the immediate future.

But the main service of this office is still the disseminating of such information as will reinforce the workers in immediate charge of educational systems and institutions in our several states and territories. In order that this service may be rendered to best ad-

vantage, it is desirable that the closest possible relations shall be maintained between state and national education offices. In a variety of ways, these relations have been strengthened of late. An effective means to that end has been found in a series of conferences, in which the chief educational officers of the states and territories have met with representatives of the Bureau of Education. The first of these conferences was held at Washington two or three months before the great initial conference of the governors of the states convened at the White House. While the conference of governors commanded universal attention and the education conference was comparatively unnoticed, the two gatherings, although independent in origin, belong to the same movement in our national affairs. It is a movement full of promise, for it represents co-operation in affairs of the highest consequence to our national well-being, in which neither state nor nation evades responsibility and neither one assumes responsibility at the expense of the other.

TO A CENTURY FLOWER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHEN touched thy roots like Antaeus the dust
 Then first thy fibres thrilled with magic power,
 And thou didst dream and labor from that hour,
 No more a thing for pity or disgust.

Thy leaves thou didst with patience outward thrust;
 With wrestle hundredfold didst thou uptower,
 Till, lo, a cycle done brought forth thy flower
 Magnificent, and thou wert crowned august!

O soul, so canst thou draw from touch of grief
 A noble strength to conquer every fate,
 And hope to lift thee when thou canst not see.
 So canst thou rise from thine own unbelief
 To wear the coronal of all the great—
 Patience, whose flower is sweet humility!

ASTROPHYSICAL OBSERVATORY

By C. G. ABBOTT, Director

XXXII—THE STORY OF A GREAT NATION

(Published by permission of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution)

IN 1887 the late renowned Dr. S. P. Langley became secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. His fame at that time rested almost wholly on his studies of the sun and moon, made at the Allegheny Observatory between 1870 and 1885. To enable him to continue these studies, the institution erected from private funds a little frame shelter south of the main building in the Smithsonian Park at Washington, and procured special apparatus for the work. In 1891 Congress, recognizing the probable usefulness to the country of researches under such a man's leadership, to increase the bounds of knowledge of the sun's rays, on which depend the heat, light and growth of all things on the earth, appropriated \$10,000 for the expenses of the following year. Since then an annual appropriation averaging \$12,000 has been maintained.

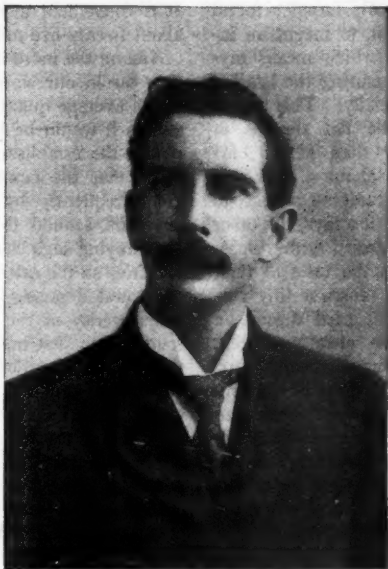
The observatory is called the Astrophysical Observatory, because it deals with astronomical objects from a physical point of view. Here are some questions now before it: What amount of energy is contained in the rays sent out by the sun from day to day, and is the amount uniform or variable? How much does the earth's atmosphere hinder the passage of the sun's rays, and how does this hindrance change at different heights above the sea, at different hours of the day, and for different times of

the year? How much light and heat is there in the brightness of the sky at its different parts? How much of sun rays do clouds reflect, and how much would the earth lose if it were wholly cloudy? How is the temperature of the earth related to the heating of the sun's rays, and what changes of tem-

perature ought we to expect if there is a variation of the brightness of the sun? Is there evidence of such changes of the earth's temperature, and can they be forecasted?

Imagine a cube of water one centimeter on a side, or about as large as ordinary dice used in playing backgammon, to be shone upon at right angles by the sun for a minute, and imagine that all the rays gathered in that time were absorbed completely and used to warm the water without loss of heat outside. If our cube was in Washington City, the greatest warming that would happen to it would never exceed one and

one-half degrees, Centigrade, or two and seven-tenths degrees, Fahrenheit. But on a mountain a mile high, like Mt. Wilson in California, where expeditions have gone from the Astrophysical Observatory in 1905, 1906, and 1908, the warming might reach one and seven-tenths degrees, Centigrade. If we could make the observation outside the air altogether, the result would be about two degrees. In the latter case it would make no



C. G. ABBOTT
Director of the Astrophysical Observatory

difference whether the time was sunrise, noon or sunset, but it is not so on the earth's surface, for the sun's rays are greatly weakened at morning and night by passing in a slanting direction, so that their path in air is very long.

Sun rays are not to be considered merely as white light, for when split up, as by water drops to form the rainbow, they are shown to include many shades of color, from violet to red. But just as the ear fails to distinguish sounds too high or too low in pitch, so the eye cannot see rays of less wave-length than violet, or of greater wave-length than red, although these invisible rays of both kinds exist plentifully in the sun rays. Some of these invisible rays affect photographic plates, but not impartially. Since the eye and the plate both fail, Mr. Langley found himself compelled, in 1880, to invent an instrument, the bolometer (which means ray-measurer), capable of measuring the heating of all kinds of rays impartially. This instrument comprises two little flat threads of platinum, each narrower than a hair, far thinner than it is wide, about a half inch long, and smoked with camphor smoke to make it black. One is in the rays, the other hidden, so that one is warmed with respect to the other. This alters the ratio of their electrical resistances and causes a tiny current of electricity to be diverted through a sensitive galvanometer, or electric current measurer. An ordinary incandescent electric light burns with half an ampere of current. The galvanometer used for our work can measure a current less than one thousand-millionth as great, and thereby detects a rise of temperature of the exposed bolometer thread of a millionth of a degree. Even with this delicacy at command, the bolometer falls very far short of the sensitiveness of the human eye for yellow light, such a highly sensitive instrument is the latter.

People think an observatory is essentially a place where there is a great telescope in a dome, and where the observers view the stars at night. There is a great telescope at the Astrophysical Observatory, but no dome, and no observing at night. Our telescope glass, which is not a lens, but a concave mirror, is twenty inches in diameter, and of 140 feet focal length. The tube always remains horizontally under a tent, and the light which comes to the glass from the sun is first

reflected by two great plane mirrors, one of which is moved by clockwork to follow the apparent motion of the sun. Moreover, in the main part of the observations of the sun, we do not require this telescope, but employ only one or two plain mirrors for reflecting the sun rays through the spectroscope, which separates the different colors for examination by the bolometer. Thus equipped, we have compared the intensity of the different rays of the solar spectrum, from those lying far beyond the visible limit of the violet, to those lying far beyond the visible limit of the red. Visible rays range in wave-length from .00040 to .00070 millimeter, but the solar spectrum examined thus far by the bolometer at this observatory ranges in wave-length from .00036 to .00530 millimeter. It is convenient to remember that there are about twenty-five millimeters in one inch.

Among the more important results reached thus far in our work, are the determination of the average quantity of radiation from the sun as it would be found outside the atmosphere; the establishment of a strong probability that the actual amount there varies not infrequently by as much as five or ten per cent. around the average, and that accompanying such changes there are at inland localities on the earth changes of temperature of several degrees. We have measured the transparency of the air for all the range of wave-length just mentioned, and have found the effect of more or less quantities of water vapor and of clouds on the heat available to warm the earth. We have made many measurements of the brightness of the sky and of the quality of its light, as well as the reflecting power of clouds for rays at different angles. Measurements have been made at Washington, Mount Wilson and on Mount Whitney.

For actual utility in dollars and cents, these results are a little ahead of the times; but not much, for botanists and agriculturists are already inquiring how far the growth and variation of plants, and the health of animals, depend on the quality and quantity of the radiation they live under; and such studies will soon be extensively pursued. Meteorologists, too, are already considering the possibility of forecasting the weather more completely by the aid of these investigations of the sun. But it would be a backward people who valued the increase of knowledge merely in dollars and cents.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

THE imperative necessity for extensive internal development in the great Southwest country, which is attracting so much attention, has brought about a great demand for capital, and this demand has in turn prompted a general inquiry among investors as to the real conditions affecting investments in the securities of corporations, which are of course required to carry on this work of internal development and improvements.

In considering investments in corporation securities the investor is much interested in the attitude of state legislatures and common councils toward public-utility companies, by which the more important developments are carried on. It is a well-known historical fact that states have not in many instances manifested the same respect for the obligation of a contract as is generally observed between two individuals, and it has often been considered a meritorious proceeding on the part of legislators to destroy an existing contract—as for example, franchises given by a city to its public-utility companies. There is a class of individuals in many cities who still applaud every effort to embarrass the street railway or lighting company, and it is perhaps not strange that hungry office seekers often pander to the wishes of this destructive element of the population. In the course of time such states and municipalities find themselves in bad repute in financial circles, and their public-utility companies are unable to secure capital for needed improvements and extensions, because their legislators show too plainly their utter disregard of the obligations of existing contracts with the corporations.

The evils of the days of the Confederation were in mind when our constitution was adopted. The makers of the constitution believed that states and cities should observe and have the same regard for contracts as do individuals of integrity. In the earlier days it was common for states to not only repudiate their contracts, but to destroy by legislation the contracts between individuals, and in a

few instances, since the adoption of the constitution, states have, by legislation, attempted this proceeding, but in late years such attempts have become rare, more especially in the older states. But that it is one of the possibilities of the present day is a fact well-known to every public-utility investor, as well as to all well-informed attorneys.

In certain localities the commission form of municipal government has brought much needed relief. This system is clearly of advantage in cities where political contention is rampant, and where men utterly disregard existing contracts with corporations, and seek election through their championship of three-cent railway fares or reduced lighting rates. It is often the case, in the general plan of city government, that men wholly incapable of managing the smallest kind of business are given official positions in municipal affairs; as a result no well-defined policy is mapped out; oftentimes the work of one administration is overthrown by the next, and the taxpayers are plunged into unnecessary trouble and expense. As long as this is mere legislation, under our present system there is no help for it, because in mere legislation one council cannot bind a succeeding council. One can act, but the next can repeal; but it should be observed that when the enactment of a council is a valid contract, then the council cannot repeal, and it becomes the duty of courts of justice to see that the provisions of these contracts are observed. Many politicians argue that a grant given a public-utility company must be given the construction most favorable to the public when it is susceptible of two or more constructions, but they forget that neither statutes nor ordinances are to be frittered away by construction. Like other contracts, they should be held up by the four corners, examined and given fair consideration and explanation.

It is manifest that cities often do a grievous wrong to innocent people who have been induced to invest their money in corporations of a semi-public nature. Public-service cor-

porations must build many months and sometimes years ahead of the city. They must have confidence in the good intentions of the people and also in the growth of the city, and this confidence cannot be promoted if radical city and state government impose upon the corporations conditions that are impracticable and impossible. Eastern or other investors will not loan money to the corporations that are inflicted with antagonism on the part of their city or state governments. Without new money, corporations cannot in the majority of cases do any more than keep up their equipment, to say nothing about extensions or improvements.

The rational plan for those who represent municipalities is to throw aside every vestige of politics and consider all matters pertaining to the public-utility companies in a calm, considerate manner. The public-utility companies anticipate and promote the growth of the cities. They create to some extent their own patronage by the promotion of the growth and the distribution of the population.

It is true that the people, or their legislators and city councils, in days gone by improvidently granted in many cases huge powers which are often beyond the reach of a reasonable or proper regulation, and as a consequence there is an undisguised hostility on the part of many people toward all corporations, and many corporation managers think it impossible to please; but the progressive, up-to-date manager disregards as far as possible this sentiment, and invites just criticism, seeks out the weak spots, meets the people who have complaints eagerly, cordially and honorably, rectifies errors with the utmost alacrity, removes defects when they are brought to his notice, and declares by word and act that he recognizes to the full not only his duty to the stockholders, but that great broad duty to the public which he is trying with all his heart to serve.

It is right that the people demand that corporations and public-utility companies shall adopt a higher and better standard of service to the public and to the methods of fulfilling the trust due to investors, and only men who are broad-gauged enough to recognize these facts can ever expect to place a corporation upon a pedestal of permanency that invites admiration and respect.

I am fully convinced that many of the corporation ills can be traced directly to the

weak and vacillating character of the managers, and also the unsatisfactory condition of municipal government. Texas was the first state to break away from the old-time methods and introduce the commission form of government, and the beneficial results are plainly apparent. Nearly all of the large Texas cities are being governed by commissions, and in nearly every case the commissioners are men of honor and ability.

Texas has laws relating to stocks and bonds that have attracted much attention in other states, and no railroad man would want to see these laws abolished. While these laws apply principally to the steam roads, those governing the public-utility companies are considered fair and reasonable for the most part. Recent legislatures have manifested much greater consideration for public-utility investments. The state has laws that require all street cars to be vestibuled, that children between the ages of five and twelve shall be carried for half fare, and that during the school term pupils up to the age of seventeen shall be carried for half fare, in cities of 40,000 population and over. The state has rather a drastic anti-trust law which stands in the way of mergers and consolidations. Such mergers and consolidations can only be accomplished when sanctioned by special legislation. When it is for the public good, an act special in its nature is sought and enacted. The stock and bond provisions, in effect, prohibit the issuance of stock and bonds except for property at face value, money received and for labor performed, and recent legislation and construction by the courts is to the effect that stocks and bonds cannot be issued in excess of these amounts. Texas began the system of regulating corporate investments ten years before any of the other states. During that period the charge was made that the legislative bodies of the state were very drastic in their treatment of the corporation, and there was considerable truth in the accusation. Texas, however, was one of the first states to recover from this anti-corporation mania, and this is evidenced by the fact that less corporate antagonism was manifest in the last legislature than for the past fifteen years. The people of the state are waking up to the realization of the fact that they must have outside capital in order to develop railroads and other corporate necessities, and that it is impossible to get

capital into the state unless it is treated fairly.

There is a necessity, however, for a change in the laws regarding the adoption of city charters. Each city should formulate its own charter, the provisions to be sanctioned by charter conventions. As it is now, the representatives in the legislature have full power to enact any charter laws for a given city they may see fit, and, as was the case when the Fort Worth charter was adopted, this system can be easily applied to work to the advantage of special interests.

Much has been written about the hostility of Texas laws toward corporations and capital. While it is true that in the past a good deal of restricted legislation has been proposed in the Texas Legislature, relatively little of it has ever been enacted into laws. In this respect Texas will compare favorably with any of the Western states. The laws in general, especially in their application, are not more severe than the average in the Eastern states.

In the past two years a decided reaction has developed in Texas toward restricted legislation of all classes. The attempt to pass a two-cent railroad passenger rate failed; the bank deposit guaranty bill, while passed at the last legislature, was so modified and hedged about by restrictions as to be shorn of its objectionable features. Many of the restricted laws of the past, especially those relating to insurance, were amended and modified so as to meet modern conditions.

As a general indication of this change of attitude on the part of Texas people may be cited the fact that the Thirtieth Legislature of 1906 passed in the neighborhood of a thousand bills, while the Thirty-first Legislature of 1909 passed a little over two hundred bills, and the vast majority of these laws were private bills relating to the internal affairs of seven counties in the state.

The Democratic party is in the overwhelming majority of Texas, and in its platform, adopted in San Antonio in 1908, emphatically declared itself to be in favor of more liberal laws and just treatment of corporations and capital. This policy has in the main part been adhered to. Financial interests generally regard the work of the Thirty-first Legislature as not inimical to the development of the state.

Much of the credit of this changed attitude is due to the Texas Commercial Secretaries'

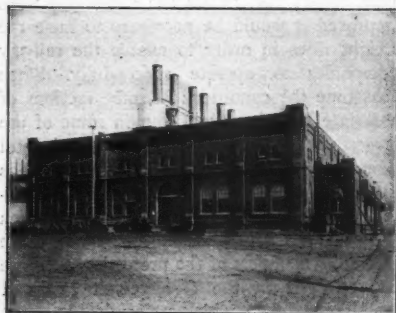
Association, an organization comprising nearly all of the commercial clubs and business men's clubs of the state. This body has by a systematic campaign of education through the press of the state endeavored to explain the needs of Texas for more factories, more capital, more agriculture, and the necessity of legislation that will foster the development of the state. Their efforts have met with unqualified endorsement by all of the leading papers of Texas and through their support have rallied many of the influential political leaders.

The damage-suit industry gained such an impetus in the state a few years ago that the Texas railway commission, in its annual report, stated that unless the conditions were improved it would be necessary to raise the freight rates in order to enable the railway companies to operate successfully. Since that time the conditions in some sections of the state have improved, but in some of the largest cities the ambulance-chaser is still doing a thriving business. The methods pursued by the damage-suit lawyers are justified only by their own code of ethics, which are in sharp conflict with the views of the reputable members of the profession, who are not engaged in the damage-suit business. The large verdicts which are rendered against public-utility corporations in personal injury suits are, as a rule, confined to the largest cities and are due in a large measure to the fact that the average juror does not measure up to the highest standard of citizenship. The substantial conservative business man too often shirks jury duty and leaves that service to be performed by men who are not especially interested in the welfare of the community, and are too susceptible to the influences which directly and indirectly may be brought to bear upon them by the damage-suit fraternity. The wide-awake and progressive citizens of the state are beginning to take an interest in this important matter, and steps are being taken to give publicity to the frauds perpetrated by the damage-suit claimants, with a view to educating the public in reference to this matter; and those who are best informed upon the subject hope that in the near future there will be a marked improvement in the situation throughout the state.

While the attitude of the legislators toward corporate investments has recently been generally friendly, there is a notable excep-

tion in the case of a Fort Worth public-utility company. A history of the case cannot fail to be of interest, for it clearly illustrates the possibilities for successful attack upon a vested interest, which still exist under the laws of the state.

In the late seventies, when Fort Worth was a small frontier village, a gas and electric plant was built by Captain E. B. Harrold and other local capitalists. The property was not well equipped and therefore not a financial success until it was taken over and rehabilitated a few years later by some Northern capitalists, who not only improved, but very largely extended both the gas and electric service.



POWER STATION AT HANDLEY
Northern Texas Traction Company

In the ensuing twenty years, during which time Fort Worth enjoyed a small but steady growth, the mains of the gas company and the lines of the electric company, which were operated under one management, were extended considerably in advance of the town, in which the services of these utilities were a material feature. About 1904 the transportation facilities of the Southwest had become greatly improved, and with considerable advertising of that section the population of several Texas cities, including Fort Worth, began to increase rapidly. The Fort Worth Light & Power Company, under which name both the gas and electric plants were operated, began to find its distribution system somewhat inadequate and by way of preparation for extensive improvements applied for a renewal of its gas franchise, which was to expire within a few years. No special effort to discuss the franchise was made, and the vote was unfavorable by a small majority.

About this time a new charter for the city was granted by the legislature, and in the publication of the new charter in the local papers it was made to contain a clause prohibiting the grant of any renewal franchise to any public-utility company until within one year of the expiration date of the existing franchise. It was later found there was no such clause in the charter, but in the meantime the Light & Power Company had taken the only course which seemed open by again applying for a renewal franchise, in the name of a private citizen not connected with the company. This proved to be an unfortunate move, and the franchise was not granted.

In 1905 Judge George W. Armstrong, a local politician, who had previously taken an active interest in franchise as well as political matters, made application for a blanket gas, electric, hot-water, steam and oil franchise. The franchise under which the Fort Worth Light & Power Company was operating permitted a maximum rate of \$3.50 for gas, which was a common rate in 1882 when the franchise was granted. This company had voluntarily reduced the price of gas from time to time to a final price of \$1.80 for illuminating and \$1.33 for fuel. Judge Armstrong, it is recorded, in speaking concerning his franchise, promised to supply dollar gas if his franchise was granted. The grant was given, however, without any stipulation as to the price to be charged. Unsuccessful efforts to sell his franchise were followed in 1906 by the construction of a small electric plant.

The growth of Fort Worth, which practically doubled in population in five years, between 1904 and 1909, continued during 1907 and 1908, and with the unfavorable financial condition of the country and the absence of anything but a short-term franchise, the Fort Worth Light & Power Company found it absolutely impossible to make sufficient extensions to meet the demands for its service. With the improvement in business conditions in the latter part of 1908, negotiations were again opened with the city with reference to a renewal franchise, and on February 13, 1909, a thirty-year renewal franchise was granted to the company by the unanimous vote of the entire Board of Commissioners.

As a consideration for the franchise, the company agreed to reduce its gas rates from \$1.80 for illuminating, and \$1.33 for fuel to

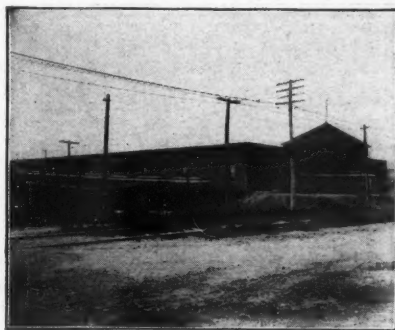
a single rate of \$1.25, although the sworn statement of the company's officers, which were later checked by an expert auditor employed by the city, showed that the returns upon the higher rates had ranged from seven to eleven per cent. The company also agreed to bring in natural gas from the Petrolia fields, 100 miles distant, for distribution at a maximum rate of forty-five cents, which was to be subject to further regulations, if an adequate supply of natural gas could be obtained, or to forfeit all its natural gas rights if this was not accomplished within two years. It agreed, also, to a full regulation by the city of the charges for artificial gas and to the payment to the city of a gross receipt tax of three per cent., and the company further obligated itself to make extensions of the mains to all who might apply.

The company joined in a petition to have the franchise voted upon by the people and immediately printed and distributed 10,000 copies of the franchise.

In view of the location of Fort Worth, its distance from the coal fields, and its lack of a satisfactory market for the by-products, this proposed franchise was most liberal, and all that any company could afford and still furnish efficient service and get reasonable returns on its investment. Concurrent with this franchise proceeding, a movement was on foot to eliminate some defects which had developed in the city charter, and this work was placed in the hands of the city attorney, who was assisted by various committees appointed by the city commission, the board of trade and various ward organizations. Before the revised charter prepared by these committees had been finally presented to the legislature, the announcement appeared in the local papers that a new charter had been quietly presented to the legislature and promptly passed. It was discovered that this report was true and that the new charter contained an emergency clause repealing the old charter and putting the new one into immediate effect.

Some weeks prior to this time, a fifty-year franchise had been granted to the Fort Worth Light & Power Company by the adjoining city of North Fort Worth, and at the same time a similar application made by Judge Armstrong had been denied. Among other things, the new charter, passed as an emergency act at Austin, was found to contain a

clause annexing the city of North Fort Worth, except a section near the center of the city containing a several million dollar stockyards and packing-house property, which was left out from the territory named; and in the annexation clause was found a stipulation that any franchise current in the city proper should be current also in the annexed territory, but that franchises applying in the new territory should not apply outside of this section. The new charter was also found to provide that all pending proceedings as to franchises should become null and void. The charter was also found to add complications and difficulties to any attempt which might be made by any outside com-



FORT WORTH
Car Barns of the Northern Texas Traction Company

pany, not now operating in Fort Worth, to secure a gas or other franchise.

The evident tendency of these legislative and other acts as mentioned is to place a high premium upon a certain blanket gas franchise which was apparently secured for speculative purposes and which is the only long term gas franchise in existence in Fort Worth, by making it practically impossible for any other concern to secure a franchise, and it also tends in other respects to discriminate sharply against one vested interest in favor of another.

Here is a clear case of legislative prerogative being applied unjustly. We may assume that the company had made mistakes, and we may admit that its system was inadequate, but this apparent confiscatory proceeding is wholly unjustifiable; and many of the leading business men of Fort Worth fear a precedent has been established which will place their city in ill repute in the money

markets of the country. Without public-utility development there can be no great municipal progress.

While this work, apparently directed toward the affairs of one particular company, was under way, Judge Armstrong, after failing to interest his competitors in the purchase of his electrical property, which purchase he proposed to legalize, in spite of the well-known Texas Anti-Trust Law, by securing the necessary special legislation, proposed to sell to the city a half interest in his electrical business as a means of supplementing the city's municipal lighting system, but the proposition was not considered seriously.

Failing in this, he then proposed to furnish

tration of the possible play of politics and special interests upon vested interests under present conditions in Texas, has by no means been free from mistakes. These mistakes, taken with the almost entire absence of local stockholders, have undoubtedly made it possible for such measures to pass without arousing general interest and indignation in the community.

The greatest source of dissension and dissatisfaction comes from the fact that during the very rapid growth of the last two years, when the company had both franchise and financial problems to solve, the extension of the service, both gas and electric, which the people wanted in the newer sections, has not been made. During this same time such an office system as is required for so large a business, in taking care of inquiries and complaints, was not provided; the company failed also to make the necessary effort to educate the public to the need for closer regulation, which the new conditions made necessary.

The company is now following a very progressive policy indeed. The officials have taken the position that every patron, from the smallest to the largest, is entitled to good service, courteous treatment and a square deal. In keeping with that policy the company has entirely reorganized its force and is now employing only such men as show a natural aptitude to conform to the new policy. Moreover, means have been provided for reducing to record each and every complaint and inquiry which may be made, and a definite course is outlined for following each case to its proper conclusion. The employes are called together at frequent intervals, and the business of the company and its relation with the public are discussed freely; following these meetings, a brief memorandum of the conclusions reached with reference to the matters discussed is posted upon the company's bulletin board. These memoranda are signed by the officers and initialed by every employe to whose work the subject in any way refers. This arrangement tends to overcome any lack of interest or forgetfulness. The policy of accommodating the public in every consistent way is followed. The company's representatives are held personally responsible by the officials for the fulfillment of any promise they may make a patron of the company. The past absence of definite personal



ARLINGTON
Half way between Dallas and Forth Worth

1,000 arc lights to the city for a term of ten years at a rate of sixty dollars each, but as the second proposition was conditioned upon the acceptance of the first, it also failed. In the meantime the city commissioners, acting on one interpretation of the city charter, had extended the city lighting system and constructed a building for the necessary machinery which they had also contracted for. Acting under another interpretation of the city charter, Judge Armstrong secured an injunction preventing the city commissioners from completing this work and putting the new machinery in operation. In the general election on April 6, 1909, the extension of the city plant and action of the city's commissioners were approved by a popular vote of nearly four to one in spite of much poster, newspaper and other advertising designed to uphold the injunction, which is now likely to be dissolved by the courts. The established company, whose affairs are used as an illus-

responsibility in these matters has brought a considerable amount of very just criticism upon the company's methods, but this newer policy is fast eliminating this criticism.

In the new business department the policy has been adopted of employing trained engineers to make it their special business to assist the old or prospective patron in making the most efficient use of the company's service, and this plan has brought out more fully the fact that it is the desire of the company to give satisfaction. In the company's showroom an exhibit of the most modern and efficient appliances for the utilization of both gas and electricity has been arranged, and through this display the customers of the company have been enabled to make more general as well as more satisfactory use of the service. Both the physical equipment and the service of this company appear to have been of a very high standard, to the maintenance of which other phases of the company's work appear to have been sacrificed to some extent. It will be interesting to determine to what extent the close following of the present progressive policy will awaken general interest in city and state legislation affecting this utility, and to secure further evidence from this same incident as to the extent to which the protection of a Texas public-utility property involves special educational work to offset attack by political manipulations.

This local matter has been presented at some length, because its effect is really far reaching, and it is typical of what might occur in other cities of Texas. Its local effect has been to indefinitely check the development of a utility of much importance to the community and to prevent the investment of approximately a million and a half in the natural gas fields, and in the connective pipe line, and of fully one-third of this amount in the extension of the local mains for which full provision has been made.

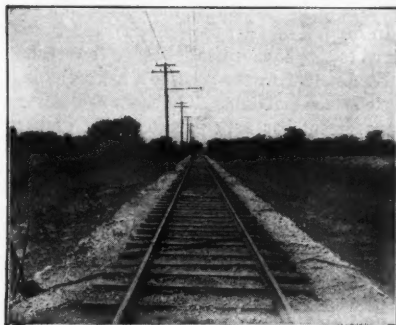
There is no other concern interested in natural gas facilities at Fort Worth that is so able to handle such a project, and the present indications are that natural gas developments will be suspended until the charter provisions in question have been removed by the next session of the legislature in 1911. This case furnishes the most striking illustration of the possibilities for successful attack upon vested interests and the very damaging effect of such an attack upon the whole community. At

this date there seems to be an active interest among the Fort Worth business men especially in taking steps to undo what has been done recently, as outlined, and also to see that no possibility is left of its recurrence.

Recently the company has reduced the rates so that both illuminating and fuel gas are being sold for \$1.25 net.

* * * *

At the present time the street railway and interurban operating conditions in and running out of Fort Worth, as to track, roadway and overhead lines, are in splendid shape. This population profitably supports thirty-six miles of live street railway tracks with a regular



TRACK CONSTRUCTION
Northern Texas Traction Company

daily service of from forty to forty-five cars according to season, some of the lines having a headway as close as six minutes. In addition to this, for five or six months of the year its traffic is such for several days in the week that it has to run as many as sixty cars on regular schedule. It has a record of having handled 104,000 passengers in one day, March 17th of this year, or nearly twice the entire population of the city. The occasion was Fort Worth day at the Fat Stock Show. These persons were carried without accident, serious or otherwise, and without a detention that broke schedule.

The history of street railway operations in Fort Worth would fill volumes. At different periods there have been more companies operating street railways than any city of its size in the United States, and there have been more tracks laid and torn up again than in any similar sized city in the world. From

the early installation of the horse car down to 1901, when George F. Bishop of Cleveland appeared upon the scene, the history is of constant difficulty and experiment.

Mr. Bishop first purchased the Fort Worth Street Railway Company and immediately changed the name to the Northern Texas Traction Company. Next, he obtained permission from the legislature to extend the line to Dallas, and the interurban connecting these two cities was built. Then he took over the Dallas & Oak Cliff Electric Railway, which gave him an entrance for his interurban road into Dallas over the latter company's tracks. He rebuilt all the physical property of the company at Fort Worth, constructed a modern power station at Handley, and put the system into excellent physical condition.

In the fall of 1905 the property was transferred to the management of Stone & Webster of Boston, under whose charge it has been conducted since that date. The Stone & Webster management has kept pace with the growth of the city, and, in fact, has built ahead. The company has been fully alive to those necessities that inspire confidence on the part of the people, and the most friendly relationship exists between the corporation and the municipality. It has been liberal in its investments, has taken great interest in the development of Fort Worth, and has generally been found in the front ranks of every progressive move made by the citizens. During the last five years Fort Worth has doubled in population, and there has been great demand for street railway extensions and additional equipment. The company has met these demands cheerfully, and, in fact, has been one of the factors that have made the increase in population possible.

The city has manifested the utmost friendliness toward the company and never seeks to harass it with conditions that are impracticable and impossible. There has been no unwarranted identity on the part of the

management with politics or with the politician; and what rights the company has acquired have been secured through straight business channels and not, as is often the case, through political influence.

Mr. H. T. Edgar was elected vice-president and manager in 1905 and has successfully directed the affairs of the company since that time.

The interurban road between Fort Worth and Dallas is considered the best piece of street-car property in Texas. In fact, there are few interurban roads in the United States that are better patronized or whose physical property is in better condition. It is one of the most delightful rides in the country. The cars leave both ends of the line every hour from 6 A. M. to 12 P. M. every day in the year and are always on time. Later cars leave Fort Worth for Dallas at 1:35 A. M. and 4:20 A. M., and leave Dallas for Fort Worth at 2 A. M. each day. One of the conveniences is that passengers are able, without any change of cars, to go from the heart of the business section of either city to that of the other.

The interurban runs through the very center of Handley, Arlington, Grand Prairie, and Oak Cliff, and a ticket agent is kept at all these places. There are also numerous places along the line designated as stops, at which places they take on and let off passengers, express and baggage. The creeks and woods along the line of the interurban afford fine fishing and hunting.

The company owns a 220-acre park at Handley, which has been fixed up as an ideal pleasure and amusement resort. The interurban trackage is thirty-five miles. Four regular cars are operated, and three extras are frequently brought into service. The company owns thirteen interurban cars.

In Fort Worth forty-one regular and fourteen other cars are operated, and the company has seven regular and six extra cars in service in Dallas.

(To be continued)





WHO does not remember vacation days, when two fingers was the sign of invitation held up by a passing chum to "go swimming" on the second lower ford, or under the railway bridge, or down in the old pool at the back of the dam? What a delight it was to lie in the sun, regardless of a back blazing with blisters, and unconscious of roguish manipulation of one's few garments; later, attempts to dress found them carefully soaked and tied in a knot. No future years can ever equal the delights of those delicious days of fishing and swimming, for a genuine boy is by nature a barbarian and a gypsy.

He knows a thousand mysteries of out-of-doors that older people have forgotten; among other precious secrets he knows that in the sands of fresh-water streams all over the country are to be found what he calls "clams," though strictly speaking they are mussels.

All boys who go swimming have at some time picked up these beautiful shells, and said: "Look—here's a clam." It may interest the boys of today to know that fresh-water pearls, to the value of many thousands of dollars, are yearly supplied to the metropolitan markets from just such shell-fish as they meet with every summer. On one estate alone in Scotland fresh-water pearls to the value of \$10,000 have been taken.

The process of discovery is simple; the clams are opened into a vessel filled with water; then the fleshy part of the fish is carefully taken out so as to leave all the contents of the shell in the water. All the shells are carefully examined before throwing them away, to be sure that no pearls adhere to the inside. The pearls vary in color, some being exquisitely white, some pink,

some yellow and some of a bronze tinge. If anything that looks like a pearl is found, and its value is uncertain, it should be taken to a jeweller; all have some commercial value, even the "baroque" pearls, irregular, but iridescent, being used extensively today.

* * *

WHEN theatrical press agents are spoken of, A. T. Worm, a native of Denmark, instantly comes to mind. He has done newspaper work in nearly every city of our country, as well as in Europe, and he is equally familiar with London, Chicago, Berlin or Oshkosh. Genial, whole-souled, happy-natured, and a shrewd, good man, he is never quite so much at home as when he carefully plans how to exploit some stellar attraction or limping play. No lack of courage or nerve there; it was he who had the tan bark laid down on the street before the house where Mrs. Patrick Campbell was rehearsing; next morning that tan bark was the talk of the world, and of course curiosity regarding it had to be gratified. Mr. Worm promptly hogged publicity, and a bunch of cablegrams and telegrams arrived and were answered. There was something compelling about that tan bark.

His full name is A. Toxen Worm, and he is proud of it. New friends politely spell it "Mr. Wurms," almost everyone insisting on giving more than one worm to his cognomen. He was born at Elsinore, where the tragedy of Hamlet was enacted, and it is no wonder that he has the dramatic instinct; he must have inherited it from generations who imbibed the legend of Hamlet with their earliest memories.

In his busy rooms at the Lyric Theatre

LET'S TALK IT OVER



OFFICE OF A. T. WORM, LYRIC THEATRE, NEW YORK

Mr. Worm is the general representative for the Shubert enterprises. More attractions are being handled here than in any other office in the world. The staff consists of A. T. Worm, general representative; H. Whitman Bennett, assistant; Miss Helen Robitsher, Arthur S. Sherman and Harold Abraham

on Forty-Second Street, where he represents the Schuberts, it is said that more theatrical productions are handled than in any other one place in the world. When I was there, Mr. Worm had just put the finishing touches on plans for exploiting "The Great John Ganton," a four-act drama by J. Hartley Manners, taken from Arthur Eddy's well-known novel dealing with the Chicago stockyards and the Ganton Company. In this play there is a strong appreciation of those modern, powerful forces which have been so essential to the development of the country. The rough-and-ready, kind-hearted man, John Ganton, furnishes a telling picture of life in the great Middle West.

The busy press agent is a predominating force in the world today, and is equally effective in handling political, theatrical, religious or industrial exploitation. In the inner circles of newspaper offices the "boys" acknowledge with "hats off" an expert in

this line. A. Toxen Worm is one of those whom they delight to honor, and it is understood that his publicity plots are sure to go off with a bang every time—like first-class fireworks.

* * *

WHEN the cool breezes of the long summer evenings invite the householder out upon the piazza, the talking and singing machine reigns supreme. It is a performer who needs no light to see the music, no polite gentleman to turn over the pages, and is never heard to complain of being tired.

In response to the growing demand for records the Victor people have given especial attention to the preparation of an excellent group of new attractions, in lighter vein or leaning toward the humorous and comic compositions that will rest the tired brain in hot weather. One of the hits is a new song, "Yip! I Adeel! I Aye," by Miss Blanche Ring, an actress who has worked her way to

LET'S TALK IT OVER

prominence and popularity with this rollicking bit of melody.

Arthur Pryor has caught some of the spirit of Roosevelt hunting adventures, and has composed a very amusing burlesque on African jungle noises and cries, inasmuch that crowded New York, according to Mr. Pryor's music, is a quiet and noiseless place compared with Africa, and the new Society for the Prevention of Noise will have to get after "darkest Africa." Nat M. Wills, also, takes cognizance of this favorite American topic for repartee, and produces a Jungle Town parade which fits in well with the Pryor band selection. This amusing comedian gives another comic record, "Hortense at the Skating Rink," which never fails to bring a hearty laugh.

There is a new Elman Record by Mischa Elman, violinist; this gavotte by Bohm will be especially appreciated by all lovers of the most expressive of stringed instruments. Another record that is sure to attract attention is the ocarina solo, "Carnival of Venice," by Mosé Tapiero, in whose magical hands the little terra-cotta musical instrument, flippantly called "the sweet potato" by the unregenerate, is wonderfully expressive and melodious. M. Tapiero knows just how to bring out its tone, and has produced a remarkably fine record of its kind.

The Victor people never forget to provide the best classical music, and there are two delightful duets by Mme. Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza, who tunelessly render a selection from *Trovatore*, "Mira d'acerbe lagrime" ("Let My Tears Implore Thee"), and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, the selection being "Too Long You Have Deceived me." Both singers are in splendid form, and the blending of their voices will afford many a happy half hour to the fortunate possessors of this record.

VOLUNTARY concessions aggregating over \$20,000,000 additional benefits to industrial policies already in force, and increasing the amount of benefits to all similar policies issued after July 1st briefly states the effect of an important and far-reaching announcement just made by the Prudential



CHARLES C. DICKINSON

President of the Carnegie Trust Company, New York, who has just been elected alumni trustee of Cornell University by the largest vote ever given an individual for the office. He received nine-tenths of the votes cast, and almost every country in the world was represented.

Insurance Company through President John F. Dryden.

For years it has been the practice of the Prudential to add to the benefits already granted to policy-holders, giving more insurance than the contracts called for whenever experience has demonstrated that it

LET'S TALK IT OVER

could safely be done. The constant aim of the officers of the Prudential is to give the most and the best for the least. Close and careful study is given every feature of the company's great business. The gains made in different departments each year, the earning power of the company's assets, decrease in mortality, etc., as compared with what was expected, are all carefully scrutinized. In this way the Prudential is able from time

In furtherance of this liberal practice the Prudential has also made these concessions retroactive—that is, applicable to similar policies issued since the beginning of the year 1907 and in force on the 1st of July of this year, thus enabling holders of old policies to share in the increased benefits granted to the new.

It is to be remembered that the Prudential issued these policies upon the non-participating plan and that there was no obligation whatever to pay one dollar of benefit in excess of the amounts called for under the contracts, and that these concessions have been entirely voluntary, and were extended by the company in its usual spirit of liberality and fairness to policy-holders.

The Prudential has already made voluntary concessions to its Industrial policy-holders amounting to more than \$11,000,000 and this retroactive feature of its new liberal benefits will add over \$20,000,000 more to this remarkable sum, not to speak of the many, many millions more that will ensue to prospective policy-holders.

* * *

A TELEPHONE message, occupying perhaps five minutes, conveyed an order for 12,000,000 feet of lumber, and hardware sufficient to build 10,000 houses in Italy, to be shipped within fifteen days. The recipients at the other end of the wire replied that the bill would be filled. The United States government forwarded this large consignment with as little display as though the order had been for

the janitor to put on more heat, instead of for material to rebuild 10,000 homes for the sufferers in the Messina earthquake.

Fifty trains of fifty cars each were needed to convey the lumber, which would make a six-inch walk from San Francisco to New York and half way back again or would reach across the Atlantic to the heart of the stricken district. This vast mass of material was assembled within the Brooklyn navy yard and was loaded on vessels, which were at sea within twelve days after the order had been given!



S. C. DOBBS

Sales Manager for Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Georgia

to time to grant increased benefits to policy-holders, giving them the advantage obtained through these savings, even though no legal obligation so to do exists under the policy contracts.

According to the announcement just made on all Industrial policies issued after July 1st, the benefits will be increased by an amount averaging more than ten per cent., thus giving all new Industrial policy-holders more insurance for less money than ever hitherto granted.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

NO announcement of recent years has meant so much to owners of Edison Phonographs throughout the country as the securing of Victor Herbert as musical adviser to the Edison Record-making Department. From the first crude tinfoil record to the present-day amber roll record with its increased length and purity, the Edison Company have manufactured and sold over 100,000,000 records, or enough to supply a record to every man, woman and child in the United States. Victor Herbert is without question the greatest orchestra leader of the present time, succeeding to the popularity of Theodore Thomas and other great ensemble musicians of the past decade, and in addition he ranks high as a composer. Through the agency of the Edison phonograph Victor Herbert will be able to conduct his orchestra in the homes of millions of people, who otherwise would be denied this treat, and they will not be slow to take advantage of so great an opportunity to hear this noted composer, with full appreciation of his memorable work.

* * *

A close student of human nature and of industrial conditions, born and educated in Georgia, employed in newspaper work on the *Atlanta Constitution*, St. Elmo Massengale has for years been an admitted authority on matters concerning the Southern states of the Union, and it is not surprising that he is in demand as a speaker on subjects closely connected with the South.

In his travels up and down the country in connection with religious paper advertising, Mr. Massengale years ago saw the immense power of advertising—a force hitherto almost neglected by the business men and merchants of the South. An ardent believer in his own advertising creed, he at once set to work to educate the public in it, and about fourteen years ago established the Massengale Advertising Agency, arguing that there was no reason why advertising should not be as successful in the South as in the North. He contended with scepticism, conservatism and inertia, but Mr. Massengale was not a man to be easily discouraged; he persevered in

season and out of season, and by and by inquiries began to come to him, his continuous travels through the South widened his acquaintance among Southern business men and he began to be spoken of as "progressive." Today he probably has more friends and acquaintances in Southern commercial circles than any other man in the country.

When he had demonstrated the value of his work by securing results for small enterprises that were the earliest clients of the Massengale Advertising Agency, the fame of his publicity methods spread, and prosperity followed fast in the wake of fame. Now this agency, established by a man still under thirty-five years of age, is known throughout the land, and it is handling its customers' business in all the leading newspapers and magazines in the United States. The Massengale is not only the oldest, but also the largest and best-equipped business of its kind in the South.

Mr. Massengale is entering enthusiastically into the spirit of the "New South," as was apparent in his stirring address before the Sphinx Club of New York last autumn, when he spoke with enthusiasm of "The New South as a Field for Advertising Development," giving a complete review of Southern progress during the past ten years, and a resume of present industrial possibilities. His careful analysis of commercial conditions, his pleasant voice and terse composition were enjoyed, the address has been widely quoted in many leading trade papers both South and North, and he has been asked to speak several times within the past year upon similar subjects.

Like most men who are ardent automobilists, Mr. Massengale is a firm believer in the need for good roads. He has also caught the golf fever which prevails in the South, and his keen social instincts have made him a member of the leading clubs. The Massengale family are prominent in the Methodist Church of the South, and Mrs. Massengale and her two daughters gather about them at all times a delightful circle, making their home a center of that Southern hospitality which is so ardently admired by visitors from the "chilly North."



MEMORY'S MELODIES

By DR. H. Y. OSTRANDER

A SLUMBER-SONG at eventide,
With the cradle slowly swinging;
"Fast falls the night, with Me abide"—
Her soul was softly singing.

The song is hushed, the music's died,
That Voice sings now in Glory;
But oh! I'd give the world beside—
As once again a little child—
To hear the Old, Old Story!

Yet, in my ears, on down the years,
Sweet echoes keep a-ringing;
Through doubt's dumb fears and wisdom's
tears.

When'er the twilight hour appears—
I hear Love's Song still singing!

Soft lullabies from Land-o'-Dream,
Love's cradle-songs sung sweet and low—
Those melodies forever seem
Still singing wheresoe'er I go;
Once dear to Childhood's hour and scene,
Life's Heart of Age still keeps them so!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be

paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

PUMPKIN PIES

By Alice A. Grawn

A quick method of preparing pumpkin for pies is to put the whole pumpkin in the oven with stem left on. When it is done the stem will fall in, the steam escaping thereby, and the inside will retain all its flavor. If the outside should scorch, the inside will be unharmed. When the pumpkin is cool, the inside may be scraped out and used.

To Clean Tinware

Common soda applied to tinware with a moistened newspaper and polished dry with another, will make it look like new.

TO TUCK CHIFFON

By S. South Fallas

When wishing to tuck chiffon or similar material, lay the tucks on paper while stitching; afterward, the paper may be torn away.

OLIVE OIL FOR BOOK SHELVES

By Mrs. Wm. Trow

Perfumed olive oil sprinkled on library shelves will prevent mold on books.

A
Hot Weather
Suggestion



Orange Ice
with
NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

Summer afternoon five o'clocks will
be crowned with ne'er-forgotten charm
if the beverages and ices be
accompanied by

NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

Perfect auxiliaries to desserts and
dainties—fitting accessories to family
table or the social hour. Serve
NABISCO with cream or ices, with
fruits or frozen puddings, with sweets
or any beverage.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

THE HOME

A "NATIONAL" HELP

By Mrs. C. W. Whitney

I have been given a stack of National Magazines, and find your "Little Helps for Homemakers" to be so valuable that I conceived the idea of cutting out those I thought of greatest value, and pasting them in a blank-book, arranged under different heads for ready reference; for example: "Medical," "Laundry," "Renovating," and so forth. This is my "National Book," and I am sure is worth a great deal. Try it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The National is preparing a book entitled "Little Helps," which is a fully indexed compilation of the "Hints" that have appeared in the National during the past few years.

We are pleased to note from Mrs. Whitney's expression that it is likely to be received with favor by our readers.

A NEW WRINKLE

By N. E. D.

A friend, at whose table I was sitting the other day, said, as I was preparing my boiled egg in its glass cup, "Put in a teaspoonful of vinegar as well as the pepper and salt." I did so and liked it so well, I am ready to suggest it to others.

Another helpful item she gave was this: "I found I could easily settle my coffee by a little sprinkling of salt from the shaker, and I have used the method for a long time with good results."

TO KEEP SALT DRY

By L. M. B.

Instead of using cornstarch with the salt, try two or three lumps of common laundry starch in the salt-shakers.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES

By R. O. Campbell

After strawberries are sealed in the jar, lay it flat till cool, then shake till the berries are all through the syrup; they will neither rise nor settle and their flavor will be greatly improved.

EASY WAY TO CAN BEANS

By Mrs. E. L. Rogers

Prepare beans (fresh from the vines) as you would for cooking. I prefer cutting them in inch lengths as they go into cans more readily. For five pints of beans thus prepared, one small teacupful of salt and sufficient water to cook. Boil ten minutes and seal. When ready to use, drain off the liquor, cover with cold water, bring slowly to scalding, drain and add cream or milk.

FOR CRAMPS

By Mrs. O. D. Clark

Tie a bandage very tightly around the leg, just above the knee; breathe forcibly, taking long respirations, thus exciting the action of the lungs.

TO CLEAN A STRAINER

By Mrs. M. E. Wheelock

If soap is used on a fine wire strainer, it can be more easily cleaned than by using sand.

Fill the meshes full by rubbing with a piece of soap, then wash out with hot water; the wire will be as clean and bright as new. I have used this method for years and find it the best of many.

To Cook Cabbage

Chop cabbage very fine; boil in just enough water to cover it; when tender, drain as dry as possible, add rich milk or cream, butter, salt and pepper. This is delicious and quite equal to young asparagus.

To Stamp Embroidery

Embroidery patterns may be reversed by laying on a window-pane and tracing on the back of the pattern with a heavy pencil line; if patterns are heavily lined, they may be transferred to the material in the same manner. A good way to stamp when one has no stamping powder.

A DAINY BOOKLET

By Mrs. Anna Terrill

For an invalid or friend make the book by folding a paper napkin in fourths; trim the edges to required size, tie the back with baby ribbon bow to match the flower design; then paste in favorite clippings of poetry or prose, bits of wit or wisdom, at various angles, with possibly a child face or flower peeping out cheerily between. More leaves can be added inside if desired.

UNIQUE GARRET CURTAINS

By Cora June Sheppard

If you have no curtains for your garret windows, whitewash the upper half of the window lights, and from the outside it will look like a neat white curtain covering half of the window.

TO CLEAN OIL PAINTINGS

By Mrs. J. C. Davis

Cut a raw potato in half and rub over painting. This will make it like new.

Bacon and Apples

Fill baking dish with pared and sliced apples, sugar to taste, cover with slices of bacon and bake one-half hour.

TO SET COLORS AND LOOSEN DIRT

By N. E. D.

To each gallon of warm water use a table-spoonful of turpentine. Colored madras draperies may be cleaned very successfully in this way.

A Knitting Help

When knitting or crocheting with delicate colors, to keep the ball from getting soiled, seal it up in a large envelope, having an opening at one corner just large enough for the thread to pass through freely.

Victor

Victor I
\$25

A popular style
at a popular
price

Other styles
\$10 to \$250

Artists featured in portraits:
PRYOR, BLANCHE RING, SOUSA, JOSIE SADLER, CLARICE VANCE, NAT M. WILLS, DIGBY BELL.

Not only the world's greatest opera stars, but the most famous bands and instrumentalists, the leading vaudeville artists and the foremost entertainers, make records for the *Victor*.

Hear

Blanche Ring sing her greatest song hit, "Yip! I Ade! I Aye."
Digby Bell recite his witty baseball narrative, "The Man who Fanned Casey".
Pryor's Band play Pryor's latest ragtime number, "Frozen Bill".
Sousa's Band play Sousa's newest march, "Fairest of the Fair".
Josie Sadler sing her amusing song, "He Falls for the Ladies Every Time".
Nat M. Wills recite his humorous monologue, "Reformed Love".
Clarice Vance sing her current success, "It Looks Like a Big Night Tonight".

Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play these or any other *Victor Records* for you.

Write to us for complete catalogues of the *Victor*, the *Victrola*, and of over 3000 *Victor Records*.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



A complete list of new Victor Records for August will be found in the August number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's, and September Cosmopolitan.

THE HOME

A NEW USE FOR THE SHOE HORN

By Mrs. Lena W. Rice

Many people who are accustomed to the use of the slipper spoon for slippers, etc., have no idea what a help it may be in managing refractory rubbers. This new use for an old utensil will be found very useful to the hurried mother or the teacher who has so many little feet to dress for rainy days.

To Help the Invalid

Should you have in your home an invalid to whom the noise of emptying coal from the scuttle into the stove is a positive misery, try this plan, which we have found successful. When yet in the distant coal shed do up coal into bundles, wrapping in paper bags or old papers. Bring in and opening the stove door, quietly deposit coal and paper. The paper soon burns away leaving your coal in the stove, with no noise to rasp the tender nerves of the sick one.

A Pill Help

To many people it is almost an impossibility to swallow medicine in the form of a tablet or pill. Simply place the tablet or pill under the tongue and quickly take a large swallow of water, and the medicine will go down with the water involuntarily.

FOR TOO LIGHT BREAD

By Mrs. C. W. S.

If loaves of bread are a little too light and in danger of running over, cut strips of heavy brown paper three or four inches wide, grease one side and pin around the loaf, being careful that it does not touch the side of the oven.

Mustard for Cooking Beans

If a generous pinch of mustard is added to beans when putting them into the pan to bake, they are more easily digested. Two or three tablespoonfuls of rich milk or cream poured over a pan of beans a half hour before they are done, improves the flavor and gives a nice brown crust on top.

Old Stockings for Kitchen Range

The legs of old black stockings stitched together into any desired size make excellent cloths to use in cleaning kitchen range, sink and oilcloths.

EGG PANCAKES

By Mrs. H. J. Schenk

To one and one-half cupfuls of flour take two eggs, yolks and whites separate, stir the yolks in with the flour and enough water to make a batter, as for common battercakes; add about one teaspoonful of salt, then beat whites of the eggs very stiff and add to the batter; fry in lard middling quick—this will make about six cakes, according to size, if made right, and they should be very light and fluffy. Serve with sugar.

A NEW IDEA FOR APPLE PIES

By Mrs. W. H. Ruby

To make pies of hard, sweet apples, just make them the usual way, but before putting on the top crust, dissolve a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar in one teaspoonful of water and drop it over the apples and sugar. They will cook up juicy and tender.

A GOOD USE FOR BOTTLES

By Mrs. H. C. Clark

When a glass is wanted to cover over flower slips, take a beer bottle, tie a cord saturated in coal-oil around it where the bottle slopes to the neck, set the cord on fire and let burn, then break off top, and you will have a useful glass not easily broken.

A Lasting Complexion

Make a good soap suds with pure castile soap, and as hot a water as can be borne, rub the face vigorously with the suds, then take common table salt and rub all over the face and neck; next take clear hot water and wash off all soap and salt, then dash cold water over face and neck.

To Polish Nickel

Take ashes from black or white oak, apply to nickel with damp cloth, rubbing off with a dry one.

A NEW WAY TO COOK BEANS

By Mary I. Taft

Cover beans with cold water, let come to boiling and turn off water; repeat; again cover with cold water, add a pinch of soda, boil ten minutes and turn off water. Cover with cold water, add salt to suit taste, boil until well done and quite dry. Add pepper, butter and cream or milk and serve while hot.

Pumpkin Custard

Prepare and season pumpkin the same as for pies; place in a bowl without a pie crust, and bake same as a custard.

A NEW WAY OF IRONING

By Mrs. F. J. R.

In "doing up" dainty dresses or waists, etc., I wring a clean white cloth as dry as possible after dipping in water, spread smoothly on the ironing board over the ironing sheet, laying the piece to be ironed on the wet cloth and using very hot irons. I find this much more satisfactory than the old way of sprinkling.

Convenience in Ripping

In ripping seams I find the discarded blades of my husband's safety razor more convenient than a penknife.

TANGLED EMBROIDERY SILKS

To keep embroidery silks from becoming tangled, cut from cardboard a spool such as darning cotton comes rolled on, cutting the skein of silk where it is knotted and winding on spool in one length. The numbered tag should be saved and pasted on end of spool so that the stock number may be seen at a glance, in case it is necessary to duplicate a shade. This plan is neat and economical, and a short length or more may be cut off as required.

A WHITE HOUSE DAINTY

By Mrs. W. J. Snell

Cream together two cupfuls of sugar with one cupful of butter. Beat with four eggs. Stir in two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and four cupfuls of flour. Beat well instead of stirring. Flavor with one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg.

